

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



European Front

ALTHOUGH the Rhine has been a water barrier during twenty centuries of history, it presents no big obstacle to amphibious war machines protected by artificial fog, and none at all to air-borne forces. Russia has already proved this fact on the Don, the Dnieper, and the Vistula.

The 340-mile Siegfried system is irregular in depth, with alternating lines of defended emplacements and foxhole-studded open spaces. Along the central and southern parts its major concrete defenses end at the Rhine. Allied firepower and the mass and speed of our assault blot out fixed defenses, as giant bulldozers crack pillboxes like eggshells and plow over the foxholes, turning them into graves.

In this final phase of the war, the German High Command is preoccupied with threats of a war of maneuver on three fronts. The threats are developing formidably and simultaneously. With desperate shortages of properly trained troops, no reserves, and a cumulative deterioration on the home front, Germany's plight is hopeless — as her own home-front propaganda publicly admits.

Offensives in a war of maneuver periodically slow down as it becomes necessary to accumulate supplies and to repair communications for the next blow. This has been illustrated again and again in the swifter phases of the present European struggle. German invasions across Russia halted every three or four weeks. Russia's great offensives, as she has driven the Germans westward, have followed a similar pattern.

The Allies along the Siegfried Line have now mustered matériel for the Battle of the Rhineland. With six armies in action and two in reserve, the Allied commanders in the West make it plain that they do not accept positional warfare. The initiative is still

theirs and is beyond recapture by the battered enemy.

The fronts cave in

An identical picture presents itself in the East. The Russians stopped along the Vistula. Fighting continued with the utmost ferocity; but it was fighting mainly induced by vain German efforts to unbalance the terrific offensives preparing against them. Approximately 1,000,000 Russian troops, in four armies, were meantime erasing the dangerous German salient in the Baltic States — an essential precaution before the attack on Central Poland and East Prussia in full force.

Germany, whose first-line troops have shrunk this past summer by more than 2,000,000, strives with approximately 1,500,000 to breast two vast offensives, powered by nearly 7,000,000 troops, that surge in on her from the west and the east. Nor is this all. While the Polish front caves in on the east, and the defenses of the Rhine crack in the west, another combination of Allied forces, almost 1,000,000 strong, tears at the German defenses on the south. Germany has already lost her forlorn gamble on a protracted positional war in Europe.

Slovakia comes to life

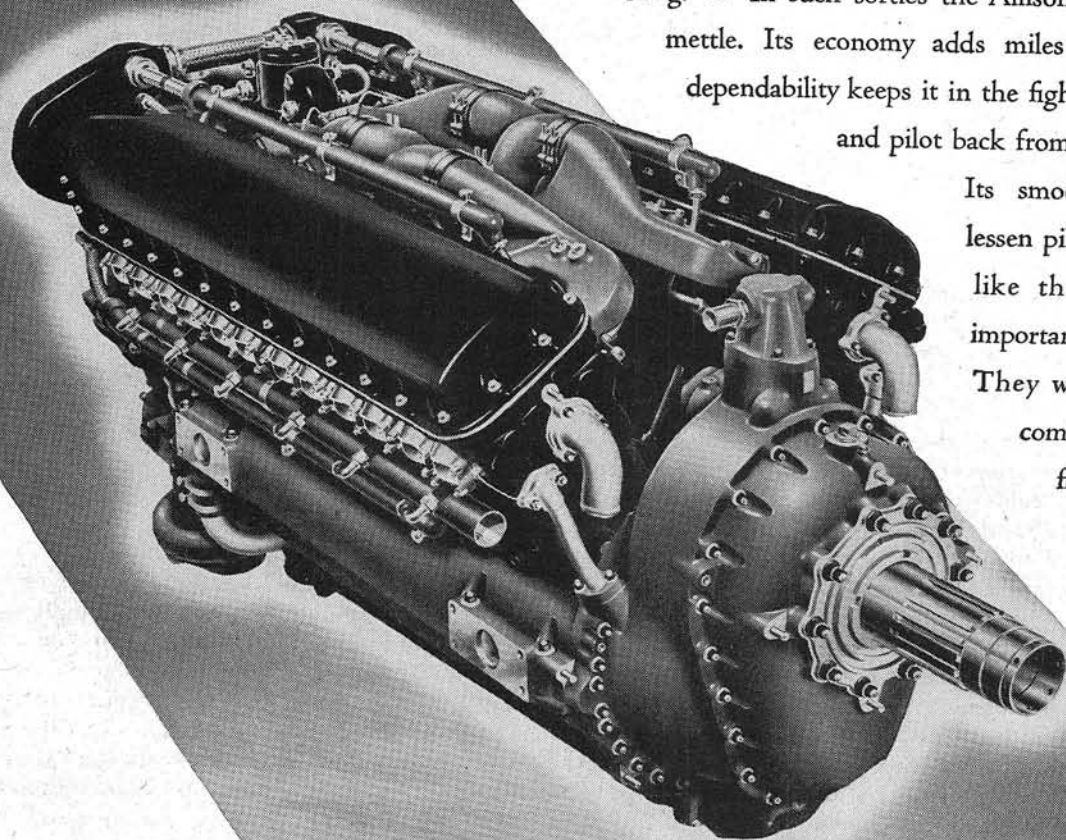
The huge Russian pincers clamping down on Slovakia from the lower Vistula in Poland and up into Hungary from Rumania and Yugoslavia may pull out the entire southeastern corner of Hitler's fortress. Loss of Slovakia entails consequences for the Germans out of all proportion to its size.

A rising of the Slovak patriots occurred early in September. It was guided by Czech Army officers and technicians parachuted into the country from Russia. The Slovak forces dispatched by Dr. Tiso,

TO FIGHT THERE AND BACK

In this war pilots often fight far over enemy territory, hundreds of miles from their base. So fighter planes need range as well as sting. ★ In such sorties the Allison engine has proved its mettle. Its economy adds miles to every tankful. Its dependability keeps it in the fight, helps get both plane and pilot back from hazardous encounters.

Its smoothness and response lessen pilot fatigue. ★ Qualities like these will continue in importance after the war's end. They will contribute to the comfort and safety of your flights in the days of great air transport to come.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

More than 60,000 Allison engines have been built for the above planes of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF
Indianapolis, Indiana



Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler's puppet ruler, to put down the revolt went over to the patriots, taking along an abundant supply of modern weapons and equipment.

This revolt has thrown open all the key passes of the Carpathians to the Russian-Czech armies on the north. It breaches defenses of the Moravian valley and the Hungarian plain to the south. Germany's last remote industrial war plants in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria lie directly in the path of the invading Allies from the east and southeast.

A panicky exodus of German settlers from the whole region clogs the roads of Southern Germany — adding to the food and housing problems the Nazis face already. Hungary is trapped. Austria begins to realize that the war is coming home.

These operations also endanger the stubborn Kesselring in Italy. Of his two possible lines of retreat, one lies along the Villach route to Austria from the upper Adriatic. That "road back" now faces two serious threats — from the advancing coalition of Russian, Rumanian, and Yugoslav troops in the East and Central Balkans; and from the Allied invasion forces thrown from Italy against the Dalmatian coast.

Liberation of Greece follows naturally as a result of this Allied Balkan offensive and the recent landings farther south. The frantic effort of the Germans to extricate their Balkan armies and take them home to defend the Bavarian border provides British and Greek naval, air, and land forces with a wide-open opportunity which they are not neglecting.

German food and morale

It is now clear that the speed of the Allied sweep across France and the Low Countries caught the Nazi food commissariat off base. Huge collection depots, filled with food assembled for shipment to the Reich, were lost.

Similar disruption of supply plans in Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary, together with a poor potato crop, bring large sections of the German people face to face with hunger for the first time in this war. The food ration has again been cut down. Allied prisoners repatriated from the Reich report a significant decline in both the quality and quantity of food served in German prison camps. Even American and British officers are now on a two-meals-a-day basis, with thin soup as a foundation.

Provision for bombed-out refugees has been abandoned. The Nazi policy of compelling German populations to evacuate threatened border regions, east and west, and the thousands of fugitives from the Balkan areas, complicate the whole wobbling German food economy.

The social and economic picture is equally bad. Goebbels's effort to achieve a "levy in mass" is disrupting civil administration, retail distribution services, education, industry — even his own propaganda system. Mobilization of boys of twelve and fourteen from the younger ranks of the Hitler Youth for front duty as fortification workers provides another clue to Germany's manpower shortage.

The return of beaten and bedraggled remnants of German armies smashed in the East and in France discloses evidence of a rising hatred among the soldiers against the Gestapo and the Party fanatics. *Das Schwarze Korps*, the Elite Guard organ, is an excellent barometer of this. Its frenzied denunciations of returned soldiers who talk about peace, and of carping civilians, are now a regular feature. Troops who discuss defeat, it warns, are guilty of treason and will be shot at home as ruthlessly as deserters at the front. Fragments of lost battalions which manage to escape are immediately segregated from all touch with civilians.

The 12,000,000 slave laborers in Germany are Himmler's greatest headache. Evidence of collaboration between them and opportunistic German factions is widespread. This has caused the Gestapo director to order a "classification" of all forced laborers on the basis of their political attitude. Those adjudged "dangerous" are being murdered in batches. The "suspect" are being segregated anew. Evolution of Nazi policy toward these involuntary "guests of the Reich" suggests that Hitler and his clique are still determined to use them, together with other prisoners kidnaped from occupied countries, as hostages in the final showdown with the Allies.

No other explanation is possible of recent seizure of a thousand of the most prominent persons in Norway and their transportation to the Reich. These Norse victims of Gestapo kidnaping include teachers, civil officials, business leaders, clergymen, and lawyers. They are accused of no crime, but are simply hostages.

The Western bloc

The London *Times*, which frequently forecasts policy in England, chose September 8, when the Dutch were preparing to return home from exile, as the occasion to review Jan Smuts's ideas and revitalize them. Collaboration with the Netherlands, it pointed out in a significant editorial, "must indeed extend far beyond the military sphere. In the economic field in particular there are abundant opportunities for fruitful intercourse and common organization among the nations of Western Europe. The success with which such a common organization is established and made effective may largely determine the place which a region, for centuries the leading center of civilization,



Boeing B-29 Superfortress in Flight

Size alone wasn't enough

The Army wanted an airplane that would carry a *heavier bomb load* . . . *farther, faster and higher* . . . than any had before.

Size alone wasn't enough. There were already single, experimental models of massive airplanes; but they lacked the required speed and altitude.

There were also high-performance airplanes. But these were small, lacked long-range and load-carrying ability.

The problem of combining both extremes in one airplane was put before America's aircraft industry. One company, Boeing, was in an exceptional position to meet the Army's requirements, because of its background of pioneering work in developing such four-engine

airplanes as the B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-15 Bomber, the Stratoliner and the Pan American Clippers.

The Boeing design was accepted. And then, even before the first experimental model had been completed and tested, the Army committed the Boeing Superfortress to one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever placed behind any weapon of war!

Seldom has such engineering and production responsibility been given to any organization. It meant that the new plane *had* to be right; that no basic design changes could be made. It meant that Boeing had to work out the manufacturing plan of the B-29 at the same time it was completing the engineering

design—and had to furnish full information about both to the companies which had been selected to help build it.

Success in planning and executing every step of the entire Superfortress program was imperative because of the important military plans built around it. Following the first B-29 operation, the Secretary of War said: "The new long-range bombers have overcome the tremendous barriers of distance to bring the heart of Japan under the guns and bombs of the Army Air Force."

When peace finally comes, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will again be applied to products for your use. True now, it will be equally true of any peacetime product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

will occupy in an age when preponderant power is more and more passing to other continents."

This demand for the organization of a power bloc headed by Britain, and including France, Belgium, and Holland, is given official blessing by Foreign Secretary Eden. Each of the Continental members of the proposed quadrumvirate heads, like Britain, a widely distributed empire. The four, following common policies, would constitute a world group immensely more powerful than England could hope to represent by herself alone. It would tie together interests in Western Europe, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Near East, the Atlantic, the Caribbean, and the Pacific.

Smuts frankly explained that the idea was to set up a counterpoise to the enormous expansion of power represented by Russia — an expansion which, in view of the economic and financial strains of the war upon Great Britain, completely destroys the structure of world power of pre-war days.

The idea is to confront Russian power in Europe, the Near East, and Asia with an aggregation of power roughly similar. Behind this lies an assumption that collaboration with Russia can best be undertaken on terms of manifest equality as to armed strength, economic might, and strategic position.

Russia remaps her neighbors

Russia does not conceal her determination to safeguard herself from future assault from the west. She, like Britain, remembers recent history and sets store by hard-boiled precautions as much as by a world peace organism. Her experience of the League of Nations and Western diplomacy between 1929 and 1939 makes it difficult for her to entertain any other notion.

So, while the British policy is still in the making, the Russian plan is well advanced: —

1. The armistice granted Finland yields Petsamo to the U.S.S.R. This, the only useful port at Russia's Arctic approaches west of Murmansk, will make invasion by that route unlikely. Acquisition of the peninsula adjacent to Helsinki on the northern side of the Gulf of Finland means a Russian naval base there. This, with control of the lower shore, Riga, and Königsberg, makes Russia mistress of the Eastern Baltic.

2. Russia's Polish policy is already defined. She intends to fix her frontier approximately at the Curzon Line and insists that the new Poland, while retaining its independence, must be friendly to her. Despite the deplorable and tragic confusion of Polish-Russian relations, no prospect exists that these Russian aims

can or will be blocked. Indeed, Prime Minister Churchill subscribes to them already.

3. Below Poland lies Czechoslovakia. With that progressive state the U.S.S.R. has devised a tight alliance. The Czechs, after their bitter experience of Lord Runciman, Neville Chamberlain, Daladier, Munich, and the League of Nations in 1938-1939, have turned eastward for security.

This tendency does not prevent the wise Czech statesman, Dr. Beneš, from striving to establish Czechoslovakia as a bridge of understanding between the East and the West. In line with that idea, his government has now renewed its close pre-war alliance with de Gaulle's France. So, while American and British policies boggle at full support for the French Republic, Russia recements her ties all the way to the English Channel, by way of the Czechs.

4. Russian victories have pulled Rumania into the Russian orbit, and Russian diplomacy has kept pace there too. The only large oil-producing area in all Western Europe now lies within the Russian sphere of influence. Similarly astute Russian policy brings Bulgaria back to her Russian ties and fortifies Russo-Yugoslav relations.

5. Add to this picture the clear policy of friendship Russia is maintaining toward Italy — whose government she was first among the great Allies to recognize — and it is clear that Russia is consolidating her influence through to the Adriatic.

6. Turkey alone remains a riddle — as usual. Though she has an alliance with Britain, she has evaded her obligations in this war. The critical issue is the Dardanelles. Does Moscow believe it preferable to leave Turkey in control there, or will there be a change? Turkish control might, from Moscow's point of view, be preferable to control by an Allied commission.

But suppose that Russia presses for readjustment in that quarter favorable to Bulgaria? What then? In long-term policy, Turkey is more likely to lean toward her pre-war Russian ally than toward a more distant Britain. Does this explain Mr. Churchill's asperity toward Turkey?

While Russia puts her frontier situation in order to suit herself, and Great Britain indicates a disposition to counter by shaping a four-empire military and economic combine, where does the United States come in? Also, what happens to the sovereign rights of all the other nations of the world family? What plan will be applied to fill in the political void in Central Europe left by a defeated Germany? Never have statesmen faced graver questions.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Pacific War

SHIPPING is still a major factor in this war of global distances. It determines much of the pace and strategy of victory, and will largely govern the effective transfer of Allied fighting power from the European fronts to Asia. It is not merely a matter of shifting men and their weapons, and maintaining supply, although the greatly increased equipment of modern armies means multiplied demands on shipping. We must also prepare our Pacific bases to receive them.

This preparation requires the transport of enormous quantities of bulky construction materials and machinery of all sorts, which make heavy inroads on shipping capacity. Therefore, the comparatively mobile air forces, and the engineering and construction units, along with service forces of all kinds, will be among the first to be shifted to the Far East when they are released by victory in Europe.

The length and strength of German resistance, the way in which German defeat comes, and the needs of Allied occupation forces will also affect the availability of shipping. On the other hand, the needs of the Pacific war will govern the speed of demobilization of troops not suited for the Far East, and will play a part in any plans that can be made for rehabilitation and reconstruction in both liberated and enemy territories in Europe.

Sea power at large

The report of Vice Admiral Emory Land, War Shipping Administrator, indicated that although the American Merchant Marine has grown since the attack on Pearl Harbor from 1340 vessels totaling 11,850,000 dead-weight tons to a fleet of more than 3400 ocean-going vessels totaling over 35,000,000 tons, shipbuilding will continue at maximum rate even after Germany is finished.

The growth of our Merchant Navy has been one of the great achievements of the war. Slow as the accumulation of power necessary for sustained successful offensives may seem to us, there is no doubt that it has seemed astonishingly rapid to the enemy High Commands. Here, as elsewhere, our ability to do the unexpected industrially has allowed us to achieve military surprise.

What can be expected from China, militarily and politically? How will the Japanese economy stand the amputation of South Pacific resources and the intensified bombings by B-29's and B-32's from the comparatively close and easily supplied bases in the Marianas? How much aid can we expect from the peoples of Asia in driving out their Japanese masters? What part will Russia play in the Far Eastern war? The answers to these questions will affect the duration of the war, and its cost.

Will the elusive Japanese Fleet risk a line-to-line battle with growing Allied naval might? Probably not, except as a last resort to fend off invasion of the home islands. On this point we have the statement of Admiral Nobumasa Suetsugu, a naval strategist who was formerly commander-in-chief of the combined Japanese fleets. He is said to have predicted a long war, with repeated aerial battles, but with no major clashes between the fleets — at least until the “ripe moment comes for the Japanese forces to deal the final smashing blow to the enemy.”

But even more decisive in such measurements is the success of forces already in the field. The job to be done is still a big one; it may seem smaller when we recall what we have done with what we have had available. There is no way of estimating what superb planning can accomplish with the fantastic naval power we are mustering in the Pacific.

At one time, Truk seemed the greatest obstacle looming in our path toward Japan. We all remember the stories of its impregnability. It was the pivot of Japanese naval strength in the Pacific; a half million men would be required for its reduction. Truk is still in Japanese hands. But it is 2000 miles behind the battle lines, useless as a base to the enemy. Its garrison is a liability to Japan, performing no effective military mission, since it does not deny us the use of bases vital to our own progress. Truk not only illustrates the way in which much-touted aspects of Japanese strength have been nullified by Allied strategy; it also demonstrates the Japanese failure to recognize that sea power does not depend upon bases so much as bases depend upon sea power.

Halsey hits and hits

The operations of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet in softening up the Philippines drove home some other lessons that the Japanese have been curiously slow to learn, and which they must now learn in regard to the defense of the Japanese home islands themselves. Japan has relied on land-based aircraft, and immobile island defenses, against carrier fleets. It is now clear that powerful mobile carrier forces are able to deliver attacks very different from the hit-and-run raids that seemed the chief function of carrier forces early in the war.

New design and armament, new fleet formations, new planes and combat tactics, have greatly decreased the vulnerability of carriers. They are now capable of sustained attacks that can press home their advantage and do cumulative damage. The Third Fleet's damage to Japanese air power and shipping in the Philippines was multiplied by the fact that our carriers could keep the sea in the area and return again and again to finish off grounded planes and crippled ships. This was carrier action of a different kind from the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Recent action shows that sea power can perform a new function. Our present naval strength in the Pacific makes it possible for carrier-borne planes to carry out true strategic bombing of Japan, which we tend to think of as purely the function of heavy land-based bombers. Our carrier forces ranged the length and breadth of the Philippines; the vital areas of Japan's home islands offer no greater obstacles in area or geographical formation to sea-borne air attacks on industry, communications, and power facilities.

Japan reaches for Chennault

The Japanese Army has been winning important victories against the wearied Chinese, in a drive that has many objectives. Its success would cut China in two and make it very difficult for Chinese troops to support possible American landings on the China coast

effectively. It would give Japan an overland route from Manchuria to Singapore and ease the burden on Japanese shipping. It would deprive China of some of her richest agricultural regions; though Japan might find it difficult to exploit these areas profitably, it would greatly increase China's distress and further disrupt her economy.

By pushing General Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force back into the interior of China, the drive would hinder the bombing of coastal shipping and harbor areas, which has been so profitable an operation. Its success weakens the already shaky morale of the Chinese and strengthens the morale of Japan's home front, which is badly in need of palpable victories.

What role will China play in the defeat of Japan? Is China capable of military action which will appreciably shorten the war? The prospects are not bright. However, we should be more than ungrateful if we did not recognize the great contribution that China made in the years between 1937 and 1941, when her gallant struggle gave us the time that we did not even know we needed. Though China's principal contribution may be in the past, we should not measure it by her present weakness. Nor should we forget that, apart from present military considerations, the future of China is a large part of the future of Asia, and hence of the world.

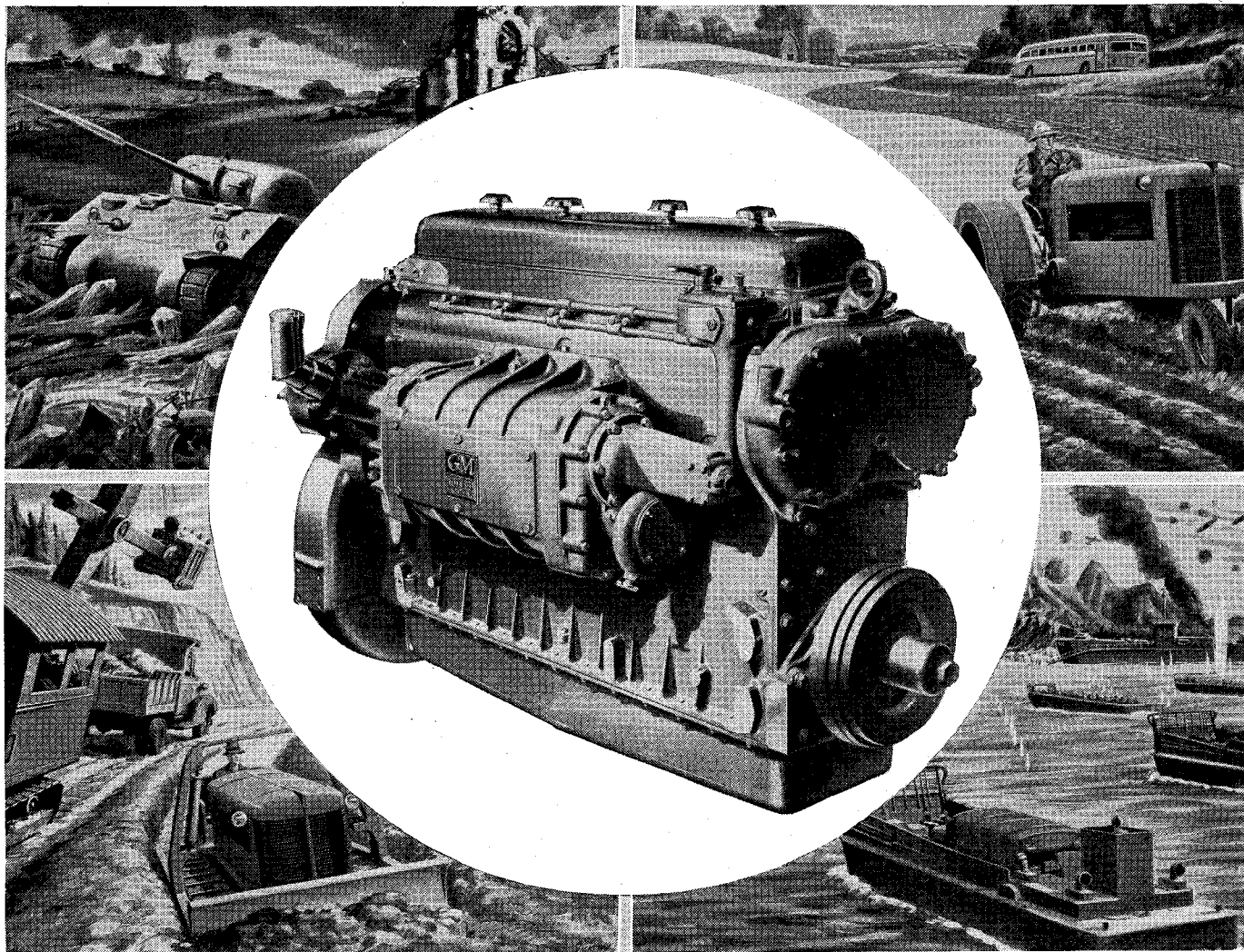
Japan is driving into China not so much because Japan has a great modern army as because what she has is immeasurably superior to what China has. Yet the mere existence of China's armies in the field is a drain on Japan. Even to get at the Chinese, much less fight them, the Japanese have to utilize significant proportions of their rolling stock, their automotive equipment, their fuel — and their manpower.

Every Japanese soldier who dies on the plains of China is one less man to defend the islands of Japan when the assault on the Island Empire begins. Knowledge of all this has been the reason why the Japanese delayed so long in attempting their present offensive.

China hangs on

China's vast population, the willingness of the common soldier to die in defending his country against invaders, the courage and dogged determination that keep the Chinese in the line against the Japanese, are all positive contributions to the United Nations war effort. Yet this is not the kind of force that will break the armies of Japan.

We cannot expect China to fight a modern war of offense. She has not the armies to fight such a war. She does not have the army staffs or the officers of the line who are experienced in the type of war that



GM DIESELS SERVE WHEREVER AMERICA NEEDS POWER

America's fighting Engineers and Seabees really work miracles. Sand dunes are leveled. Jungles are cleared. Landing strips appear overnight. Staggering loads are moved over land and sea.

Helping them work these miracles are General Motors Diesel engines.

Because these engines are rugged and dependable, they get the toughest kinds of jobs to do.

Because they take so little fuel, they

save precious transport space.

Because they have been designed for simplest maintenance, they stay on the job and keep on the go.

War is a tough proving ground for engines. It shows their mettle, reveals their stamina. As they perform their wartime tasks, these GM Diesels are proving the service they will continue to render in the many civilian needs for dependable, economical power after the war.



The Army-Navy "E" for efficiency in war production flies proudly over the GM Dieselpoint in Detroit.

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY WAR BONDS**



ENGINES 15 to 250 H. P. DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

ENGINES 150 to 2000 H. P. CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

LOCOMOTIVES ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

has been developed by the United Nations during the past two years. She lacks the industrial structure and the communication system to arm and supply a modern army. What is more, she does not have the political unity essential for a modern nation fighting a modern total war.

There have been some indications that China may be in process of breaking her political deadlock. The recent session of the People's Political Council in Chungking gave some evidence that the Central Government is beginning to yield to criticism. At the PPC meeting there was an atmosphere of freer discussion, healthier criticism of the acts of the Central Government, more realistic viewing of the Chinese internal situation, than has been observable in Chungking for some time. Veteran correspondents in China seemed greatly heartened by these developments.

The Communists and the puppets

But no significant changes in the government personnel in Chungking have been announced. So far there has been no house-cleaning. It is possible that the reactionary cliques reported to be influential in the Central Government have merely made verbal concessions in order to bolster their positions.

Recent statements from the Communists indicate that they feel strong enough to take a more aggressive position in demanding political reform by the Kuomintang. Evidently the Communists now think that they are in a position to attempt to dictate to the Kuomintang.

As the defeat of Japan comes nearer, a third factor in Chinese politics looms larger on the horizon. The puppet government in Occupied China, under the "presidency" of Wang Ching-wei, has controlled the richest part of China for more than four years, though under complete Japanese domination. The puppets have entrenched themselves firmly in the occupied areas and have built up a vested interest in the continuation of their power.

It will take more force, and certainly more ability to enlist allegiance, than the Chungking government has now, or may have for some years, to dispossess these Chinese quislings, although they have given no evidence that they possess any more political wisdom or patriotism than their European counterparts.

It is possible that China will still have to pass through the disaster and sorrow of civil war before attaining political stability. It will take statesmanship of an extremely high order to escape this disaster. It would be a tragedy for all Asia if China were to witness the defeat of her external enemy only to fall prey to internal disunity.

Dutch colonial policy

Heartening indication has appeared that some progress is being made toward solution of the dangerous colonial problem. Charles O. Van der Plas, a high Dutch official in the Netherlands East Indies, said recently: "Our Dutch officers are learning that it can be a privilege to serve under an Indonesian leader. In the new Indonesia, the last traces of discrimination will have disappeared. [In the Netherlands East Indies] Dutch, Indonesians, and Chinese will be comrades, united in their faith in freedom and prepared to fight for their ideals at the side of the Western democracies." This is one of the most forward-looking statements yet made by a responsible Dutch official.

Born in the Indies, Van der Plas has long been known as one of the foremost Dutch advocates of an enlightened colonial policy in the Indies. His words manifest a striving to attain interracial cooperation which may be the basis for a solution of the Dutch colonial problem.

Neither the Quebec Conference nor the Churchill speech in the House of Commons which followed revealed anything concerning the British attitude toward the colonial dilemma. The intensification of the British campaign in Burma and the possibility of British landings in Malaya would seem to make it increasingly necessary for the British to enunciate views like Van der Plas's if they expect to receive a full measure of cooperation from the local population in the war against the Japanese.

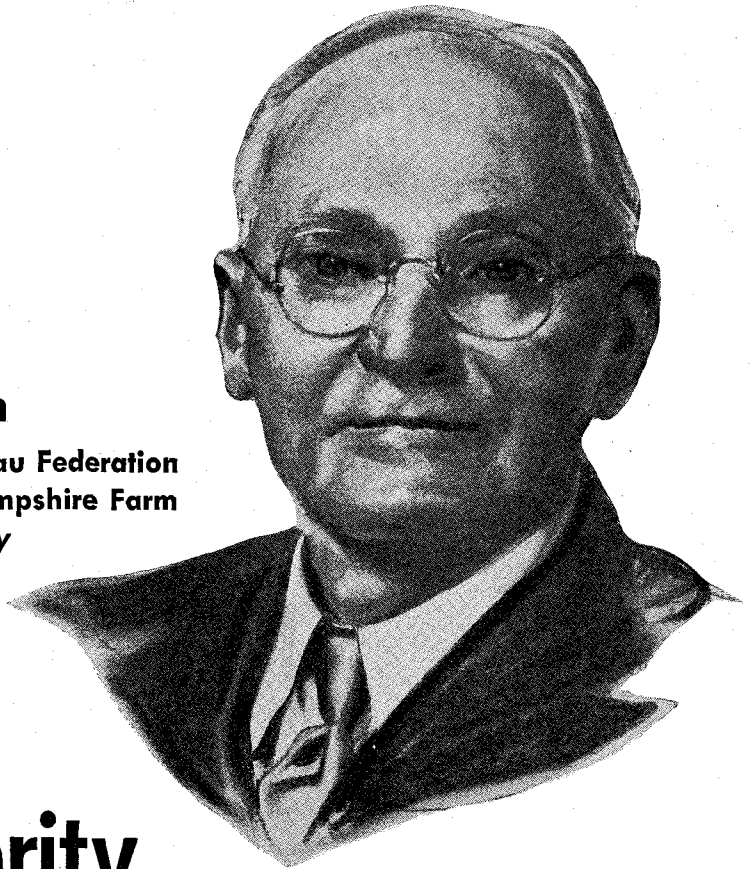
Filipino independence, when it is completed by the expulsion of the Japanese enemy, will be one of the most inspiring chapters in the political history of Asia. It will climax literally centuries of struggle against three alien peoples. Few peoples have fought so hard against such diverse and powerful foes for their independence. The Filipinos have struggled against the imperialism of a decadent Spain, our "manifest destiny," and the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" of the Japanese.

The significance of Filipino-American friendship, the manner in which Van der Plas suggests an attack on the problem of colonial relations, and the long resistance of the Chinese to Japanese aggression will be three great barriers in the way of Japanese attempts to make the war in the Far East into a racial war, with themselves as the "defenders of Asia."

The war in the Far East is not a racial war. Japanese Fascism is the real target of our efforts. If Japan's militarists succeed in duping us and the people of Asia into believing that this is a racial war, they will not only succeed in prolonging the war, but will also salvage much from their defeat.

George M. Putnam

Director, American Farm Bureau Federation
and President of the New Hampshire Farm
Bureau Federation, explains why



Post-War Prosperity for Farmers hinges on Foreign Trade

"Today American farmers, working under desperately adverse conditions, are producing the greatest crops in U.S. history; and yet, in the back of every farmer's mind is the big question: What will be the market for my crops after the war?"

"Foreign trade, of course, is not by any means the sole and complete answer to that question. But let us see how much peacetime exports of farm produce can do:

"In the years 1934 to 1940—bad years for the farmer, as we all know—even then, agricultural exports amounted to 10 per cent of cash farm marketings. Now contrast these years—which were marked by a decline in America's over-all foreign trade—with the years 1910-1919, when farm conditions were generally good, when our over-all exports were increasing: in those years, exports of American farm products amounted to 23 per cent of cash farm marketings.

"The conclusion is inescapable. After this war, if we are to have full employment with the resulting increased

agricultural and industrial production, it will be necessary to develop expanding export markets for this excess production.

"If we are to have a world surplus of certain agricultural commodities, a united nation pool of those surpluses, together with a plan for exchanging them for those commodities we do not produce in sufficient quantity to meet our needs, might be desirable.

"Such a plan applied to the removal of both agricultural and industrial surpluses should result in a maximum return to the nations contributing, with the least disturbance of economic conditions.

"We must look forward toward an expanding export picture in which agricultural products and manufactured goods go hand in hand to waiting world markets."

George M. Putnam

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

ARGININE involvements are sharpening the edge of Washington's difficulties with other American republics. Each month new contentious problems raise their heads.

A glance at the autumn developments shows the progress in acrimony. Early in September the Argentine representative on the Inter-American Political Defense Committee — the permanent body quartered at Montevideo, through which the republics are supposed to coöperate in fighting fifth-column activities — was politely informed by his colleagues that Argentine tolerance of Axis operations in the republic rendered his services useless. Inevitably, the delegate resigned at once and Argentina terminated its membership on the Committee.

The fifth-column danger was hardly increased by the withdrawal, since Argentine compliance with the Committee's recommendations was lax to the vanishing point. But one more contact was lopped off between Buenos Aires and the inter-American front.

"X" marks Hitler's room

Next came an explosion over the question of asylum to refugee Axis leaders and war criminals. In mid-summer the State Department put out requests to neutral powers for assurances that refuge would be refused to Nazis and others on the Allies' "wanted" list. For weeks Argentina failed to answer it. Meanwhile reports from South America indicated that lines were being laid to transfer investments to Argentina for various well-heeled future fugitives. There was some evidence that a vanguard of Nazi Party insiders might be on the scene already.

Accordingly, on September 28, Secretary of State Cordell Hull in Washington complained that, alone among the neutrals, Argentina and Portugal had

failed to produce assurances on the refugee question. With this went a flat declaration that "relations between the United States and the neutral nations concerned would be adversely affected for years to come, should the Axis leaders or their vassals find safety in those countries."

The President wades in

In Buenos Aires the Argentine Foreign Office meanwhile issued assurances to London that Axis refugees would be unwelcome. But they failed to stop the heavier blow that was coming. The very next day President Roosevelt, for the first time, took a direct hand in the long-running quarrel between the two capitals.

The President did not specifically mention the refugees issue, but the charge that he threw at the Argentine government was all-inclusive. Growth of Nazi-Fascist influence and methods in an American republic at a time when final Fascist defeat is drawing nearer in Europe was, he said, "an extraordinary paradox." The Argentine government, the President went on, "has repudiated solemn inter-American obligations" incurred "to meet the challenge of Axis aggression." "There can be little hope for a system of international security," he insisted, "unless we now demonstrate a capacity to develop a tradition of respect for such obligations."

Finally, Mr. Roosevelt added a quotation from Prime Minister Winston Churchill that "this is not like some small wars in the past where all could be forgotten and forgiven," but that neutrals will be held responsible for the parts they have played in the crisis.

Yet in spite of this battering rebuke, there was a defensive note in parts of the President's statement.

Mr. Roosevelt insisted that Washington's Argentine policy has been developed "in consultation with the other American republics." And he wound up with indignant charges that the pro-Nazi press and radio in Argentina were circulating the "vicious rumor" that counsels on the Argentine question are divided.

Mr. Welles's influence

Here we come back to the wider problems rising out of our Argentine difficulties: the difficulties they are causing us in our relations with other American republics and, to a smaller degree, in our domestic policies as well.

Mr. Roosevelt knows, of course, what the views of his recent Under Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, have been on the Argentine question. Mr. Welles has been insisting for months, in widely published writings, that, regardless of its Fascist tendencies and its sabotage of the war aims and activities of the other American powers, the government of General Edelmiro Farrell should have been diplomatically recognized.

Mr. Welles has contended that refusal to recognize is a form of political intervention in Argentina's internal affairs. He has demanded also that a general American policy toward Argentina be decided upon in open conference of the foreign ministries of the American republics instead of through closed discussions of their diplomats with the State Department in Washington.

Mr. Welles built up tremendous influence in Latin America as the recognized administrator of the Good Neighbor policy during its most successful period. It has been no secret for months that the Welles attack on our Argentine policy has disturbed Latin American leaders in nearly every republic and tended to alienate them from us.

The Welles attack has fostered the impression in Latin America that a tremendous division of public opinion exists in the United States over the question of the "rough treatment" for Argentina, and has raised doubts as to whether the President himself is in favor of the present policy. It has aroused fears that big money and imperialistic influences in the State Department are getting ready to declare a field day of unrestricted interference in the internal affairs of Latin America.

In particular, it has encouraged the Farrell gang. In recent weeks the leaders in the politically not too bright inner circle of President Farrell's and Vice President Perón's junta have begun cherishing warm hopes that the Welles views might win out in a national argument and rescue them from their doghouse.

Realistically viewed, President Roosevelt's statement is simply a vigorous response to this situation. The President did not change the policy toward the Farrell government. Mr. Roosevelt was trying to banish doubts, as far as possible, and to restore confidence in the policy by throwing his own great prestige as an inter-American statesman behind it.

The President was trying to regain support for a disciplinary program toward Argentina in Latin America by saying that it was his policy, that he and the State Department and the American people were in agreement about it, and that he approved of the methods by which the other American governments have been persuaded officially to go along with it.

Startling effects can scarcely be expected immediately. So far as the Argentine is concerned, such a blasting rebuke can hardly fail, for the time being, to strengthen the Farrell government. In a good many other republics, the strong language might have gone better if it had been accompanied by a proposal of another open consultation between the governments. No greater risks, in any case, have been taken for many years with the leadership in inter-American affairs of either the United States or President Roosevelt. It may be many months before we shall be able to measure fully our gains or our losses.

The Argentine difficulty continues to muddy inter-American waters because Washington's strenuous efforts to remove it have so far proved ineffective. A year-long series of diplomatic scoldings and a few minor economic penalties, such as failing to invite Argentina to an international conference on commercial aviation this autumn, and a September order forbidding American ships on South American voyages to load Argentine cargoes, have failed either to disturb the authority of the Farrell government or to injure Argentine prosperity.

Brazil stays in line

There has been improvement in at least one prospect which looked dark recently. In spite of the virtual dismissal of the pro-Allied Brazilian Foreign Minister, Oswaldo Aranha, from office in August, Brazil has shrewdly and staunchly maintained its close connections with the United States.

President Vargas politely rejected Argentine overtures for joint military celebrations of Brazilian Independence Day on September 7. He has brought Dr. Aranha's old enemy, the once Fascist-inclined War Minister, Gaspar Dutra, into the war scene with adroit intimacy by sending him over to Italy to inspect the Brazilian Expeditionary Force, now on the fighting lines. Vargas has obviously decided to play the game through with the winners.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

PRESIDENTIAL intervention is the Nemesis of Washington. The Capital is just recovering from an example which threw into consternation the men charged with planning controls for post-war Germany. The job is in the hands of an interdepartmental committee headed by Assistant Secretary of State Acheson. But all of a sudden Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau came out with a plan for Germany. Mr. Roosevelt took him to Quebec, and did not take Secretary Hull or Secretary Stimson.

The Morgenthau plan called for turning Germany into a nation of small farmers. When the news of it broke, there was an outcry, with public comment supporting Secretaries Hull and Stimson in their opposition to the proposal. Now the plan has been pigeonholed, and the agencies concerned with the German problem are again attending to their task, exhorted by the President to make haste.

The interdepartmental committee operates under the guidance of the State Department. But the economic studies for the control of Germany are undertaken by the Foreign Economic Administration. FEA, which is headed by Leo T. Crowley, is the omnibus agency which absorbed Lend-Lease, the Office of Economic Warfare, and several other agencies. It has been described as "the only Federal agency that isn't being run."

Complaints about its laggardness come also from observers abroad, notably in Italy. On the basis of its record so far, one cannot imagine that its study of the German problem will be done either with dispatch or with attention to realities.

American Commissioner to Germany

Before V-E Day — the day of victory in Europe — the President, if it is still within his power, will be

called upon to make the most significant appointment in our representation abroad. The appointment will be that of the Civil Commissioner in the zone which the Quebec conferees earmarked for American control in Germany. The President once explained the manpower criterion as "the right man in the right place at the right time." Doubtless he is now giving thought to this crucial appointment.

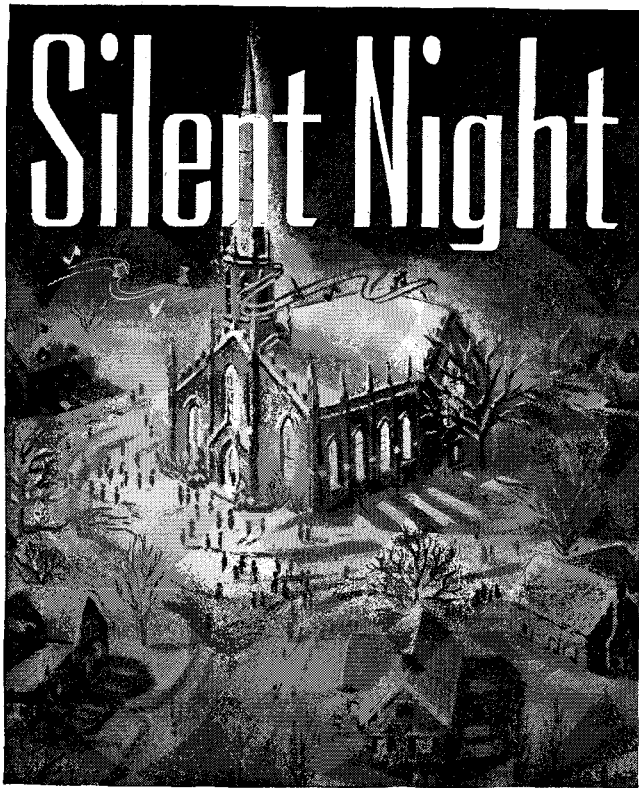
But fear that the right man will not be named arises out of recent diplomatic appointments. Most of the appointments were personal or political in nature, with appropriateness a lesser consideration. That of Robert Murphy elicited most grumbling. Mr. Murphy was political adviser in North Africa — where events following the invasion proved him largely mistaken — and he is now serving in the same relation to General Eisenhower in Germany. His appointment was attacked on many grounds. He has been defended as merely a technician who carries out policy laid down by the State Department.

The State Department, however, is often vague as to policy, and the man on the spot is compelled to be a policy-maker, even though he may be charged only with administrative duties. In dynamic situations an administrator in the nature of things has to be a policy-maker. The scrutiny that is attending appointments to posts abroad may be an insurance that the appointment to Germany will be carefully made.

The drones in a bureaucracy

Senator Byrd has earned a high reputation as the gadfly of our bloated wartime bureaucracy. He is now challenging the data of the Civil Service Commission that on July 31 there were 2,938,602 in the Federal establishment. He insists that the correct figure is 3,113,802. Both figures are fabulous enough. The Virginian could use either one without damage to his

Silent Night



This Year, as for centuries past, the Day of the Nativity will be observed by men of good will everywhere . . . But in 440 communities the observance will attain heights that approach the sublime in sheer beauty and impressiveness . . . Here, throughout the festive day, the air will resound to the melody of Christmas hymns played by genuine Deagan Carillons—inspired music that seems to come from the heavens to lift the hearts and stir the souls of men, women and children . . . And to the donors of the Carillons will come one of life's richest satisfactions: in the music of the bells they will hear again the voices of the departed loved ones to whom their gift has been dedicated.

★ ★ ★

Deagan Carillons are usually installed in tribute to a departed one, or in commemoration of a notable event. The Carillon for your church or university building may be planned for now, for installation as soon as possible after the war. May we send you interesting particulars? J. C. Deagan, Inc., 353 Deagan Building, Chicago 13, Illinois.

DEAGAN

HARMONICALLY TUNED

Carillons

WASHINGTON (continued)

contention that demobilization should be undertaken now.

But all that President Roosevelt will authorize is a survey. The survey will show that Washington has a high percentage of drones and sitters among the workers, and they can be found in the military as well as the civilian agencies.

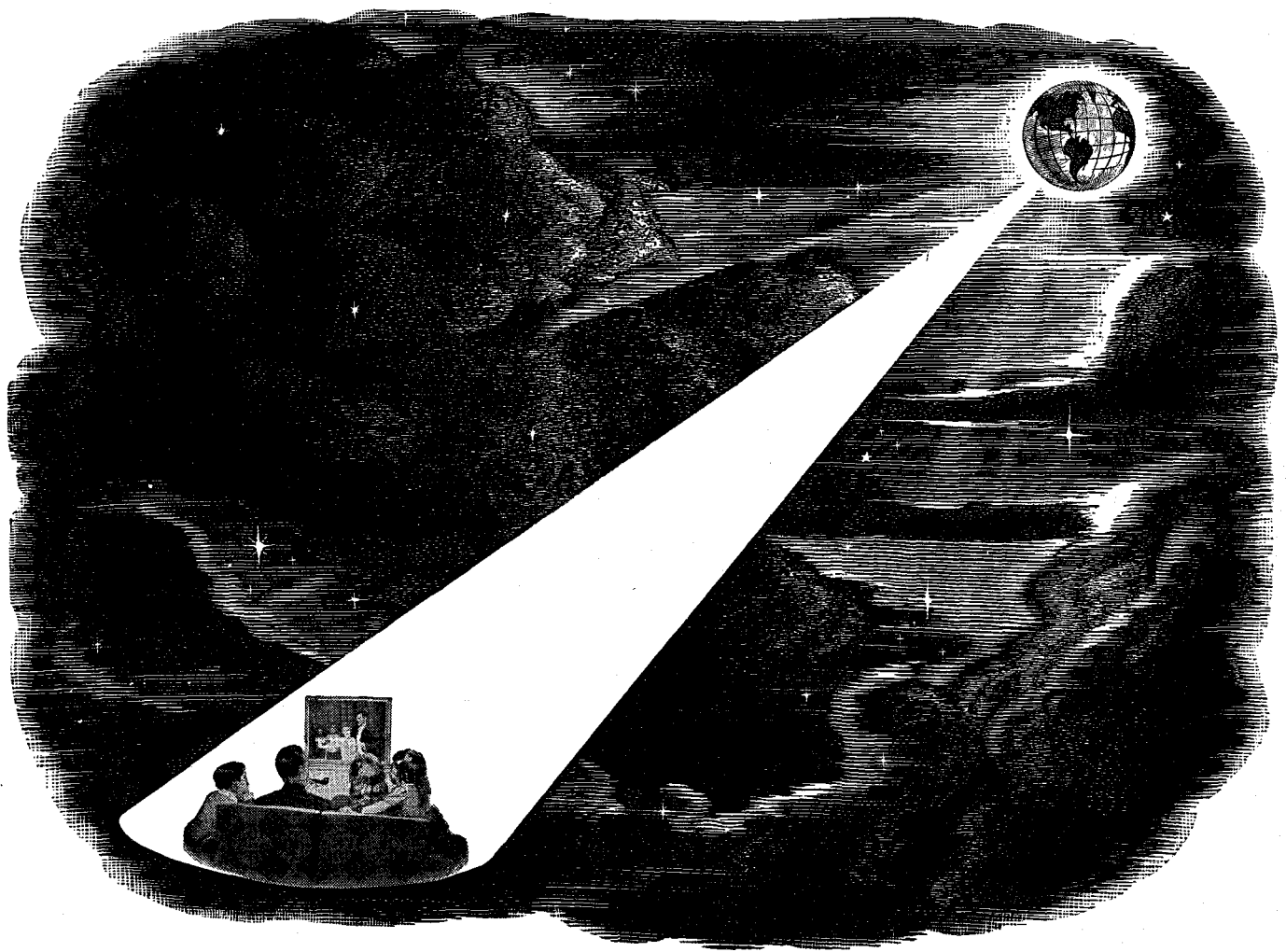
But it isn't easy to sift them out. For instance, when the Rubber Director, Colonel Bradley Dewey, resigned, saying that the work of his agency was over, people imagined that the agency would be closed down. The assumption was quite incorrect, for the routine job of overseeing the synthetic-rubber program is being maintained. Another type of difficulty is presented by the case of the Office of Civilian Defense. With the end of any prospect of air raids, one might think that this agency had lost all reason for being. That is what the administrators themselves think, but an office is still operating to gather in the equipment from regional offices. And there is a staff to dispose of it.

The major difficulty of pruning the Federal establishment lies with Senator Byrd's own colleagues. These are zealous to protect appointees and to maintain agencies. Under the Starnes-Scrugham Act, they are trying to weed the establishment, but their purpose is only to find places for veterans, since veterans now have preference in Federal jobs. Congress by this act appears to have struck a blow at competence and efficiency in the Federal establishment, despite the fact that we shall have need for both in years to come.

Congress can be niggardly as well as profligate toward the executive agencies. One example is its refusal to include in the new Reconversion Law transportation aid for stranded war workers and unemployment compensation for Federal employees. It was the House that said no. The Senate sought to bring in these groups. Even a Senate amendment, sponsored by Senator Taft, which would have limited the maximum total travel allowance to \$100, restricted it to hardship cases, and allowed it only to those who received \$50 a week or less, was not acceptable to the House.

As the President protested when he signed the measure, it neglects the human side of reconversion. The result in Washington, for example, will be that the women who staff the wartime offices may need help in getting re-established when the war is over. That is what happened after the last war, when numbers of them were left sitting disconsolately on park benches with only their dismissal notices in their purses.

Congress should have equalized its treatment. After all, the "government girls" have performed a valiant war service, with little pay and less glamour. If some provision had been made for them in the Reconversion Law, they would now be working better. As



ARE YOU READY FOR TELEVISION?

The time is here for America to revise its concepts of its living-rooms, its classrooms, its town halls. The time is here to become familiar with new measurements of human progress...economic, political, scientific.

For full-scale Television is near...a force of unparalleled power. Television will carry new thoughts, new hopes, new products into millions of homes. It will stir men's minds and hearts in a matter of moments. We will watch the truly

wonderful tomorrow take shape before our eyes.

DuMont will provide you with the finest in Television reception...sight and sound. DuMont quality will be assured by impressive prewar pioneering in Television, by vigorous wartime development, by highly specialized production "know how," by advantageous patents.

Indeed, the world stands on the threshold of an astonishing age...DuMont Television is ready...Are You?

Copyright 1944, Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc.

DUMONT



Precision Electronics and Television

ALLEN B. DUMONT LABORATORIES, INC., GENERAL OFFICES AND PLANT, 2 MAIN AVENUE, PASSAIC, N. J.
TELEVISION STUDIOS AND STATION WABD, 515 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"It's the
flavour"*



TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
SOLE U. S. AGENTS:

Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

WASHINGTON (continued)

it is, every rumor of the end of the war upsets the working force in the war agencies.

Dumbarton Oaks lays a foundation

A feeling that the foundation of the world security organization has been well and truly laid is left in the wake of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference. One snag remains. That is the problem raised by the Russians, who contend that a major power which is involved in a dispute should retain its position on the proposed Council when the dispute is heard. The process would be like having a defendant in a law court sit with the jury. The question has been remitted to the top political level for resolution.

In a way the discussion is academic, for if a major power commits an act jeopardizing the general peace and security, war will come, anyway. Formally, of course, such a power could veto sanctions by its vote. But if the menace was real enough, the dissentient vote certainly would not prevent action by the other major powers.

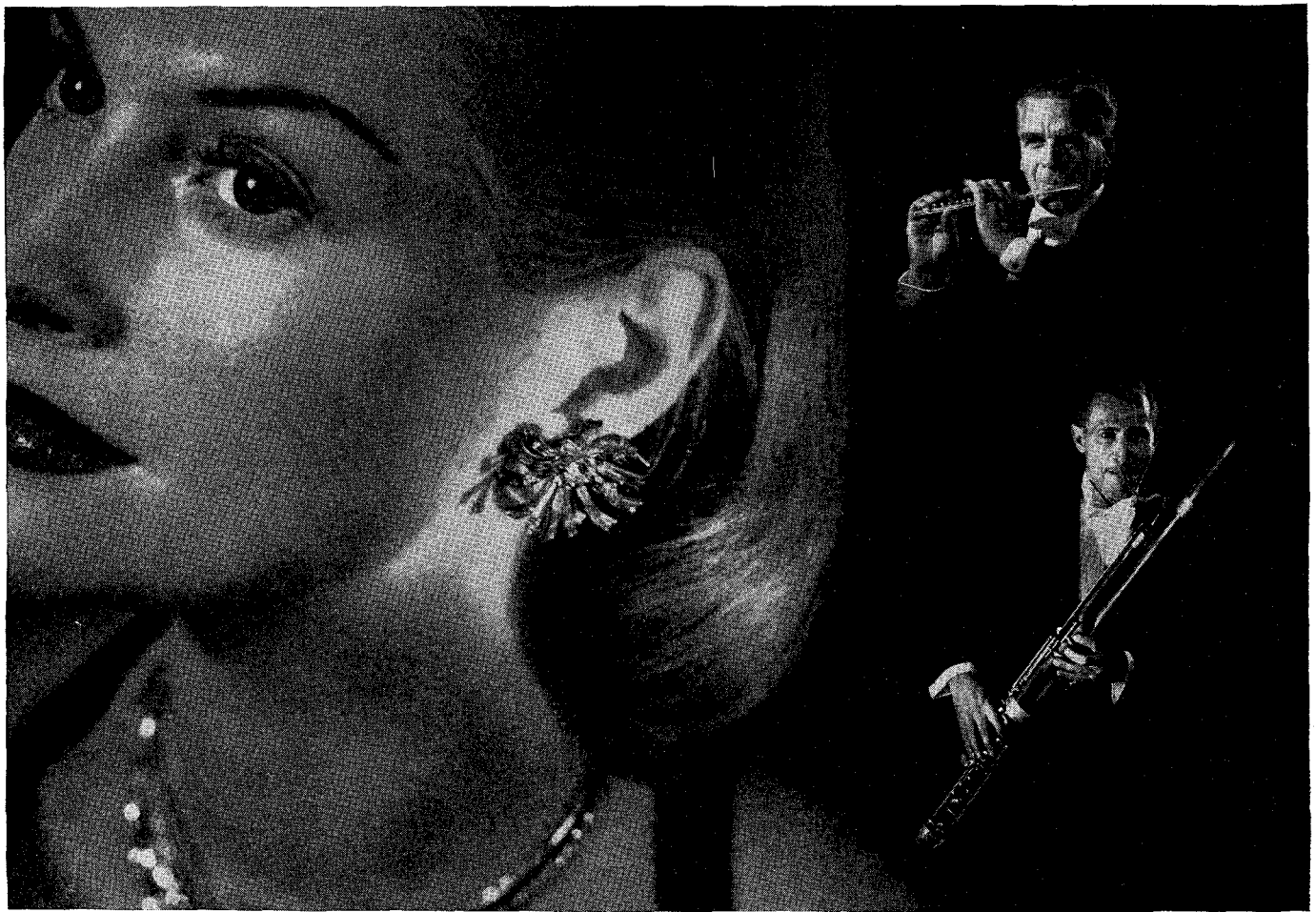
The explanation of the Russians' stand is that they wish to use their influence in the Council in behalf of their position whenever a dispute involving a border state is raised. This is what disturbs the small powers about the Russian attitude. But the Russians also want the codification of world law so that there will be a smaller twilight zone of offenses against the general security. If offenses were thoroughly itemized, and if recourse to a world court were made compulsory, then the position of the small powers would be made more comfortable in a world which will be policed by the big powers. Nobody objects to policemen so long as they are carrying out the law.

Traveling salesman extraordinary

Donald Nelson is enthusiastic about his new assignment as a roving economic ambassador. He sees as this country's immediate post-war need the accumulation of orders for capital industries which will be deprived of the war stimulus. When he was in Russia, he got several billion dollars' worth of orders, and he looked over the ground in China.

The credit risk in China is, of course, perilous, and Mr. Nelson told Chiang Kai-shek that there could not be any business credits without radical improvements in the Chinese economy. These are promised, though most students feel that the economic problem depends upon a political house-cleaning, the need for which was stressed by the Hurley-Nelson mission.

Mr. Nelson, of course, should be fitted into the execution of some international economic policy. But if there is an international economic policy, nobody knows it, and the agencies concerned with foreign trade are in a maze of cross-purposes as to ultimate intentions. Mr. Nelson may pick up some orders as traveling salesman for Uncle Sam, but nobody yet knows to whom he will report, or what rules constitute his terms of reference.



When you can hear the PHILHARMONIC story!

AS SOON as the production of radio-phonographs is resumed, you will *hear* the PHILHARMONIC story in all its glorious perfection. In the meantime, we'd like you to know about its background.

In 1937 the Philharmonic Radio Corporation introduced a new kind of radio-phonograph—an instrument designed expressly for music lovers, and capable of spanning *the entire range of human hearing*—capable of reproducing without impairment all the tones in the audible spectrum, from deepest bass to highest overtone.

The pre-war PHILHARMONIC attained this goal in its first year, *and every year* until civilian production was halted. Music and record critics declared it the finest radio-phonograph produced for home use. For the first time fortunate owners of the PHILHARMONIC heard *reproduced* music in all the pure and undiminished beauty of the living performance.

The new PHILHARMONIC you will hear at leading music and radio establishments will be an even finer FM-AM radio-phonograph, incorporating the newest in electronics.

Those who buy a PHILHARMONIC after the war will enjoy the satisfaction of owning the best and latest that electronic and acoustic engineering can produce.

For music *your ear can never forget*, remember to hear—

The PHILHARMONIC story!

Write for your copy of the unusual brochure "What My Ears Await"—explaining how to judge a high quality radio-phonograph.

PHILHARMONIC RADIO CORP.
523 East 72nd Street • New York, N. Y.

Philharmonic*

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

An Instrument worthy of the Name



*TRADE
MARK

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"A Letter to Governor Dewey"

Sir:

That Gerald Johnson, in "A Letter to Governor Dewey" in the September *Atlantic*, should ask Governor Dewey for a clarification of the Republican platform is of course legitimate. But when he compares and infers, his inferences are far-fetched and misleading. The years 1920 and 1944, the candidates Harding and Dewey, have nothing in common. Our concern today is not Franklin Roosevelt as a man, but his policies — or lack of them — at home and abroad. Mr. Johnson rather childishly writes that after twelve years the United States still survives. It would take longer than that to destroy us even if the seeds of disintegration planted during the last decade should mature in record time.

Apparently Mr. Johnson traces the world depression of 1929 and the Second World War of 1939 to Harding's election in 1920, lightly brushing aside world economic disruption and the aftermath of the First World War. Has he already forgotten that soon after President Roosevelt took office, he sabotaged the London Conference of 1933 when it was hoped urgent economic and monetary problems could be solved, to bring greater stability in Europe?

The United States does not depend on one man or party. No President of the United States can establish enduring peace in Europe and the East, no matter where his heart is. For that, the coöperation of Allied and associated governments and peoples is necessary.

J. B. GROVER
Andover, Mass.

Sir:

"A Letter to Governor Dewey" is highly interesting to countless numbers of right-minded electors irrespective of party affiliations. Governor Dewey's reply to the impartial questions therein propounded is awaited with great interest. For the problem of world peace, looming large, makes the 1944 Presidential election an unusually important one, if indeed not the most important in our nation's history.

Gerald W. Johnson and the *Atlantic Monthly* are to be commended for this forthright and timely letter.

JOSEPH H. DOCKERY
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:

In his open letter to Governor Dewey, Mr. Johnson asks questions based on false assumptions. They are of the "Have you stopped beating your wife?" sort. He seeks to compare the present Republican Party with that of twenty years ago, although the party is of an entirely different generation.

He does not need to go back twenty years to find the reason for Mr. Dewey's pledge to be bound by his party platform. Twelve years ago our current President was elected on a platform of economy, reduction of bureaucracy, and a balanced budget. After catching votes, these promises were repudiated by actions directly opposite. In a later campaign, assurances were given that no American boys would be sent overseas in a foreign war although the man who gave these assurances must have been in possession of information that war was inevitable. Mr. Dewey says that he intends to abide by his promises and that they were not given for the purpose of misleading the voters. He refrained from mentioning the broken promises of others — promises which Mr. Johnson seems to have forgotten.

Mr. Johnson speaks of the "best minds" as advisers for Mr. Dewey and then in the same paragraph mentions discredited men of another administration. He does not say that Mr. Dewey as governor has chosen most capable assistants and has proved himself far more capable as an administrator than his distinguished predecessor. The national administration, on the contrary, has received the support of groups operating in defiance of the Hatch Corrupt Practices Act.

If Mr. Roosevelt will do "in a pinch," let us hope such a pinch will never come. We need Dewey.

JOHN R. PERKINS
New Britain, Conn.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When the wounded come home

They come more quickly, more comfortably and with higher hopes than ever before in history. For American doctors and nurses are doing a magnificent job of healing both body and spirit.

Dairy products are a prime part of the treatment. For example, the medical officer of a hospital ship which handled 4039 South Pacific casualties and lost only seven, reports:

"Ice cream was served the patients every day as a food and a medicine. It helped build both strength and morale. To those wounded men, ice cream most nearly represented home and civilization."

And landing again in the U. S. A. is a tonic to appetites, too. Listen to the busy mess officer of an army hospital, where patients roll right in from the gang-plank.

"Those 700 boys have already drunk up 1500 quarts of milk and the day's not over. There won't be enough milk in the state to fill them up!"

We know you'll willingly share your ice cream and milk with boys like these—even if it sometimes means doing with a little less. For our part, we're proud that our laboratories have been able to develop for the Army and Navy so many products made from milk—nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Atlantic Repartee

Sir:

Mr. Johnson was apparently in a hurry to launch his smear before his "international issue" mask for it could be torn off by events. The events seem to be doing just that: see the Dulles-Hull conversations, Secretary Hull's comment thereon (September 7 papers), Mr. Dewey's own speeches.

Mr. Johnson appears to have doubts as to Mr. Dewey's stability on a fighting issue. The character and career of Mr. Dewey are surely assurances of stability equal to that of Mr. Johnson's preferred candidate, who ran for office on a Wilsonian League of Nations platform in 1920, repudiated League of Nations philosophy in 1932 (as Mr. Willkie reminded us the other day), and now sponsors an apparently lineal descendant of the League of Nations. Mr. Dewey is in himself further assurance that, if elected, there will be no commercialization of White House prestige for family profit; no recrudescence of the NRA economic philosophy; no "clear it with Sidney" prerequisites; none of the internal feuding and inept administration, to call it no worse, that have been blasted by Senator (Candidate) Truman's Committee reports, illustrated in food and price control, and high-lighted by the Wallace-Jones and Nelson-Wilson explosions.

BERNARD J. MULLANEY
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

Sir:

Gerald W. Johnson asked Governor Dewey what the latter offers the voters that Harding did not offer in 1920. In due time Governor Dewey will answer such questions for himself, but this writer decidedly disagrees with Mr. Johnson's conclusion that "for once, we are not disposed to vote *against*, but intend to vote *for*." It is Mr. Roosevelt's record in fiscal, economic, and political matters that inspires me with such a strong hope of seeing his New Deal turned out that I believe I would vote against him were his opponent someone of much smaller caliber than Governor Dewey. A properly drawn indictment would fill at least one issue of the *Atlantic*.

What Governor Dewey offers to the voters is an opportunity to recall Mr. Roosevelt and wind up the New Deal, and a possibility of living our lives to suit our various selves instead of as the regimented, but nonexistent, average man of Mr. Roosevelt's statisticians. It is an opportunity that will not occur again until 1948, and an opportunity for which the undersigned common, ordinary voter is thankful.

LYMAN P. HAMMOND
Green Farms, Conn.

Sir:

"A Letter to Governor Dewey" was absolutely on the beam. I am showing it to some hopeless Republicans.

In an off moment I invented a quip the other day. It goes like this, if I may be allowed to quote myself: "If the Republicans win we may expect the signs on the old jewelry places to be changed. The new signs will read: 'Gold Paid for Your Old Cash.'"

HOWARD HAYES
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sir:

The letter of Gerald W. Johnson to Governor Dewey follows the familiar pattern of presenting a single side of a controversy. The short and simple answers to the main points raised are these:—

(1) The Manton corruption was much more reprehensible and much more calamitous than the Fall corruption. Manton was a Democrat and a Circuit judge, twice appointed by the Democrats. Fall was a Republican. The Republicans so quickly apprehended Fall that his corruption was ineffective, and then punished him so severely as to make an example of him. Manton's corruption was not detected by the Democrats until it had done immeasurable and irremediable harm. (See 107 Fed. (2) 834.) The trial judge who conducted Manton's trial denounced Manton as one who "has shocked the public generally, and particularly the bench and bar of the country." (See the *New York Times* of June 21, 1939.)

(2) It is reaching pretty far to attribute the 1929 depression to Mr. Harding, who died in 1923.

(3) It is a still farther cry to attribute to Mr. Harding the Second World War, which occurred nineteen years after his death. Unfortunately, wars seem, in any event, to recur generally more frequently than this. It is significant that we have had a war every time we have had a Democratic administration since the Civil War. (The Spanish-American War was bred during the Cleveland administration.)

(4) It is contended by Mr. Johnson that Mr. Roosevelt has been operating this country for twelve years and he has not killed it yet. It might also be said that the man who was pushed off the top of a sixteen-story building had not been killed *yet* when he passed the twelfth floor. Even if we haven't yet been killed, there has been considerable bleeding.

F. O. RICHEY
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:

"A Letter to Governor Dewey" seems a little amazing. Its author asks the question: "What do you, as a Presidential candidate, offer me, as a voter, that Harding did not offer in 1920?"

One obvious answer is: "A return to a 'government of laws' and to the two-term tradition." This seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Johnson, who develops his question under two quite different heads:—

(1) He suggests that a pledge in one paragraph of the Republican platform to reduce taxation "as far as is consistent with the normal expenditures of government" is inconsistent with another pledge to

regard "the payment of government debt as an obligation of honor" and to "reduce that debt as soon as economic conditions make such reduction possible." Since when have honest folk ceased to regard the payment of a debt as being a part of normal expenditure?

(2) Mr. Johnson finds fault with the platform plank relating to post-war conditions because it is stated in general terms. It is better so. One can, with honesty, state only the principles upon which one hopes to act in an unpredictable future.

The Atlantic Charter was in one or two passages a little more explicit. It is barely three years old, and already we are being asked to forget it. No one is running on it in this campaign.

JOHN COLE MCKIM
Peekskill, N. Y.

● The main argument of the critics of my letter to Mr. Dewey seems to be that it is wrong to take Mr. Dewey's platform seriously because Mr. Roosevelt "repudiated" the Democratic platform of 1932. If Mr. Roosevelt had repudiated the platform of 1932, I do not see how that could exempt Mr. Dewey; but what are the facts about that 1932 platform?

It contained seventeen specific promises. By 1934 twelve of these had been carried out, or were in process of being fulfilled. One — reduction of ordinary government expenditures — had been fulfilled, but was later nullified by extraordinary expenditures. Two — reciprocal trade agreements and improved international relations — were contingent on the action of other nations, but Mr. Hull was certainly trying to carry them out. A sixteenth — Philippine independence — was provisionally fulfilled the next year. One plank — and it is the only one — was flatly repudiated. It was the promise to balance the budget annually.

To base on this one instance a charge that Roosevelt repudiated the whole platform is, therefore, to agree that the duty to balance the budget annually is more than sixteen times as important as all the other duties of the President. I do not believe it is; therefore I do not admit that Roosevelt repudiated his platform.

The question, however, is not as to Mr. Roosevelt, but as to Mr. Dewey. Harding did not fail for lack of good intentions, but for lack of control over his own party. Mr. Dewey, I think, is a stronger man than Harding, but is he stronger than the whole isolationist wing of the Republican Party? To my mind, establishing the best possible safeguards against a third world war is more important than balancing the budget or any other domestic issue. That is why I am anxious to know not merely what Mr. Dewey thinks about this issue, but how much of a fight he is willing and able to put up for the cause. There will be a fight — let no one delude himself on that point. Lodge is dead, but he has able and determined successors. Can Dewey whip them? That is the question, and Roosevelt's sins and errors have nothing to do with it. —
GERALD W. JOHNSON.



have your trees been neglected during the war?

Davey Men will be back

● For two generations, the services of Davey Tree Surgeons have been available to owners and lovers of fine trees. Today, two-thirds of our specially trained men are in the armed forces. But we will be operating full force again after the war—ready to remedy the damage caused by unavoidable wartime neglect, and to protect the continued health and beauty of your trees. We have received hundreds of letters from Davey men all over the world, expressing eagerness to be back among the trees when the war is over. Then we will be able once more to give you prompt, skilful, dependable service.

1846  1923
JOHN DAVEY,
Founder of Tree Surgery

DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.
KENT, OHIO
And Almost Everywhere
Two Generations of Tree Saving Service

Exquisite...

and in Full Color!

*These superb Gelatones will flood your home
with rich new beauty... now yours at an*

AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE!



Magnificent Pictures by 16 of America's Foremost Artists

COLOR! — gorgeously rich tones, projected into exquisite pictures by an entirely new method. Color that adds impressive beauty to your home — each picture like a window revealing a new view of loveliness!

Acquired by Leading Museums

Many of these very same reproductions have been purchased by leading museums, including the Metropolitan, Carnegie Institute, U. S. Library of Congress, and more than 200 others. They embrace marines, landscapes, character studies; by such artists as Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, Luigi Lucioni, Peter Hurd, and twelve others. NOW you may possess them yourself — at an astonishingly low price! However, you must not delay; for the edition of each of the paintings described in our FREE CATALOGUE is limited.

How Such Perfect Reproductions Are Possible

These reproductions are nothing like the ordinary "color prints" you can buy in any picture or department store. They have been created by an entirely new process which produces a finished color texture seven times finer than ordinary

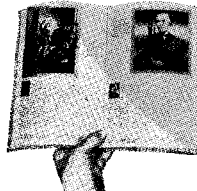
printing can achieve! Not a trace discloses this remarkable new method of reproduction — colors and brushstrokes are marvelously exact duplicates of the originals.

Art experts are astonished that such masterpieces — so large in size, measuring 22" x 28" matted — can be priced at only \$7.50 each.

Send for Free Catalogue

See full-color miniatures of these pictures, read interesting biographies of the artists, in our Free Catalogue, now ready. This full-color Catalogue itself is so unique that it is in the permanent libraries of museums and galleries throughout America. To cover postage and handling costs, please enclose 10¢ in stamps with the coupon and address it to: ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 611, 711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Free
CATALOGUE



**ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 611
711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.**

Without any obligation on my part, please mail me your FREE Catalogue showing, in miniature and IN FULL COLOR, the complete selection of limited-edition reproductions of paintings by famous American artists.

I enclose 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

The Chinese and Hong Kong

Sir:

I read with interest the letter from Mr. Ernest R. Troughton of London, England, published in the *Atlantic* for August, 1944, under the title "Hong Kong Again."

The writer of the letter compares the improvements made in Hong Kong since it passed from Chinese into British hands with those made in New York City since it came into the possession of white men. He states that "these things" cannot be given back to the Chinese any more than New York "can be given back to the Red Indians." The two situations are not really very similar; they differ notably in that there are not now approximately 400 million Red Indians living in the vicinity of New York.

For about one year, from 1939 to 1940, I was in command of the United States troops stationed in Tientsin. During all of that period the British and French concessions were isolated by the Japanese Army, which erected barbed and electrified wire entanglements along their perimeters. All traffic to and from the concessions was strictly controlled and supervised by the Japanese, and there were only a few openings where passage was permitted. The Japanese Army authorities installed voice amplifiers at those gates and subjected the Chinese, who were forced to wait patiently in long lines for hour after hour, to a continuous barrage of propaganda against the white race. The most effective propaganda of this nature was a continuous repetition of their version of alleged British and American exploitation of China, and tireless emphasis on the provisions of the Treaty of Nanking of 1842 and the cession of Hong Kong.

COL. W. G. HAWTHORNE, U.S.M.C.
Washington, D.C.

Army Courts-martial

Sir:

"Khaki Justice" by Loyal G. Compton in the June *Atlantic* is very misleading. Space does not permit even a listing of all errors in the article.

Mr. Compton says that seventeen soldiers were hanged at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, in December, 1917, but "the public did not learn of it until after the war." Actually thirteen soldiers were hanged on December 11, 1917. (Seventeen was the number of persons killed in the murderous outbreak for which thirteen were executed.) On the afternoon of December 11, 1917, the *Boston Transcript* published nearly a column about the execution, over half a column being direct quotations from an Army announcement. The next morning the *New York Times* published nearly a column and the *Boston Herald* over a column on the same subject. It is a fair assumption that papers throughout the country carried similar news.

He is almost as far from the facts in his remarks on the Mitchell trial, as is shown by contemporary newspaper accounts. Mr. Compton didn't even get the year of the trial right.

Coming back to your editorial question, posed with Mr. Compton's article, "How just is khaki justice?" I would say, "On the whole, very."

LT. COL. JOHN ALDEN DEGEN, U. S. Army (Ret.)
Brookline, Mass.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 174  NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMAN PRISONERS

The Russian Solution

by HENRY C. CASSIDY

THE Russians are using their prisoners, just as they employ everything they can lay their hands on, as a weapon of war. It is something of a secret weapon, as far as details of its operation are concerned.

This Russian intellectual prisoner-weapon, entirely original and extremely simple in concept, is built on the principle of education. The enemy soldiers who fall into Russian hands are encouraged, or permitted, to study the faults of their country's leaders, and to examine the impasse into which the mistakes of those leaders have led them. The results of this education are converted, in turn, into propaganda. The converts are permitted to speak and write to their countrymen, urging them to overthrow the Nazi regime and end the war.

The Americans and British ship or fly their prisoners off to camps (there was one, enjoying all the speed and comfort of a C-54, aboard the aircraft in which I returned to the United States last August), and leave them suspended in a vacuum for the duration of the war. The Germans install their American and British prisoners in concentration

camps, and turn their Russian prisoners into mercenary soldiers or slave laborers when they can prevail upon them to work. Only the Russians put their prisoners to real use.

It is probably because they are not signatories to the Geneva Convention for treatment of prisoners of war that the Russians hit upon their unique system, while other countries have not come to use it. The Geneva Convention forbids forcible application of politics to prisoners. Unbound by this article, the Russians have felt free to experiment. Their finished product — education made available to the prisoner, and propaganda tools put in his hands — deserves a place in the future military machine of any country, signatory to the Geneva Convention or not.

The Russian process of education in camps, and propaganda from them, began as soon as the Red Army started taking prisoners. It was not an immediate success. During the first year of the war, it consisted of anti-Nazi and anti-war lectures, delivered in camp clubs by prisoners who had turned, or who had been turned, against their own regime. Many of the original speakers were inexperienced, inept, or insincere, and their audiences were cold. But the Russians persisted.

The plan took more concrete form when the Free Germany National Committee was set up at a conference of prisoners and refugees on July 12 and

HENRY C. CASSIDY, the author of *Moscow Dateline*, served as head of the Associated Press Bureau in Moscow from 1940 to 1944. He was graduated from Harvard in 1931, won his spurs as a reporter on the *Boston Traveler*, and then served as Paris correspondent for the Associated Press from 1936 to 1940. At the *Atlantic's* request he now relates as much as any ally has seen of the Russian prison camps.

Copyright 1944, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

13, 1943, in Moscow. This organization became an international issue. Established without consultation with the other members of the United Nations, *and without advance notice to them, it was regarded* by some as an independent Soviet agency for introducing Communism into Germany, and came under the careful scrutiny of Allied authorities.

The National Committee started publication of a handsome newspaper, *Free Germany*, complete with well-cut illustrations, and with red and black stripes at the top and bottom of the first page. Foreigners who requested copies of this newspaper through Soviet official channels — the usual way of obtaining newspapers in Russia — were told that it was not open for subscriptions. The Committee was given time on the Soviet state radio, but the hours and wave-lengths of its broadcasts were not made known to other foreigners.

Then the Committee issued its first manifesto. Addressed to the German Army and the German people, it warned that "Hitler is dragging Germany into an abyss," that "the German people need immediate peace," and that to gain this, Hitler must be overthrown and a new government organized. The Committee announced as its goal a "free and independent Germany," with a "strong democratic authority," "complete repeal of all laws founded on national or racial hatred," "revival and extension of the political rights and social gains of the working people," "freedom of business, commerce, and industry," "immediate liberation of the victims of Hitlerite terror and material compensation for the losses caused to them," and "just, ruthless court trial of those guilty of launching the war."

The test of the Free Germany National Committee was not the fact of its existence, but the way in which it was used. Its professed military and political aims were such that no reasonable person could quarrel with them.

Gradually, the obscurity surrounding the operations of the Committee was dispelled. Allied observers succeeded in finding copies of its newspaper and picking up its broadcasts. They encountered German Committee members in publishing offices and radio studios of Moscow, and learned they were living near the capital and traveling to prison camps to speak. What they were saying, writing, and broadcasting followed the lines of the manifesto.

At first, the National Committee turned out to be a rather weak instrument. Its leaders were little known and had almost no following among Germans. For the most part, they were anti-Nazi refugees who had been away from their own country since 1933. One of these was the president of the Committee, Erich Weinert, well known interna-

tionally as a poet, but a nonentity to the young Nazis in prison camps. The soldiers on the Committee were nobodies.

2

THE organization assumed real strength when a meeting of about one hundred delegates from five camps, held on September 11 and 12, 1943, near Moscow, established the Union of German Officers. The officers' union joined the Free Germany National Committee and subscribed to its program.

This time, real "names" were presented as attractions for the prisoners. General Walther von Seydlitz became president of the officers' union and vice-president of the National Committee.

His background was in no way suspect. Descendant of an old Army family and son of the commander of the Danzig garrison, he was born at Hamburg, August 22, 1888. He was a career soldier, having entered the Army in 1908 with a West Prussian field artillery regiment, and was wounded three times in the First World War. He remained in the Army during the lean years of the Reichswehr, being promoted to major in 1930.

He was well known to the other prisoners, having commanded the 51st Army Corps at Stalingrad. Earlier in this war, he served on the western front with the 22nd Artillery Regiment, became a major general December 1, 1939, commanding the 102nd Division, and became general of artillery in 1942, taking over the 51st Corps shortly before it was encircled at Stalingrad.

This tall, lean, intent soldier was sufficiently hotheaded to turn against the political leadership which had taken him into the Stalingrad trap and left him there. A career officer, with a distinguished record and no trace of Communism in his past, he had sufficient standing to bring ninety-four other officers with him into the original membership of the officers' union. What made him turn? Was it the growing realization that Germany was faced with inevitable defeat?

There were others of importance, including Lieutenant General Alexander Edler von Daniels, commander of the 376th Infantry Division, who became vice-president of the union; Major General Otto Korfes, commander of the 295th Infantry Division, and Major General Martin Lattman, commander of the 14th Tank Division, who took places on the presidium of the union.

With this organization complete, — an organization in which prisoners dealt directly with their own converted countrymen, in which old recalcitrants saw their own leaders participating, and in which

newcomers encountered an established system, — the education of the captured Germans became more successful.

Where it took General von Seydlitz more than six months, from February to September, 1943, to turn against Hitler, sixteen generals who were captured in July, 1944, signed anti-Nazi, anti-war statements during their first month of captivity. Field Marshal Friedrich Paulus, commander of the 6th Army at Stalingrad, finally came around to the same point of view.

The number of men joining the movement could not be judged from the number of generals who learned their lessons as soon as they became prisoners. The effect of their propaganda by radio, newspaper, and leaflets on the Germans who had not yet been made prisoners could not be calculated accurately. Their influence, however, was certainly strong.

There is a risk involved in any new weapon. It may backfire. A premature explosion was threatened in the early days of Russia's use of prisoners, when her policy created suspicion among her allies. That was averted, at least temporarily, by clear evidence that the weapon was being used only to win the war, not to affect the peace. There remained another danger, that of a post-war explosion.

By building up the theory that Hitler, and Hitler alone, lost the war, the Russians, it was suspected, might be fostering the creation of another legend that the German Army itself was never defeated, just as the loss of the last war was attributed to a stab in the back by Jews on the home front. By excusing these prisoners (who repented only after being captured), without thought for the more serious issues of war guilt, the Russians might be encouraging the next generation of Germans to start on another career of expansionist adventure. But as we see the system of post-war Allied control of Germany being perfected, this danger is lessened.

3

WHAT will become of the German prisoners in Russia after the war? One theory has been advanced that the Russians might attempt to retain them as laborers to repair the damage inflicted on Soviet property during the war. This idea was first suggested publicly by Professor Evgeni Varga, economic adviser to the Soviet government, who estimated in a Moscow lecture that it would require the work of 10 million Germans to rebuild the devastated areas of Russia. Whether he meant this as a measure of the damage caused in Russia, or as

a serious proposal for reparations in terms of human labor, was not clear.

In actual practice, the half-million or more prisoners already taken by the Red Army are permitted to work if they wish to do so. One group of Germans was sent to aid in reconstruction of Orel, the ancient city of Central Russia which they burned last summer before it was recaptured by the Red Army. How the Germans are paid is one of the secret details of the prison system. If they do not wish to work, they are not required to do so.

The Germans are strictly secluded — even those who work most strongly against the Nazis. It seems clear that the Soviet Union will neither attempt to assimilate them nor permit them to remain in Russia permanently, particularly after the experience of the Volga German colony, which, despite more than a century's existence in Russia, had to be exiled to Central Asia at the outbreak of the war.

Some prisoners are certain to face Soviet prosecutors for acts recorded by the state atrocities commission and registered in edicts of the presidium of the Supreme Soviet. Three Germans, the first to be brought to Allied justice, were tried last December in Kharkov, and hanged in the market place. Although the impatience of the Russians for vengeance was restrained by Allied desires to escape German reprisal executions, others will come eventually. But the number of men involved is comparatively small. It includes few, if any, of those taken prisoner so far, and none of those who have participated in the anti-Nazi movement.

The remaining, and most probable, outlook for these prisoners is that of a return to their homeland. There, if the Free Germany National Committee and the Union of Officers follow the precedent of the Union of Polish Patriots in the U.S.S.R., they will become important parts of the first post-war provisional government of Germany, at least in the Russian-occupied section of the country.

What kind of government will this be? The Free Germany National Committee has given its definition: —

"This government must be strong and wield the necessary power to make harmless the enemies of the people, Hitler, his patrons and henchmen; to end resolutely the reign of terror and finish with corruption; to set up firm order and to represent Germany before the outside world with dignity. This government can be established only as a result of a struggle for emancipation, waged by all strata of the German people. It will base itself on the militant groups which unite to overthrow Hitler."

The first of these groups has sprung from the prison camps of Russia.

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMAN PRISONERS

The American Muddle

by JAMES H. POWERS

I

IN NINETY-NINE base camps and ninety-eight branch camps scattered across the United States, a familiar spectacle these days is a column of gray- or denim-clad German prisoners of war, swinging along in the precise, easy rhythm achieved only by men familiar with marching since boyhood. Their average age is between twenty and twenty-two years, and they number well over 200,000. These German prisoners put the War Department — and incidentally the American people — in a difficult quandary.

The difficulty has little to do with such relatively simple matters as housing, food, and security. Such challenges the Army takes easily in its stride. The Geneva Convention of July 27, 1929, to which this nation as well as Great Britain and Germany is a signatory, charted a blueprint for the Service Command in such matters. Accordingly, our prison camps or compounds are similar to any other camps, posts, or military stations throughout the country — except for the barbed wire or the high walls of the compound, and the guards posted to watch them. Dormitory arrangements copy faithfully those provided for our own soldiers. Every standard compound accommodates a thousand men and is complete with an administration building, four mess halls, a recreation building, an infirmary, a workshop, a canteen, four camp storehouses, a chapel, and a guardhouse. The physical surroundings of the German prisoners in our midst present no possible grounds for complaint.

The difficulty lies in the fact that the German P.O.W. is a riddle which the United States Army has not yet solved. The solution involves more than a stiff test in psychology — a subject in which not a few American officers attached to the Service

Command are somewhat less than proficient. It involves, also, a broad understanding of the meaning of contemporary history. For these men are unlike any other prisoners of war we have ever held. They have been through the Nazi educational mill, which extirpates ruthlessly most of the principles accepted by Americans as essential to civilization. Perhaps it might be worth our while to find out how they are getting along.

The majority of the German prisoners of war endure captivity with a high contempt for their captors in no wise diminished by the plight in which they find themselves. Their arrogance is obvious and outspoken. An American sergeant in charge of a detail dumping trash asked a prisoner leaning against a tree what he thought about America. The German admitted that everyone in America has a car and that there are more movie houses in America than in Europe; then he registered his contempt: "Yes, you haven't burned up all your gas quite yet." With this sarcastic comment he turned his back.

Arrogance is accompanied by a stiff confidence in the ultimate triumph of Nazi principles — if not in this war, then in the next. A German noncom in one camp proclaimed triumphantly to a German-speaking guard that we shall never defeat Germany because our casualties on the Normandy beachhead, the first day alone, were 70,000 — information which he claimed he had seen in the papers and heard over the radio. Our casualties were actually but a small fraction of that number; yet it was useless to correct him. He knew! And the work squad of German P.O.W.'s under his charge fervently approved his scorn. For them it was the official attitude, proper to be adopted toward the enemy — to wit, ourselves.

"Remember," an *Unteroffizier* was overheard barking to his fellow prisoners, "that you are still members of the German Army, whose duty it is to

JAMES H. POWERS is Foreign Editor of the *Boston Globe*, a position which he has held for the past eighteen years. He served overseas in Italy, France, and Germany as a sergeant in World War I.

work for Germany." His warning carried obvious implications against backsliders. At the same camp a prisoner taken in Tunisia, who had served in the Afrika Korps all through the desert campaign, told an interpreter that the Americans could be thankful they were giving the best food and barracks available to the Germans. "When Germany wins the war," he announced, "that will be at least one good mark on your record." That view has been echoed by captives taken in France this summer. The respectful treatment which we accord to German prisoners is accepted without the least surprise. It is only natural that the "hero race" should be waited upon by flabby Americans.

This amiable conviction is sustained by the awe frequently displayed by our Army interrogators — or, as the Army calls them, "processors" — before members of crack German divisions. Of the grisly and horrible excesses committed by these same grenadiers and paratroopers in French and Italian villages and Russian towns, apparently such processors have never heard. Prisoners, almost without exception, attribute kind treatment to our fear of retribution. One of them expressed regret that the war would not be over for him for a long while, because, after the British and the Yankees had walked into the giant deathtrap in France and had been driven home beaten, he would still have to go to the East to help finish up the Russians. Defeat in France has not altered this notion among prisoners: the "deathtrap" they wait to see sprung has merely been moved back into the Reich.

This unshakable attitude of German prisoners of war, so general in many American Army prisoner compounds, is fostered by the functioning of a secret police, usually under the direction of a prisoner who has ties with the Gestapo. Here, admittedly, is a hard nut to crack. Prisoners themselves are so firmly under the thumbs of these fanatics, and so cowed by past experience, that they seldom reveal the existence of the terror until secret disciplinary punishments inflicted upon them by their Nazi noncoms become intolerable. Then there is an explosion, as there was at the camp in Colorado, where thirty masked men, under direction of a secret representative of the master race disciplinary arm (a fellow P.O.W.) were caught pursuing a handful of fugitive prisoners who said they were anti-Nazi. The camp authorities closed the episode by segregating the thirty.

At another camp four prisoners disobeyed their German noncom and then refused to submit to punishment. A riot ensued. The four barricaded themselves in an empty barracks against attack by most of the other prisoners. They were barely

rescued in time. The trouble arose because they objected to persecution and discriminations practiced against them by the Nazi majority.

Such incidents might be multiplied. They have a common foundation: inadequate measures taken by our military to weed out Nazi secret police organizers, and failure to admit that any critical situation exists until one explodes. Yet this system of secret terror is known. Its presence is often attested in grim fashion — as when German prisoners of war were found hanged, apparently "dead from suicide." There have been more than a dozen instances of actual murder. Fellow prisoners of the victims as a rule offer no assistance to the military in probing these "accidents." Having seen what happened, they fear to testify. Military law, the Articles of War, the state law, the local law — all extend jurisdiction over P.O.W.'s suspected of crimes. There is plenty of law. The shortage is of strong policy and effective supervision.

2

PERSISTENCE of German Gestapo tactics in the P.O.W. camps is but part of the story of the shortcomings in our present practice in handling disciples of the Nazi philosophy. Any approach to the correction of this situation leads back immediately to other defects in the Army's procedure. One has to do with the screening of the prisoners as they arrive at the camps. Separation of identifiable Nazis from anti-Nazis is counseled not only by common sense; it is urgently needed to ensure the safety of the prisoners themselves.

Under Army rules governing the processing of prisoners of war, a basic personnel record is prepared for each prisoner. It includes his name, rank, serial number, photo, fingerprints, description, and an inventory of his effects. The final item on the list is "personal information." Prisoners are segregated by nationality, and officers are quartered apart from noncoms and enlisted men.

The prisoners are brought to camp, and shortly thereafter processing companies find them in an orderly line, waiting to be searched and questioned. Right at the very beginning, the German noncoms make their presence felt. They intervene, and whenever they can — which is often — they assume full control of the proceedings. The coöperation of prisoners, it becomes clear at once, is not in response to their American examiners but at the order of their own noncommissioned officers. As a matter of convenience in handling groups, this procedure may have its points; as a method of handling P.O.W.'s brought up in the Germany of Hitler and schooled

in the doctrines of the German National Socialist Party, it is senseless. It builds a wall between every individual prisoner and the camp processors.

Examinations generally take place at tables set so near together that any prisoner wishing to make it plain he is an anti-Nazi faces another hurdle. If his fellows hear him making any such declaration, he knows he is a marked man. To make matters worse, the examination disregards the issue of his being a Nazi or an anti-Nazi. Interpreters are not permitted to solicit this information from a prisoner. If he wants to be segregated, he must volunteer the information — though he frequently does not know that he must. Such procedure obviously follows an assumption that it doesn't matter much what a prisoner's political views are. That assumption is belied by a record of strikes, fracas, riots, and murders in camps all over the United States. Incidentally, it also ignores the recorded history of Europe these past ten years.

Prisoner B.L. (an actual case) is of Polish birth. A member of the Polish Army until 1940, he was impressed into the German Army and sent to Italy. Clearly, this man has an interesting political background, and obviously some cognizance should be taken of the anomaly he represents as a German soldier. Throwing suspicious glances at the other prisoners near him on either side, he says something in Polish. The fact that he does so is powerful evidence that he is afraid of something. But the interpreter knows no Polish. So the man is sent along abruptly with the other German prisoners without further inquiry.

Though separate camps are set up for anti-Nazis, inefficient administration may delay a man's transfer; meanwhile his life is endangered by enemies in his own sleeping chamber!

Other camps are set up for troublemakers and for uncoöperative prisoners. Here again, an excellent idea often bogs down in poor administration. Worse: misinterpretations are made of the protests of some of the men that they are anti-Nazi. It does not dawn on some camp officials that a real anti-Nazi German soldier, in a prison compound with a group of convinced devotees of Hitler, is in genuine peril; and that the least he faces is prospect of torment and abuse if he is left in a company where Nazis are in control — which is usually the case.

Estimates by guards and officers who have handled German war prisoners vary as to the actual percentage of real Nazis among the captives. The lowest figure is 25 per cent, the highest a little more than 50 per cent. Obviously it makes a difference where and under what circumstances the prisoners

were taken. The percentage of convinced Nazis among prisoners captured in Normandy did not run very high at first, because of the dilution of forces practiced by the Germans in manning their Atlantic Wall. It rose steeply when the Allies drove inland. Units captured in Tunisia or Italy have contained a uniformly high number of real Nazis.

3

THE Geneva Convention provides that prisoners assigned to a compound may elect one of their number as a spokesman, under Article 45 of the Convention, which specifies that in every case where there are P.O.W.'s "they shall be allowed to appoint agents entrusted with representing them directly with military authorities and protecting powers. *This appointment shall be subject to approval by the military authorities.*" Such spokesmen, according to a War Department circular, are not allowed any command or disciplinary functions.

The Convention further provides that only privates may be compelled to work, and then only under the same conditions, except for pay, as native laborers. Noncommissioned officers may volunteer for work in order to receive the 80 cents a day that privates earn, half of which is given in canteen checks. Noncoms cannot be compelled to work, although they can be compelled to take supervisory jobs over work details. In other words, they, like the "spokesmen," function under the order and subject to the approval of the camp authorities and not by virtue of any rights as noncommissioned officers.

But what happens, under our practice, is this: there is not enough work for all prisoners of war who desire it, and the responsibility for assigning duties is handed over to the higher-ranking German noncoms in most American P.O.W. camps. This procedure is not ordered by the Convention. It is an interpretation put on the Convention by the Service Command. Other signatories of the Geneva pact do not recognize it.

The result is to place a disciplinary rod in the hands of the German noncom prisoners. They enjoy practically the same authority they held while in the functioning German Army. No one with Army experience will fail to grasp the significance of this fact in relation to the problem of the German P.O.W.'s. Power over assignment to detail is the traditional club wielded by all army sergeants, time out of mind.

A German noncom holds his rank, under contemporary German Army practice, partly because of his

proved competence as a soldier and partly because of his proved adherence to the pure line of Nazi Party doctrine. The power of persecution which our practice places in the hands of these men is seldom neglected. An American corporal who served eight months at a P.O.W. camp gives the picture clearly in a letter to the *New York Herald Tribune*, describing a camp in the 8th Service Command area: "It is the *Feldwebel* (sergeant), not the commissioned officer, who commands the men's respect. In this group we find quite obviously the greatest percentage of Nazis. I should say that 50 per cent of the German noncoms definitely support Hitler and his government. They are, in reality, a police force in the camp, since all activity inside the barbed wire is directed by them. The effect of their rule is a little Germany, where persecution of anti-Nazis is thorough and violent."

German noncoms go to extraordinary lengths in our prison compounds in enforcing their Nazi point of view. Assuming a power and authority without legitimate basis, they bar attendance of their groups at educational or other movies provided for the men's recreation by camp officials. They even operate as censors over the prisoners' reading. In a certain Midwestern camp the American authorities prepared a booklet on American history, past and present, for distribution within the stockade. The plan was blocked by the German sergeant. He declared that the book was untrue and would have to be censored since it gave a distorted view of the real history of this country — which he had studied in Germany! Camp officials, timidly interpreting the Geneva Convention's strictures against compulsory indoctrination of prisoners, bowed to this veto of a booklet that had been prepared with careful attention to the intent of the Convention.

To a just but rigorous policy, enforced by officers who will stand no nonsense, the German P.O.W.'s respond well. They understand it. But they are swift to exploit any disposition to grant them favors. Their cooks, who are not subject to the periodic inspections American Army cooks must undergo, and who have the help of an abundance of KP labor, turn out elaborate meals of a German flavor, trading bushels of beans for a huge quantity of sauerkraut, for instance. This occurred specifically at a camp in Arkansas last summer. American officers and enlisted men in charge at the compounds usually help the Germans in every way possible. They do anything, from scaring up lumber and paints which the P.O.W.'s want for their clubhouse, to a little harmless manipulation of quartermaster stores — also for P.O.W. convenience.

4

HERE, then, dwell Hitler's supermen, in a world which they have succeeded astonishingly in recreating according to their own design. Here they await the day of victory which Party doctrine has taught them to consider inevitable, and meanwhile nurse contempt for what they deem our softness.

"You are fools to suppose you can win our friendship with good food and fine buildings," snorted a Wehrmacht veteran to a guard at a Michigan camp. By the record he would not seem far wrong — unless both the Army and the American public wake up to the realities which this war should have made self-evident. Overseas our soldiers fight and die to break the hold these men and their fellows have fixed upon a continent sheltering more than 300 million people. That grip they have cemented with an array of thoroughly documented atrocities staggering to the civilized mind.

"It is not our business to change these men's habits or beliefs or to re-educate them. This company has a job to do and we simply do it in the way which will bring the best results," says one American officer. (This officer does not speak German, though his company deals exclusively with German prisoners. In fact, at many prison compounds, neither the commander nor the guards can speak a word directly to the prisoners.)

One can match this remark with the comment of the American officer in Italy who, being asked last spring what he intended to do about clearing a liberated Italian town in his jurisdiction of notorious Fascist functionaries, replied: "We're not here to fight Fascism. We're here to defeat the enemy."

Who is the enemy? An army? An idea? Or both in fusion? The theory that all we need to do in handling the German P.O.W.'s is to pursue a policy which "will bring about the best results" depends for its validity upon one's ideas about what "the best results" are. These prisoners are dynamite, not only while the war lasts, but through many uncertain tomorrows which will follow. Neither of these threats is eliminated by attempts to ignore it. Slight pressures from one side or the other at this time may result in final crystallization of social and political attitudes among large numbers of these men, who will be citizens of the Germany of tomorrow and inhabitants of our post-war world. Is this unimportant?

Last May Hitler reinstituted the notorious Executive Office for German Organization, which directed the "pity campaign" for the German Reich between 1918 and 1939. That agency pro-

vided the foundations, between wars, for the Nazi fifth columns all over the world. Dr. Hans Graeber, whose success in that effort is history, has again been given the job of directing the resuscitated agency and re-establishing its underground conspiracy against peace and human liberty throughout Europe and the Americas. It is from the Hitler Youth, to which almost every German P.O.W. under twenty-five once belonged, that the recruits for these new tasks of disruption and social poison are to be selected. Let any American who thinks that our task is "not to fight Fascism but to defeat the enemy" examine recent ferments in Latin America before he concludes that perfunctory handling of these German P.O.W.'s has no dangers for the future well-being of this nation and hemisphere.

Shall we send these prisoners home with a clearer understanding of this country's decision to stand no more of their nonsense, or with an indulgent notion that we are simpletons, against whom a third try will succeed? To blame the strictures of the Geneva Convention is idle. The British get results under that identical Convention. In Britain, German P.O.W.'s are put all on one plane, regardless of rank; spokesmen and leaders are picked from carefully selected anti-Nazi prisoners; German non-coms have no authority whatever; terrorists are dealt with summarily; and Polish guards ensure a minimum of quibbling by "Geneva Convention lawyers" among the prisoners. England no longer plays with her deadly foes.

5

THE United States Army has been coöperative and open-minded in its general policy regarding public interest in prisoner-of-war problems. Visits and studies by penologists, representatives of the press, and others are numerous. Yet little has been done to relate these reports one to another, to assemble pertinent evidence regarding desirable changes, and to draw the necessary conclusions. Until some such comprehensive analysis is undertaken, the administrative defects and weaknesses of policy now apparent will persist.

The assumption is all too prevalent in the Service Command that the prisoner-of-war problem is unimportant and can be relegated to officers who do not fit well elsewhere. This view of the P.O.W. camp as the incompetent officer's last hope persists, despite brilliant exceptions. It should be ended at

once. Soundness in the policy applied to the P.O.W.'s in this country, efficiency of the administration which governs them, and a high standard of competence, character, and experience in officers charged with the responsibility of the task — all these must be achieved, even if it implies drastic revisions of present procedure.

Attitudes toward prisoners among camp guards and other camp personnel should be firmer and more objective. Prisoners, especially German non-coms, should not be permitted to set the tone of that relationship. No provision of the Geneva Convention requires that they retain their own importance or prerogatives. Military common sense forbids it. The prisoner is the beaten enemy. To allow him to elevate his ego is to proffer him a claim to privilege to which he is not entitled. It clearly fosters arrogance among all prisoners.

Processing should be revised to enable prisoners to answer questions without fear of eavesdropping by their fellows. The political frame of mind of every prisoner should be explored carefully, as it is in England. Nazi fanatics should be segregated from anti-Nazis swiftly and completely. Work programs, and the assignment and selection of details, should become the immediate, exclusive responsibility of American officers and their non-commissioned personnel. Any competent U. S. Army sergeant with an alphabetical list of prisoners can easily handle this job. The German noncom abuse should be eradicated root and branch.

The weeding out and severe segregation of Gestapo agents and terrorists should be relentless. Censorship, either of the reading or of the motion picture attendance of prisoners, should be reserved exclusively to the American authorities, with each prisoner permitted to judge for himself whether he desires to read a book or stay at a movie to the end. There must be a social plan and an educational program. Recreation should be so directed and managed that it emphasizes constructive and characteristic American points of view.

Dealing with these prisoners is a foretaste of what we shall meet in dealing with a defeated Germany. Let us not forget that. Here is an opportunity to show that we can be firm and just, to prove that we know the time of day in the world we inhabit, to make it clear that we do not propose to be fooled again. If we continue to bungle this job here at home where every facility favors us, how shall we fare in Germany when the firing ceases?

IS AMERICAN BUSINESS DELUDING ITSELF?

by GUNNAR MYRDAL

I PROPOSE to present a cold-blooded analysis of the facts bearing upon the American business outlook.

Whatever merit can be ascribed to the New Deal in the way of social reform, it must be said that as an economic policy it has failed in its primary purpose of increasing production and employment. I am not going to touch on the very interesting problem of why it failed. It is enough to point out that unemployment at the outbreak of the war still remained at a level of 10 to 12 million people.

Rearmament accomplished what the New Deal had failed to do: that is, to put the whole tremendous American productive capacity to full employment. American rearmament, which started in the spring of 1940 and was given full speed ahead after Pearl Harbor, lifted American economy out of stagnation. Unemployment, since the latter half of 1942, has been reduced to a minimum and then converted into a genuine shortage of labor in many industries. The number of young men inducted into the Army has risen to almost 11 million; yet, in spite of this, the increase of manpower actually employed in production is about 7 million workers. Work hours have increased from an average of 38 to an average of 45 hours a week.

Within the war industries, 20 billion dollars has been invested in new factories. The general size of this investment becomes clear when we remember that the total book value of industrial plants and equipment before the war amounted to only 26 billion dollars. (Granted that this was the written-down value.) The annual gross national product (the total amount of goods and services produced),

GUNNAR MYRDAL, eminent Swedish sociologist, has frequently visited the United States. On his last trip, in 1943-1944, he traveled the country over, observed our extraordinary war production, talked with leaders of industry and labor, and then, on his return, cast up his conclusions about our present and future prospects in this far-reaching address before the National Economic Society of Sweden.

which as late as 1940 amounted to less than 100 billion dollars, was just under 200 billion by the spring of 1944. Even after all reasonable reductions on account of price increase and similar factors have been made, this means a real increase of at least 50 per cent in the volume of production from before the war.

The economic uncertainty in America centers in what is going to happen to this business boom when (1) the Federal demand for war materials diminishes and gradually disappears, and (2) the central control is replaced by free enterprise.

Except for Nazi Germany and Communist Russia, — that is, for centrally directed economies, — we have no historical precedent for the stabilization of a boom. In an unregulated capitalistic society it appears that a boom must always have an end and lapse into crisis and depression. We must remember that America failed at the much easier task of ending a depression, and that we, in our well-organized, easily managed little kingdom of Sweden, did not succeed too well either. To stabilize prosperity in a free economy is a different story. And this time the American boom is much greater than any that has gone before. How can chaos be avoided once the enormous inflationary pressure and the balancing controls are simultaneously removed?

American Optimism

Two or three years ago the opinion held by experts and the American people generally was that after the war a severe depression with widespread unemployment threatened. But throughout America today, one is surprised to find a much greater optimism. Americans generally believe that they will manage to carry over the war prosperity into the years of peace, and they believe that this is going to happen somehow through the free interplay of economic factors. I have tried to analyze this optimism and this is my conclusion: that it is a

questionable deduction based on the success of the war production.

This success *is* remarkable, and it shows what American business can do in technique, organization, and ability to expand when unlimited purchasing power is put behind an insatiable demand. Such, however, will not be the case in the post-war years, especially in view of the pressure for orthodox financing. The expansion had its technical and economic difficulties to overcome, but economically it is much easier to achieve expansion than to maintain the level after the supporting purchasing power has been removed.

Behind the optimism there is also the American tendency to be overconfident as long as things are going well. One who was in America at the end of the twenties recognizes much the same mood today. Then it was the general opinion of business people — and, alas, of economists — that there would never be another depression. Doubtless optimism among business people in itself acts as a business stabilizer, since it leads to a willingness to take risks and to continue investments. But the lesson of 1929 shows that when the entire economy is out of balance, no amount of optimism will prevent a crisis.

A natural endeavor to keep up war morale is also part of the explanation. In a country at war it is not patriotic to see the future otherwise than optimistically. Nobody wants to be a defeatist, and that fact induces a mass suggestion which influences even expert judgment.

Behind it all there can also undoubtedly be found conscious or unconscious interests of a political nature. In a situation where the people demand full employment, the simplest way, of course, of preventing the spread of radical ideas is to promise that free enterprise will take care of that. But this promise may be a dangerous political gamble. If private enterprise should prove incapable of maintaining full employment, then popular dissatisfaction might result in a really dangerous radicalism. Rightly or not, American business is determined to have a minimum of government interference after the war — and the simplest way to support this opinion is to state that it is not needed. And to do that, optimism is required.

Can This Optimism Last?

American economists largely share the optimism of the business world. But I myself am troubled by this attitude toward post-war problems in America. I want to review the general reasons for my pessimism.

Let me first give the broad outline of reconversion

as I see it, approaching the problem first from the point of view of employment.

The armed forces have to be demobilized. At their greatest strength they will have absorbed 11½ million men, and the War Department has so far in its estimates counted on a peace strength of 1½ million men. But the foreign political situation is getting darker. Let us, therefore, assume that national security after the war will require 2½ million men instead of 1½ million. That means that some 9 million veterans will have to be placed in peacetime production.

Furthermore, war production will have to be cut down. The production of planes will conceivably be reduced to only 5 per cent of its present level; the shipbuilding industry will probably shrink to from 7 per cent to 10 per cent of its present production. The manufacture of machine tools during the last three years has been ten times as great as in any year of peace. The synthetic-rubber factories are expected to reach yearly production in 1944 of 800,000 tons, which exceeds by more than one third America's total peacetime consumption of rubber. The steel industry now has a yearly capacity of 90 million tons — 10 million tons more than before the war. The output of aluminum has multiplied ten times since 1938. Magnesium production has risen from a meager 2410 tons to 300,000 tons.

Let us assume that the reduction in employment in the war industries will amount to about 5 million workers, — perhaps more, — of whom at least 80 per cent will have been employees of the four large groups of airplane, shipbuilding, steel, and machine-tool industries. But the demand for labor within certain other industries which have been kept back during the war — for example the paper, textile, leather, glass, and furniture industries — will presumably rise by at least a million. Consequently industry as a whole will release about 4 million workers. We should then have a total employment in industry of 14 millions, compared with 18 millions at present, and 10 millions before the war. Out of transportation, perhaps half a million employees will be released. The war agencies and the enormously increased Federal administration will probably release more than a million persons.

If we sum up these figures, — 9 millions from the armed forces, 4 millions from industry, ½ million from the transport system, and 1 million from public administration, — we reach a total number of released persons amounting to 14½ millions. It must be pointed out that this estimate of necessary changes within the production system is not only a *minimum figure*, since the calculations concerned

are on the basis of the *supposed* maintenance of full employment, but also a *net figure* covering the transfers between the *larger sections of industry*. Even with the most favorable assumptions, the shifts during the conversion period will involve almost half the American working population.

Absorption of Workers

To what peace industries are the people in search of jobs to be transferred? Suppose 3 to 4 million women, young people, and people over retiring age voluntarily withdraw from industry: even then, some 11 million job-seekers will remain. Perhaps a million will return to agriculture — though this figure is probably too high. In the event of full employment, trade may provide work for 2 to 3 million more than during the time when the pressure of war caused a labor shortage. Various service industries (including employment as domestic help) will, under favorable conditions, absorb a further 3 millions. But 4 to 5 millions remain.

If we further assume that from 1 to 2 million workers, even under the most favorable peacetime conditions, are always temporarily unemployed in the process of moving from one job to another, then jobs must be provided for between 2 and 3 millions in the building trades. At the bottom level in the war this industry employed only half a million. After the war, employment ought to be increased to around 3 millions. This would presuppose a building program amounting to about 15 billion dollars a year.

Thus the magic circle is completed. We have arrived at the peacetime balance in the national economy. Such calculations are frequently made in America. I have been following those put forward in various publications by Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard University.¹ Variations of the figures do not affect the general result of the calculations, which are intended to give a simple picture of what conversion to peace really means. *But as a justification for optimism concerning peacetime business, these calculations are worthless.* The analysis as a whole is altogether *static*. It is not at all concerned with how the whole procedure is to be brought about — *by developments over a period of time*. As a method of creating belief in good post-war conditions, the analysis is merely begging the question: *it presupposes full employment* and then studies the direction of demand for manpower required for realizing this presupposition. If we assume that *there will not be full employment*, then

the release of manpower in industry will be greater in all industries and the possibility of providing the unemployed with new jobs will be less everywhere.

What Full Production Means

When I approach these basic questions from the standpoint of production of goods and income, I am no less troubled by the economic outlook. Here I follow the brilliant study prepared in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce by S. Morris Livingston, entitled *Markets After the War*, which has become the Bible of optimistic post-war planning in America.

Livingston's study is a projection into the peacetime future of the term "full employment." His calculations refer to 1946, but could have been made for any other year. He analyzes the meaning of full employment in 1946 as follows: —

Between 1940 and 1946 civilian manpower will rise by 2½ million persons because of the increase of population. After making due allowances for the post-war needs of the armed forces and the withdrawal of women, the overaged, and the young people who are now gainfully employed in war work, and for inevitable temporary unemployment, full employment in 1946 will call for around 56 million jobs, or 10 million more than the United States managed to provide in 1940.

The productivity of labor per working hour is assumed to rise by around 2½ per cent a year. The work-week is expected to go back to 38 hours, which was the average in 1940. From these assumptions Livingston concludes that the gross national income, in 1940 prices, will then reach 142 billion dollars compared with 97 billion in 1940. In terms of 1942 prices, it will amount to 165 billion. In the event of stable full employment the national income would rise by 3 per cent a year, which would mean that the calculated gross national product for 1948 would amount to 175 billion dollars if reckoned in terms of the money values of 1942.

Livingston carefully points out that he does not claim to make predictions about the future. The calculations merely show what full employment would mean with respect to production of various kinds of goods. Conversely, he points out that if the real volume of production in 1946 merely equals that of 1940, which was not a bad year in comparison with the thirties, then the number of unemployed would considerably exceed 13 millions, even if the working week in industry should amount to only 33 hours instead of the present 45 hours.

Livingston's exceedingly interesting study poses two important questions relating to economic prospects. First, numerous industrial companies and

¹See "We Can Pay the War Bill" (October *Atlantic*, 1942) and "Wanted: Ten Million Jobs" (September *Atlantic*, 1943), by Alvin H. Hansen. — THE EDITOR

branches of industry have made extensive calculations on the basis of Livingston's inquiries into total production and national income, concerning their own production and their own investments. I asked to what extent the results of their calculations, if put together afterwards, would correspond to Livingston's total figures. The reply was that they would run at a considerably lower level. This means that the respective enterprisers merely believe in full employment in general. Actually everybody wants to pursue for himself plans which will not require of him full employment and production. A downward movement would thus take place, with the consequence that the plans of production would be still further reduced, and so on.

Lower Wages and Larger Sales

The second question is concerned with the starting point in Livingston's analysis: that full employment after the war would require an immediate 50 per cent increase of total production and national income compared with the pre-war situation. From what source will the purchasing power and demand come when the government no longer requires almost half of the national income and production for purposes of warfare? This question applies, of course, in the first place to wages.

Are the American enterprisers likely to stand up before the country and declare that the critical economic situation compels them to suggest a huge rise in wages in order to create a sufficient basis of purchasing power for production at a level of full employment? Such things do not happen in real life and hardly ever even in the world of fiction.

We must understand the position of the enterprisers as individual employers. They are now actually suggesting a reduction of wages if, as they say, it is a fact that sales prices subject to price control and competition have risen less than wages. That the total net profits of industry, in spite of tenfold taxes, have been doubled is due, they contend, merely to the circumstance that the greatly increased volume of output, because of the improved utilization of production capacity, has resulted in a wider distribution of overhead costs; per unit of production, the net profit of industry has *decreased* by about 10 per cent.

Since the employers in their wage policy dare not rely on continuing full employment and hold the view that, in any event, it can be maintained only by reduced costs of production, it does not matter how much they believe in the stabilization of full employment and boom conditions in general. By not raising wages, and even more by reducing them,

employers withdraw the foundation of purchasing power for full employment, and the curve begins to move downwards toward depression.

Wages are not the only factor in the complicated problem of the foundation of purchasing power for a continuing post-war boom. Let us assume that individual enterprisers will refrain from striving for a reduction of wages and will even admit an increase of wages; furthermore that the government, by means of continued deficit budgeting, will fill out those gaps in income which may be needed for keeping up boom conditions. Even on the basis of this consciously unreal hypothesis, it appears incredible that consumers would show enough confidence in the future and have enough intelligence, imagination, and culture to increase their standard of living to *such a degree and as rapidly* as would be required for the maintenance of full employment.

This particular difficulty, which springs from an unsatisfactory basis of income and rigid habits of consumption, is extraordinarily great in America because of the stagnation that lasted an entire decade. Though the increase of productivity continued during the thirties in America, it did not result in a corresponding increase of the standard of living as was the case in Sweden. Thus, in America, the need is not merely to make good what has been lacking during the war, but to achieve the rise in the standard of living indicated by improvements in technology over a period of fifteen years. Since the basic situation is a boom, the increase of the standard of living must be rapid and cannot, as during a recovery, proceed gradually.

Up to this point, I have been concerned chiefly with reasoning from a static conception of the question. I wish now to discuss the problem briefly from the dynamic point of view — that is, to analyze critically the special factors in the conversion from war to peace. For convenience I will differentiate between those factors which appear favorable and those which appear unfavorable for the maintenance of boom conditions.

Favorable Factors

There are several circumstances which immediately after the war ought to contribute to keeping up demand during the transition period. The need of restoring exhausted stocks to normal volume may perhaps, over a few years, create a demand amounting to 10 billion dollars. In addition, there are the extraordinary need for American products from various countries and the demand emanating from the activities of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. These wartime exports amounted to almost 13 billion dollars in 1943.

But it appears unlikely that American post-war exports will maintain the wartime volume, which is abnormal and chiefly financed by the United States government through Lend-Lease.

The greatest hopes, however, are tied up with the extensive deferred demand — the demand for all kinds of durable goods which have not been produced during the war. This supposed demand includes numerous industrial products from kitchen utensils to motorcars. In 1941 there were, for example, 27 million private motorcars in use. The need for motorcars varies, of course, with business conditions. If Livingston's ideal picture is attained, a total of 32 million motorcars will be required to accord with demand.

Corresponding to these deferred needs there are immense savings in cash or in liquid form. It is doubtful to what extent they will actually emerge as purchasing power on the market. My personal view is that there will not be any sudden outburst of purchasing power, but that the major part of the savings will rather be retained as capital. Yet, by furnishing a higher degree of security, they may encourage people, more than would otherwise be the case, to use up their income without fear for the future — which is important in long-range development. In the short run there will certainly be sufficient means of payment to meet the great deferred needs rapidly.

Yet we ought to be careful not to exaggerate the importance of this factor. The industries concerned belong to the typical war industries. It is for this very reason that the production of durable goods has been reduced so greatly. If the production of motorcars should be expanded to 8 million a year, compared with 6 million at the pre-war peak in 1937, the motorcar industry would still be forced to dismiss several hundred thousand men. This fact is frequently overlooked in popular discussion.

Among the most important of the favorable factors is the expectation that there will be lively building and construction activity. The economic stagnation of the thirties and the limitation of production during the war, which have greatly restricted housing construction, have created conditions favorable for a building boom immediately after the war.

From a quantitative point of view, dwelling-housing production, under the most favorable conditions and with the support of a governmental program, is susceptible of increase to a maximum of 5 billion dollars a year. Such an investment volume would mean that there must be an annual increase of $1\frac{1}{4}$ million family dwelling units — a very high figure. In view of the large investments that have

been made in war plants during the last three years, private building activity in fields other than dwelling houses, including construction for the conversion of industries, cannot be expected to amount to more than 2 or 3 billion dollars.

Thus public works — Federal, state, and local — entailing an expenditure of from 7 to 8 billion dollars would be required in order to keep up building activity at a level of 15 billion, which in the long run would be the proper share of the building trades in total production in a regime of full employment. The political prerequisites for the realization of such a program hardly exist in America.

It is generally accepted that the unemployed this time will receive ample unemployment relief. After this war there will be 15 million veterans from two world wars. Together with their relatives they will dominate politics. In many respects they will probably turn out to be reactionary; but with respect to the amount of relief, they will favor a generous policy. The effect of this policy will, of course, be an increase of purchasing power.

High Government Expenditures

In America it is generally assumed that the war in the Pacific will continue for at least one year and possibly two years after the close of the war in Europe. Remarkably enough, this is mentioned among the favorable factors with respect to business prospects. There are two reasons. First, price and production controls will be maintained. Second, war expenditure, financed through deficit balancing and credit expansion, will not be canceled suddenly but will decline from a level of 100 billion dollars to about 60 billion.

It is amusing to listen to such arguments in conversation with persons who are at the same time prominently backing the triumphant propaganda for the quickest possible abolition of regulations and the adoption of sound finance as a necessary prerequisite in order that the forces of free enterprise may become effective.

Equally ironic is reference to the great Federal expenditure after the restoration of peace. There is a general opinion among reasonable people that the requirements of the nation, which now run at a level of more than 100 billion dollars, and until the end of the Japanese war will be more than 60 billion, can after the war be cut to not less than 30 billion — 20 billions Federal and 10 billions state and local.

The interest payments on the Federal debt alone, after the war, will require an expenditure amounting to around 5 billion dollars. Defense expenditure can hardly be cut down to less than 6 billion. Pensions and other payments to war veterans will require at

least 3 billion. The development of social insurance as planned and as supported by public opinion will require a further 3 to 4 billion. These expenditures alone total 16 to 17 billion dollars. In addition, there are the expenditures of somewhat the same quantitative order for relief, educational and health services, housing, and similar purposes.

We must recall that the Federal budget during the thirties, in spite of the fact that the New Deal furthered a conscious policy of deficit financing designed to create purchasing power and to stimulate production, amounted to a scanty 8 to 9 billion dollars; that is, to less than a third of the amount estimated as necessary to run the nation in peacetime.

As I have said, it is a little strange to hear from the friends of sound finance about the advantages of high Federal expenditure for saving the post-war economy. Obviously the idea is, though it is not clearly enunciated, that government expenditure is not to be covered by revenue — at least not until economic well-being and full employment are completely attained. Claims for a balanced budget have received relatively minor attention, and their formulation is rather abstract. Instead, everyone is out-bidding the others in urging reduction of taxes for the purpose of promoting investment and production. *I dare to predict that, whatever party may be in control of the Congress, there will not for a long time to come — not during this decade anyhow — be a balanced budget in America.*

Unfavorable Factors

Now for the unfavorable factors. It is characteristic of the optimistic attitude in America that such factors occupy a much less important place in general discussion. Thus it is very seldom realized that the post-war period is to be characterized at the start by a steep decline of effective purchasing power. Very great conversion unemployment is to be expected, regardless of the possibility of later achieving an economy of full employment. It is true that the soldiers will receive their discharge bonuses, and unemployment relief will certainly be generous, but this conversion period will inevitably involve losses of income at least for a while.

Furthermore, it is to be recalled that wages in the war industries have been especially high. The decline of these industries will for this very reason result in a considerable tendency towards a reduction of the average level of wages.

The return to normal working time will entail another heavy reduction of income, since overtime has been paid at 50 to 100 per cent higher rates.

Unfortunately, even among professional econo-

mists, economic discussion is often chiefly concerned with the overall situation. It is usually not realized that America after this war will face a situation comparable with that of England's depressed areas after the last war, but on an increased scale.

Since 1940, thirty so-called war centers have increased their population, through internal migrations, by 10 to 60 per cent. When aircraft production and shipbuilding are reduced to a small part of their present volume, certain districts in the states on the West Coast, such as California, Oregon, and Washington, will suffer severely. It is by no means unlikely that almost half the workers in an entire state, such as California, will become unemployed. But the Pacific coast will have the advantage of delay if the war against Japan continues for some time, because continuance of that war proportionally magnifies the importance of the Western states.

On the other hand, the Southern states will immediately suffer from unemployment. Many munitions factories and other similar plants have been located there for which it will be difficult to find any use in peacetime. Along the Gulf coast, moreover, there are great shipyards. Overpopulation and poverty in the surrounding agricultural districts will make things even worse. And industrial districts everywhere — in New England, in the Middle West — will suffer greatly from the cessation of war production.

America will be confronted with the huge economic and social problem of how to transfer labor, as between industries and as between geographical regions, into a new equilibrium. In the old — I was going to say the *good* old — times, when American industry was advancing rapidly, the mobility of labor was particularly great in the United States. In conversation and in public discussions it has become evident that many Americans confidently expect the continuance of this tradition after the war. Yet much has happened in America since the time of expansive free enterprise and mass immigration, not least with respect to the labor market.

Even if the United States should attain good business conditions after the war, it will be very difficult to persuade labor to move away from the unemployment areas. Many people who have moved to the agreeable West Coast will certainly plan to stay there, even if employment is going down; they will continue to hope that conditions will change or that they themselves in the long run will not be the ones caught by unemployment. When hard times come and there is general unemployment, labor, as we know from the hard experience of the thirties, remains immobile even in America.

The conflict over wages has an even more serious significance. Most employers intend to reduce wages. In support of this action they point out that the level of the prices of their products has not risen at all comparably to the level of wages, and that the vast profits are, as already mentioned, the result primarily of the complete utilization of production capacity. On the other hand the workers, who — with the outstanding exception of the coal miners and the several small and short conflicts in various industries — have loyally kept their promises not to strike during the war and in the main have stood by the wage-freezing policy, are generally of the opinion that they are entitled to compensation after the war.

Already the leaders of the trade unions have to make great efforts in order to keep their adherents calm. The fact that, after the full employment of the war economy, workers generally have some money saved will hardly make them less eager for battle. If, then, we take into account the vast unrest accompanying the conversion procedure, mass unemployment in the war-industry areas, and the probably very confused internal political situation, the result may be a radicalization of labor opinion and actual conflicts on the labor front. Unfortunately, we must even contemplate that the race question may emerge in its most terrifying form. An epidemic of violence, expressed in bloody fights on the part of labor, will, without regard to the more direct consequences, have a depressing influence on the development of the business cycle.

Surpluses and Contracts

There are a number of other post-war difficulties which are being discussed more soberly, and for meeting which there have been prepared comprehensive practical plans. One question is that of the wartime surpluses. At the end of the war with Japan these stocks will amount, it is estimated, to some 60 billion dollars in money value, or about a third of the value of the annual total production of the country. The problem is obviously how to get rid of these stocks in such order of time, to such buyers, and at such prices as not to destroy the market for the current production. In my opinion America will succeed in handling the liquidation of the stocks, even though a certain amount of depressing influence on business activity can hardly be avoided.

A more complicated liquidation problem arises from such contracts for deliveries of war materials as will still be in force after the war. They will have to be canceled and individual damages will have to be fixed. It is expected that at the end of the war

with Japan there will be unfulfilled contracts to a value of 75 billion dollars. This figure is ten times as great as the corresponding figure at the end of the First World War. These contracts are estimated to include about 100,000 principal concerns, but there are in turn more than ten times as many sub-contractors, who will be equally dependent on a satisfactory settlement. Consequently the greater part of American industry will be involved in this enormous settlement between the government and private enterprisers.

In addition to the intricate question of how to compensate the contractors, there is an even more difficult problem: the order of cancellation of contracts between the various firms. The company which is first released from its contract will have a better start in the struggle for the post-war market. The companies having the highest costs of production will in many cases be the first to have their contracts canceled, because the Treasury saves money by that procedure. The application of this principle of cancellation will mean that the less effective enterprises will be given the extra advantage of the first change-over to peace production.

The most difficult problem of all will be the disposal of government-owned plants. These undertakings are operated through private companies. In order to get a quick and effective start on war production, the government generally paid whole investment costs of both plants and machinery, and in return retained title to the property. Here enormous sums are involved. Of the factories built during the war, the value of which is put at 20 billion dollars, the government owns three fourths — amounting to 15 billion dollars.

Government-owned plants often predominate in particular fields. The government controls 100 per cent of America's total production of synthetic rubber and high-octane gasoline for aircraft; 92 per cent of the production of magnesium; 90 per cent of the airplane factories; 50 per cent of the production of machine tools; and 10 per cent of even the steel industry. These factories are not of hasty emergency construction but are solidly built and ultra-modernly equipped. About a fourth of them cannot be counted as of any use after the war: they represent a reserve for future wars. But the remainder, by means of certain alterations, can be changed over to peacetime production.

What is America now going to do with this socialized section of its industry? The natural expectancy for America is that private industry will take over the plants. But here the question of the purchase price arises. If the government should sell the plants cheaply, the whole agricultural world

would revolt, and most likely the small industries also. These people will recall the great corruption and scandals of several generations ago when large areas were given away to the railway companies. On the other hand, if the representatives of the government hold out for high prices, the plants will not be sold.

In view of this inevitable dilemma, many people have proposed that, in order to prevent the discontinuance of production, the factories should be leased to the private companies. This is, of course, no satisfactory solution. There would merely be left a highly explosive source of political trouble beneath the most delicate and fundamental pillar of the institutional structure of capitalistic industry: the ownership of the means of production.

The situation is further complicated by the seldom mentioned circumstance that the government is to negotiate only with very large companies. There will generally be no competition for the negotiators for the government to rely upon. The factories in question are of enormous size. Of government-financed investments of over 15 billion dollars, 12.5 per cent is in plants each having a value of 100 million dollars or more; 30 per cent (in which the 12.5 per cent is included) is in plants of 50 million dollars or more per unit. Only 4 per cent of the total capital is invested in relatively small industries, with a value less than a million dollars each. The often repeated statement that small enterprises should be favored in the disposition of the state-owned investments is based on pure illusion. No small enterprises will be able to take over or to run these enormous industrial plants.

These matters lead me to a consideration of the relations between large and small enterprises, which are another important post-war problem. The war has still further emphasized the tendency towards predominance of the large enterprises over the smaller ones. During the six months after the downfall of France the 100 leading American companies received 86 per cent of the money value of the government orders. Even as late as the summer of 1943, the figure was 70 per cent. The small industries were the chief sufferers from the diminishing civilian production which took place in 1941 and 1942.

During the latter part of 1942 and in 1943, small industry received a new chance when the big companies were forced to look for subcontractors. Consequently small industry, in so far as it has survived, has become very dependent on the great companies.

At the same time that the large enterprises were expanding, monopolization made progress in America, as in other countries. The reason is that it has

been necessary to regulate economic life with the old instrumentalities of the cartels: production and price control. A hard struggle with many complications is to be expected on the monopoly front.

Other conflicts of interest grow out of differences between regions and differences between industry and agriculture. It is a most alarming circumstance that not only the solution of all these problems, — surplus stocks, war contracts, and government-owned factories, — but the whole economic post-war planning, must be accomplished in about a year's time, in the period after the fall elections — about which prediction can already be made that they probably will result in a negativistic Congress.

Conclusions

I have now reached the point where I must put forward the final conclusions of my analysis of economic prospects. These conclusions are as follows: —

It is to be expected that America after the end of the war in Europe will experience a high degree of economic unrest. There will be shortages in certain fields and overproduction in others. Price development will be uncertain and the price structure will be badly shattered. There will certainly be mass unemployment in large areas. Great difficulties are likely to arise on the labor market. Yet it is possible that a "sellers' market" will be established so generally as to avoid an immediate post-war slump. But, probably within the period of, let us say, from half a year to three years, this development will change over into a slump. This slump may turn out to be a culmination of the deflationary crisis of the early twenties and the gigantic crisis between 1929 and 1932.

In the field of agriculture a continued shortage of production and very high prices are to be expected for a few years after the end of the European war. But thereafter an overproduction crisis must be expected. This crisis may be severe and can have an unfavorable influence on industrial activity if the latter at the same time shows a tendency to pass into a state of decline and depression.

I am, of course, well aware of the uncertainty of all economic prognoses. History is never determined until it has been lived through, and much can happen which may alter the course of developments. I want to add that I do not deny the theoretical possibility of establishing an economic plan capable of fulfilling the optimistic hopes about stabilized full employment, but for reasons which would take us too long to discuss here, political development in America is likely to be away from planning, rather than toward it.

THE NEGRO MOVES NORTH

by DAVID L. COHN

In the *Atlantic* for last January, DAVID L. COHN, a native of Mississippi and a Yale graduate, spoke directly and to the point on "How the South Feels." His article caused immediate reverberations throughout the country and from men in the Armed Forces. In this new paper he warns Americans, North and South, of the economic effects of the present Negro migration. Put in cold cash terms his question is this: What are one million Negroes worth economically per annum? Can the South afford to lose them? If it can't afford to lose them, what can it do to give the Negro a better deal?

I

THE essential dilemma of the white South is this: the South must decide whether or not it wants to retain its Negro population or risk losing a large part of it by emigration to other sections of the country. If it wants to keep Negroes in the South, it must make many adjustments that will satisfy at least the more urgent demands of this clamant and highly race-conscious group. Otherwise it is reasonable to assume, both from the facts of the immediate past and from the present mood of Negroes, that they will leave the section in great numbers.

There are roughly 10 million Negroes in the region and 30 million whites, so that Negroes constitute a quarter of the total population. In some of the Southern states, the proportion is as high as a third or a half, while in certain counties of the deep South, there are three Negroes for every white.

By contrast, Negroes make up only 9.8 per cent of the total United States population; only 1.2 per cent of the New England community; and only 4.8 per cent of a great Middle Western state such as Illinois.

Negroes are obviously an overwhelming fact in the economic life of the South. They are not only labor but they are cheap, ubiquitous labor that does the heavy work of the community and is, generally speaking, docile. Negroes hoe the corn, pick the cotton, sweat in the sawmills and cottonseed oil mills, and tamp the ties of the Yellow Dog railroad in the blazing Mississippi sun. Negro women are the classical and almost the only domestics of the area. They are the cooks, maids, children's nurses, and washerwomen, whose low wage scale has made it

possible for even the small-income Southern home to have one or more servants.

The South is a section of low-cost labor. Wages there are generally below those of the rest of the country. It has long maintained that, for various reasons, it could not compete with richer, more experienced, more highly industrialized sections of the nation if it had to pay the same wage scales; and, faced with uniform Federal wage legislation, it has sought wage differentials weighted in its favor.

At the risk of oversimplification and without taking into account various economic factors that have handicapped the South's growth (some imposed from without and some stemming from conditions within), one may say that it is largely the presence of Negroes which has made possible the low wage scales of the South. Immigrants did not go South in considerable numbers before the Civil War, because they did not want to compete with slave labor; nor did they go there after the war, because they did not want to compete with low-wage free labor. The very abundance of Negroes made for a cheap labor market, while the fact that they could exist at an almost Oriental standard of living, and yet multiply, tended to perpetuate the system.

There are other considerations. The South has long been bitterly opposed to labor unions; when it has not prevented them from starting, it has tried to hamstring them. Here the Negro unwittingly has played a valuable role for the anti-unionists. Excluded from the white man's unions, docile, accustomed to hard labor and a low standard of living, he has done much, by his mere presence, to prevent the growth of unionism — although by so doing he has

injured both the white worker and himself. It is clear, therefore, that the emigration of considerable numbers of Negroes from the section would sharply change the situation of relative non-unionism and low wages which many Southern industrialists have sought to perpetuate on the ground that their industries could not otherwise exist.

It is equally clear that a great part of Southern industrial-agricultural productivity depends upon Negro labor. Negroes contribute enormously to the South's annual production of wealth; consequently their emigration would work serious harm to the economic welfare of the area, retard its progress toward industrialization as an escape from the cotton-tobacco wheel upon which it has long suffered, and place it perhaps at a fatal disadvantage in competition with other sections of the nation. Negroes are both producers and consumers. As consumers they occupy an important place in the economic life of the South, for they buy products made there or imported and distributed by local merchants. Thousands of Southern merchants support themselves largely by the custom of Negroes, and these merchants in turn affect their communities as home owners and taxpayers.

Finally, although Negroes do not in general vote, they are counted as citizens for proportional representation in Congress; hence they give the South a political power which it would not have without them — a power which makes each white Southern voter the equal in strength of two or three voters elsewhere in the country.

Yet Negroes have long been leaving the South in great numbers and, unless there is a change in their situation, it is safe to assume that they will continue to leave at perhaps an accelerated rate after the war.

2

It is madness to assume, as native fascists do, that 10 million Negroes will attempt to improve their lot by resort to arms. In a democracy such as ours, Negroes have the right to seek, and may seek, legislation that will put them on a parity with other citizens. But laws cannot be effective unless they are enacted with the consent of the community and are fairly administered with its approval; it is sufficient to cite in this respect the fate of the prohibition law. The status of the Southern Negro would seem, then, to lie in the hands of Southern whites generally rather than in the hands of legislators, whether Federal or state.

There remains the right or the weapon of emigration — the method employed by the hordes of im-

migrants who came here to escape oppression in their homelands or to improve their economic status. It is the age-old method of the poor, the obscure, the politically weak; a form, so to speak, of active non-resistance against which nothing avails except a removal of the grievances of which the emigrants complain.

This method has actually been employed by Southern Negroes for the past fifty years, but, for reasons which we shall examine, it has been intensified during the past twenty-five years and there is every reason to believe it will be used more widely in the immediate future. To illustrate, the Negro population of Detroit increased from around 40,000 in 1920 to 149,000 in 1940; of Cleveland, from 34,000 to 84,000; of New York, from 152,000 to 458,000; of St. Louis, from 69,000 to 108,000.

The great modern movement of Negroes from the South began during the last war. Its effects were striking. By 1930, when Northern Negroes numbered some 2.4 millions, the loss to the South amounted to nearly 2 millions. *This is more than 20 per cent of its Negro population and more than 5 per cent of its total population.* The actual loss is even greater, since the Negroes who emigrated would have left their progeny in the area had they remained.

There were many reasons for the emigration, including a coincidence of three factors: the war had created a great demand for labor, the demand was intensified by the shutting off of European immigration, and the boll weevil struck heavily in the old South cotton areas. Labor agents, disguised as insurance men and salesmen, worked incessantly among Negroes on behalf of Northern industry. They promised unheard-of high wages, attractive living conditions, less unemployment, a shorter working day than on the farm, a Jim Crowless land where every Negro man was "Mr." and every Negro woman was "Mrs." to the white people, and better educational facilities.

Southern Negroes already in the North, and those who had recently gone, wrote glowing letters to their friends and relatives in the South urging them to come to the promised land, and the Northern Negro press chimed in. These were positive inducements that thousands could not resist. The Negro emigrants said they were leaving because of low wages, bad housing conditions on plantations, unsatisfactory crop settlements, rough treatment by law officers, and unfairness in the courts, but many were moved by nothing more than a desire for travel. Others were swept from their moorings in a movement that became almost hysterical at times. Some Negroes were even advised by their white

friends to leave areas where the crop outlook seemed hopeless.

There were three main streams of migration. The largest stream flowed from Georgia through the Atlantic coast states and terminated in New York and Pennsylvania. A second stream began in Mississippi and Alabama but split into three branches in Ohio — one going to Indiana and Illinois, another to Michigan, and a third remaining in Ohio. The third stream flowed from Louisiana through Arkansas and Missouri into Illinois.

Within a period of ninety days during the twenties, 12,000 Negroes left the cotton fields of Mississippi, and an average of two hundred were leaving Memphis every night. Georgia was especially hard hit. It is estimated that, between 1920 and 1923, its available labor supply was reduced by two fifths. The *Macon Telegraph* expressed the consternation of the white community: —

Everybody seems to be asleep about what is going on right under our noses — that is, everybody but farmers who waked up on mornings recently to find every Negro over 21 on their places gone — to Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Indianapolis. It was a week following that several Macon employers found good Negroes, men trained in their work, . . . had suddenly left and gone to Cleveland.

The South did not willingly suffer the exodus, and attempted to stop it by repression and exhortation. Labor agents were beaten, jailed, or run out of the community. Negroes hanging around railroad stations were arrested on charges of vagrancy; sometimes migrants were taken from trains and jailed; and attempts were made to keep Northern Negro newspapers from reaching their Southern readers. Much of the Southern press denounced the industrial North in terms reminiscent of the antebellum struggle between slaveowners and abolitionists. It described the opportunities for Negroes in the South and the kindly relationships long existing between thousands of individual whites and Negroes. Sometimes picnics were held with free pop and hamburgers for Negroes, at which white and Negro speakers harangued the crowd on the advantages of the South as a home for colored people. Negro leaders told white leaders that Negroes would prefer to remain in the South if some of their grievances were removed.

None of these methods was successful. Negroes continued to leave the South until they were stopped by the stark facts of the economic depression of the 1930's. Yet the urge to emigrate still apparently burns in the breast of Negroes. *Time* (June 19, 1944) reports as follows on conditions in Mississippi: —

Over all the black rich delta land of Mississippi, which produces 7% of the nation's cotton crop, Southern whites last week were lifting their own loads, toting their own bales. In the hills, white women and small boys sweated behind the mules down the long hot rows of cotton and corn. . . . For Mississippi, which still has the nation's second largest Negro population (1,074,578) was running short of Negroes.

Since 1940, when Mississippi whites outnumbered the Negroes for the first time in a century, an estimated 50,000 Negroes have left the state, headed north in the hope of better pay and a better life. . . . Mississippi, proud of its pleasant way of life which has depended for more than a century on Negro labor . . . fretted and fumed at doing the hard work.

Given the urge to emigrate, the rise of Negro race consciousness and Negro public opinion, the changing attitudes of younger Negroes who are better educated than their elders and more sharply aware of their rights, the provocative role of the Negro press and Negro leadership, it is obvious that Negro emigration from the South would now in all probability be progressing at a high rate if it were not for one transitory fact. That fact is the wartime freezing of labor by Federal fiat, which makes it difficult for workers to move capriciously from one area to another.

In the face of the hard reality, Southerners are likely to say, and with much truth, that the lot of the Negro in the North is not a happy one — that in the North the Negro is the last to be hired and the first to be fired; that many of the repressions that run against him in the South also run against him in the North and are often more savage — untempered as they are by that complex mutuality of understanding and sympathy which so often prevails among Southern whites and Negroes; that Harlem is a cesspool of disease, filth, and crime where Negroes are unmercifully gouged by landlords and merchants; that many avenues of economic opportunity are closed to Negroes so that, unless they are in the professions, they are normally in demand only as domestics or as performers of heavy, dirty work which many whites reject. All these things may be true; yet they do not alter the situation. Southern Negroes, in my opinion, will continue to leave the South after the war so long as they *believe* they will be better off in the North.

This tendency poses a problem of grave importance for the South and for the nation. The status of the Southern Negro has improved enormously during the past fifty years. It is reasonable to assume that his status will continue to improve if the white man realizes (as he has so often done) that he has sinned against the Negro, and — equally important — if the Negro realizes that he himself has

not always been free from sinning. He is not, despite the sentimentalists, a black saint in overalls, any more than the white man is a devil in a Sears, Roebuck suit. "A man might get to heaven," a Negro preacher once told me, "but he ain't nothin' but meat down here."

Yet when this has been said, the fact remains that since the whites are the masters of their community, and Negroes can effectively express their resentment over their grievances only by leaving the community, a positive program must be offered by the whites if they want Negroes to stay in the South. It is certain that they cannot retain Negroes entirely upon white terms; that over many areas of discontent they must make mutually satisfactory adjustments or be prepared to witness profound changes in their economic life and their way of living. The situation is one that demands for its successful solution not only good will on both sides, but the coolest calculation; a dangerous impasse will be reached if Negroes ask too much or if whites grant too little.

If any non-Southerner is complacent about this problem, let him wake up and take notice. It is one that concerns not only the South but the whole na-

tion; the fate of 14 million people, or one tenth of the whole population, *must* affect the nation. If masses of Negroes go North, will the effect be that, while the South suffers severe economic dislocations (thereby affecting the nation), the Negro question will be transferred North? There are, for example, more Negroes on a single Mississippi cotton plantation than in all of Vermont. What would happen if the Negro population of Bellows Falls should increase from, say, five families to five hundred families? If thousands of Negroes should appear in the Northern labor market when that market was already approaching satiety or was overburdened, would these Negroes be welcomed by Northern white labor with bouquets or with brickbats? If, politically, the Northern population were increased by several million Negroes and they voted *en bloc*, would the destiny of the nation then rest perhaps in the hands of this minority during crucial, hotly contested national elections?

These are grave questions for which there are no glib, ready-made answers. It would be a rash nation that did not give them the earnest study their importance demands.



UNDERTOW

by MARTHA KELLER

MY HEART is lost, is locked within a wave,
Within a weight of water like a wall —
As heavy as the heartache that I have.
The water rises but it does not fall.

This is the only wave that does not break.
The surface boils above me and recedes.
I am become as seaweed for your sake.
My heart is wound in water and in weeds.

One heart is buried and the other drowned.
As hollow as a shell upon the ear,
Sound is remembered — but there is no sound.
No one to answer. There is no one here.

The single saucer and the single cup,
The knife and fork I lay, the single plate,
Remind me when I go to pick them up
That it is both forever and too late.

I lie awake and listen all alone.
The roaring water closes overhead.
Shaken as water is and sunk like stone
A heart is that is homesick for the dead.



THE TITIAN

by BENJAMIN KAVERIN

OF THE seamen I met while visiting the Northern Fleet, Lieutenant Captain Guramishvili especially interested me. We saw a good deal of each other. In command of a division of patrol boats, he was, it goes without saying, very busy. But a Georgian always finds time for a friend.

Evenings we would sit in his small cabin and smoke and talk. Sometimes we would smoke and not talk — which was also pleasant. I liked him — he had a courteousness about him which is now considered somewhat old-fashioned. Quietly puffing his pipe, he would relate incredible stories which, before the war, could have happened only in one's dreams.

He was the first man I had ever met who had such a fine understanding of war. He got to know it on land and sea, in the Pinsk swamps and the Arctic heights. He spoke of war with nicety, without passion, and frankly.

"Life is worth exactly — what it is worth in this struggle," he once said to me. "I sometimes remind myself of that when I get excited."

He was a man of war in the full sense of the word. It seemed to me that he did not even wish to think of what he would do after the victory, to which he was devoting all his energy. I once asked him about this, and suggested that people who were bearing firearms and facing death every day, every hour, did not think of the future. There was no time, no desire.

"You're mistaken," he replied. "They do think about it, and even very much. What does the word 'future' signify? Everyone has his hopes and plans. But for everybody it signifies victory, the return

home, rest, a new life. The future will be magnificent," he added with emotion. "It can't be otherwise after all that the people have suffered. They know it and are concerned about the future, perhaps instinctively so. Shall I tell you a story? You can judge for yourself whether I'm right or not."

1

IT WAS the spring of 1942. We were fighting on land, defending P——, an ancient city with national gardens and crooked lanes, and overflowing with delicate rose-white cherry blossoms which abound there in that season. The front line ran along one of these lanes, called Lower Zamkovo. My headquarters — I was in command of a detachment — were on the eastern outskirts among the ruins of an ancient fortress of the time of Stephen Báthory.

Once, very early in the morning, when I was still not altogether awake after a short, fitful sleep, and was studying my map, putting crosses on the houses from which the Germans had been driven out, a little old man in a wide-brimmed hat was brought before me. Gray-haired, pale, unshaven, wearing a long coat covered with plaster dust, he gave me the impression of being half-mad. But that was far from the case. On the contrary, he explained to me clearly who he was and what the business was "on account of which I make so bold as to disturb you," as he politely said.

He was the head of the city museum in P——. By the way, it was a very good museum and I had heard about it long before the war forced us to fire at it with our heavy artillery.

"My name is Perchikhin," he said, "and I am a descendant of the Perchikhins, those merchants in whose ancient premises the museum was founded."

He went on to state his business.

"Quite a number of valuable works of art have

As an undergraduate at Leningrad University, BENJAMIN KAVERIN was discovered by Maxim Gorky. His earliest novels, *The End of the Thieves' Quarters* and *The Scandalist*, sold in large editions in the Soviet Union. Translations of two later books, *The Larger View* and *Two Captains*, have appeared in the United States and in England. During the war he has been a roving correspondent for a literary magazine in Leningrad. He was born in 1902.

remained in the museum," he explained. "But among them there is one inimitable masterpiece which must be saved, for history will never forgive us if it falls into the hands of such barbarians as the Germans."

I asked what this masterpiece was, and he replied that it was a Titian, "The Awakening of Spring."

A Titian in P——! I was about to escort this descendant of the Merchants Perchikhin politely to the door. But he stopped me.

"You seem to think it very unlikely," he said, "for P—— to have a Titian. But, you know, P—— is not far from the old frontier. In 1918 when the frightened bourgeoisie ran abroad, they were often detained at the frontier, and the art treasures which they were carrying out were turned over to the city museum. Needless to say, Leningrad claimed the Titian. I protested and Lunacharsky sided with me, expressing his famous opinion: 'Small towns have a right to great art.'"

Just imagine the scene where this conversation was taking place. The Germans had already begun their methodical tank fire, coming up quite close. Clots of dirt and pieces of stone kept flying into our blindage, and this tiny mushroom in his wide-brimmed hat kept quoting ancient and modern authors and indignantly telling us about Titian.

I thought it over. In the last analysis, there was nothing impossible here. It so happened that the evening before, our doctor had asked me to send someone for medical supplies which, like the Titian, had remained with the Germans and which we needed no less than the Titian. What if we get them with one blow — the medical stuff and the Titian!

I summoned Lieutenant Norkin of the reconnoitering detachment. I knew him. He was a Leningrad man, had studied at the Frunze Military School; he was a dark, short fellow who looked a bit like the stay-at-home kind but who, at work, was a daring, quick-witted scout. He sketched beautifully, by the way, and was just the man to save this immortal Titian from harm.

That night the lieutenant set out for the front line in a trophy automobile, taking with him the head of the museum, who emphatically refused to change his broad-brimmed hat for a helmet. At dawn the lieutenant came back a little perplexed. He brought back the medical supplies and the Titian, but the head of the museum unfortunately remained in P—— forever.

"The picture was in his house," the lieutenant reported, "and we drove up and took it. But then he began to pull out some of his own junk and they shot him. We had to fight our way back."

At the time, I was wearing a fine German pistol which I took off then and there and gave to the lieutenant. Half a year later in Moscow we ordered an inscription plate made for it: "For exemplary fulfillment of a military assignment."

Rolled up into a tube, the large canvas lay in the car among bandages, alcohol, packages of cotton and antiseptics. We unrolled it and oh-ed and ah-ed. Devil, but it was fine! There in a garden under blossoming apple trees stood large tables covered with mounds of meat, bread, and game. Men and women peasants were dancing in a circle and singing, happy, healthy, perspiring in their festive, varicolored attire. To one side, at a barrel, surrounded by torches, sat a soldier in huge jackboots; he was drinking wine, and a red stream poured over his leather uniform. Lanterns had been hung in the trees. It was a village ball, the festival of spring, a magnificent thing which immediately made you feel gay. You felt like joining that crowd, dancing and drinking from the barrel of wine, and biting into an onion and a chunk of bread.

2

AT THE end of May we left P——. Before we left we gave the Germans "a good drink," as you might say — not in vain had General Zegret, Corps Commander, promised in his orders a week's leave for every dead seaman, and a two weeks' leave for every live one.

We had to make our way through to our unit, through the Berezansk forests and across the Borschchevsk swamp. I won't go into detail about that march — the newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* [Red Star — organ of the Commissariat of Defense] and others wrote about it at the time. We had to battle our way through for more than 1000 kilometers. We had no bread. We roasted horsemeat over bonfires and even ate it raw when it was impossible to make a fire. Unfortunately the forest was still bare — no mushrooms or berries.

But to get back to the Titian.

It was just a piece of canvas for which we seemed to have absolutely no use. We couldn't eat it, we couldn't shoot with it. While we still had horses, the Titian was tied to a saddle. When we ate our horses, we had to carry the Titian in our arms — devilishly awkward. The boys swore. What if we simply threw it away in the forest — this large, heavy canvas with some dancing figures painted on it?

But once Lieutenant Norkin unrolled the picture and showed it to the men. My, what happened! My detachment consisted of simple fellows, hardly one of whom had ever before heard of Titian. Nor was I

in any mood for art in those days. But it was exactly as if a light had fallen on those grim faces, which were now so haggard. Everything seemed to vanish — hunger, dirt, their deathly fatigue, and the danger that lurked behind each bush. Before us was a wonderful life with health and happiness such as these happy, dancing people were full of.

It was quite clear that the dancing people were on our side, and that with us, too, was the artist who had drawn that funny mustachioed soldier drinking wine and spilling it over his uniform, and those beautiful girls who led the dancing and singing, and that magnificent fowl which we were still to eat, no matter how miraculous that might seem.

We'd eat it yet, devil take it! And we'd drink wine and dance under blossoming apple trees with lanterns hanging on them. In our dirty battle cars we'd ride the streets of Moscow, and girls as pretty as those painted by the artist would greet us with flowers. There would be flowers — flowers everywhere. Beneath our bullet-riddled banners we'd deliver our final report to our Commander: "The war is over. We have won!"

I seem to have waxed poetic. But that's just what happened, I assure you. It was not a dream, not a vision that the tired fighter saw there when he came to a halt in that dense forest right after a 25-kilometer hungry march. No! This thought of the future seemed exactly as real as a military order which has to be fulfilled no matter how hard it is.

Those were difficult days. The Germans kept after us, trying to surround us, to lay ambushes. We had not yet established contact with the partisans, and consequently we were desperately hungry. There were wounded men in our detachment and we dragged them along, almost dropping from fatigue and exhaustion. But it no longer even occurred to anyone to get rid of that clumsy, heavy roll of canvas, which was now wrapped up in one of our few rubber tents. When we detailed a sentry for the night, we also set someone to guard the Titian. It was our banner, and we guarded it as a banner.

I said it was difficult for us. But it would very likely have been harder if we had not had that painting. Once, when crossing the Desna River, we almost lost it. The sailor who had been ordered to take the Titian was killed and the painting remained on the left shore, while our detachment was already on the right. I called for a volunteer and three of the boys, with Lieutenant Norkin at their head, went back for the picture.

There was no doubt that they went to certain death — it was already quite light and we had crossed in darkness. But what the devil! Leave the Fritzes that soldier in the leather uniform, those healthy dancing girls, that fowl, and generally all that wonderful rich life? Make the Nazis a present of our future, which was so magnificently depicted in that painting? Nothing doing. So four of our boys, under cover of a light fire, crossed the river in a leaky rowboat and launched a frontal attack on the Germans. It was a landing just to their liking.

In two hours they were back with the picture. True, it had been shot through. A bullet had got the mustachioed soldier in the hand which lifted the mug to his lips, and one of the girls and some other spots were hit because, as I have said, the canvas was rolled up in a tube. But the lieutenant, who understood this business, said that in Moscow they would find artists and that everything would be exactly as before.

"We call it restoration," he explained, "and I give you my word that later you won't even find where the holes were."

In autumn we rejoined our own unit not far from Tula. We were wearing bast sandals by then, and our feet were bound up in cloths cut from our horse blankets. All of us had heavy growths on our chins. I wore these breeches. I began the war in them and I'll finish it in them. The last German — if by that time there is still even one German left on earth — will see me in these breeches on the streets of Berlin!

"But the Titian?" I asked, as my lieutenant captain ended his tale.

"We took it to Moscow," he replied, "and a whole platoon of museum workers appeared to transfer it to a safe place. Incidentally, the commander of the platoon was an old man who reminded me of that poor fellow, Perchikhin — just such a mushroom in a wide-brimmed hat. He wept on seeing the picture and said to me: 'Captain, you have performed a great deed!' By the way, I have a photograph somewhere. Before turning the Titian over to the museum we had our pictures taken with it. As a memento."

He found the photo and showed it to me: sailors holding their hands at their caps were standing before the Titian. They were saluting their wonderful future pictured in that painting, which was bullet-riddled like a banner.

WHAT HAPPENED TO WORDSWORTH?

by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

1

AMONG the great poets Wordsworth stands out pre-eminently as the one it is most easy to laugh at, and sometimes the most difficult not to find dull. The forced extravagance of Shakespeare at his worst, the heavy pomposity of Milton at his worst, the self-conscious prettiness of Tennyson at his worst, do not provoke such general derision as the uninspired wordiness of Wordsworth when he had not the spirit with him.

In that respect he was even worse than St. Paul: for St. Paul did sometimes doubt (though not nearly often enough) whether the spirit was with him. Wordsworth never doubted. He had a colossal faith in himself and in his method; and a great deal of that faith, we see now, was built upon sand.

But can you have a religion — and poetry was to Wordsworth a religion — without its arid tracts, its dogmatisms which wear old as doth a garment? It is rather dangerous to base faith, or to write poetry, upon a system — for the prophet to think that he is always a prophet, the priest to think that he is always a priest, the poet that he is always a poet. Poetry and prophecy only come to a man — like a sore throat — occasionally. I think it was Yeats who declared that if an accepted poet manages to write one immortal poem in his life, he has done extremely well. (Perhaps Yeats calculated that that was his own measure. I should be inclined to give him one or two more.) Now, as I believe that Wordsworth has written several, — as I believe that, to name one form alone, he has written more good sonnets than Milton, and one or two even finer, — I hold that Wordsworth has done exceptionally well. Wordsworth produced too much matter — not merely matter that doesn't matter, but

dead matter, which matters adversely and weighs his reputation down, because (to some) it seems so much "all of a piece" with the rest.

But it is generally true that a poet cannot attain to high altitude, cannot become a mountain, without a lot of submerged dead-weight material for his topmost peak to rest on — that for full development the poet must be prolific in exercises. But he need not publish them. Unfortunately Wordsworth did; he reduced his poetry to a routine; and it was a just, though an unconscious, criticism of the results when an inhabitant of the Lake district remarked, after the poet's death, that he supposed the widow would "carry on the business."

She might almost have done so. The Wordsworth who really mattered had been only alive for brief intervals during the last forty years of his life. And that would seem to suggest that there was something wrong in his mind and method toward poetry.

But what is more significant is that, in spite of the routine in which his genius became submerged, Wordsworth's fame stays undiminished; and thousands of people still flock to see his cottage who will not read his poetry.

Now that is a curious portent in human nature. There is something infectious about authentic greatness; it penetrates the general mind; when it is well-founded you cannot away with it. It even overcomes a little personal aversion. The general taste much prefers the poems of Macaulay to the poems of Wordsworth; but nobody goes to see the house where Macaulay lived, though in addition he wrote history in a way flattering to England's national vanity. Somehow the world realizes that Macaulay does not count as Wordsworth counts.

Now if Wordsworth is as big as these considerations suggest, a wrong prominence has been given to the comic — the unconsciously comic — side of him. All that can be said against him — or almost

Novelist, playwright, and poet, LAURENCE HOUSMAN made his first success with his anonymous volume, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, which was published in 1900. Theatergoers know him as the author of *Victoria Regina*, which appeared in 1934. *Atlantic* readers will recall his essay, "Fame or Fashion in Literature," which we published in January of this year.

all — is perfectly true; but it is comparatively unimportant, except that it may help to explain how that unfortunate comic element of prosiness came about, and to put it in its right place — to show why laughing at Wordsworth is not so fair as it is diverting.

There is a temptation for the average onlooker to enjoy certain forms of castigation, whether the recipient has quite deserved them or no. "It is good for us," we are told by the psalmist, "to have been in trouble." It may be equally good for us to have been in the pillory. You can pillory a man in a phrase that sticks to him forever after; and to the end of time it may be unfair to him, and you know that it is so; and yet you enjoy the phrase, and pass it on to posterity; and the poor man turns and turns in his grave like a worm that dieth not, in a fire that is not yet quenched.

Now Wordsworth (easy to laugh at, easy to find dull) is one of those great figures in literature who have been pilloried for us; and we have wickedly enjoyed seeing him pilloried, and shall, I suppose, go on doing so. His character is the kind of character which needs some sort of corrective to the awful seriousness with which he took himself; and the corrective readiest to hand is the pillory of caricature in which certain wits, provoked by his overseriousness, have placed him.

Wordsworth is reported to have said, during some literary discussion upon style, "I could have written like Shakespeare, had I had a mind." To which Lamb promptly replied: "Yes, it was the m-m-mind that was l-l-lacking!" And in that play on the word, Wordsworth stands pilloried forevermore.

Lamb was not being fair. We all know that Wordsworth had a great mind; we therefore know (if we take pains to think) that he was no fool, though he sometimes appears stupid. But when Wordsworth said that, he was saying something that was quite true. He did not say he could write better than Shakespeare — or as well; he said he could write *like* him. So can anybody who has the knack of literary imitation, once Shakespeare has shown him the way. Those who are not deep students of Shakespeare could be challenged with plenty of quotations from poets his contemporaries; and they would not be able to say whether the quotations were by Shakespeare or not. Even the experts continue to dispute as to what is and what is not by Shakespeare, in certain plays of mixed origin.

And yet Lamb's pinprick has a good critical point to it: he pricked Wordsworth because the poet took himself with such comic seriousness, and the temptation to jump on him was irresistible.

2

SHAKESPEARE's good taste in poetry was by no means impeccable; but he had the poetic sense so deeply and instinctively and fundamentally that he had no need to theorize about it as Wordsworth did. He used it often extravagantly, immoderately, ostentatiously — one could say a dozen other bad things about it and justify them all by quotation; but he did know what poetry was; and when he descended below his level, as he often did, he was still doing, in a loud-mannered fashion, the sort of thing which poetry sets out to do; his poetry, even when forced and bombastic, has that kind of exaltation or emotion which finds full expression in poetic form.

Now Wordsworth, in his sincere and persistent pursuit of natural expression as the right vehicle for poetic diction, had a mind which recognized with critical dislike the element of pretentiousness which goes with inflated language; and he preferred deflated language. Shakespeare, in his uninspired moments, used inflated language: Wordsworth, in *his* uninspired moments, used *deflated* language. Inflated language (having a sort of excitement about it) takes more people in; and there are plenty of people who think that a lot of Shakespeare's windiest stuff is good merely because of its inflation.

But Wordsworth had set himself to discover a new beauty of poetic diction in natural expression, and sometimes he succeeded remarkably; and that being his aim, and his occasional achievement, he too, like Shakespeare, was driven to be all of a piece when inspiration failed. And where Shakespeare, in order to key his worst to the noble splendor of his best, put on cheap finery, Wordsworth, to be similarly in key with *his* best, had to wear homespun or go threadbare.

If Wordsworth had only had a little more sense of humor he might have escaped ridicule; but having none (or very little), he could not see reason where there was no reason — which is what humor helps us to do. It helps us to see, for instance, that unreasonable custom and unreasonable associations of words and phrases impose limits and restraints on poetic diction. For example, can one give any reason why it is so much easier in serious poetry to refer to the foot than the kneecap, to the cheek than the nose, to the thigh, or even to the buttock, than the calf or the shin; to the belly than to the stomach; and in love poetry, to the breast than to the chest? Or why any poet can speak of a man's beard but has to leave mustache and whiskers forever unmentioned?

But Wordsworth had so little sense of humor, and was so abnormally reasonable in his choice of language, that he could not see why one word should be taken and the other word left. Nor can one give a definite reason; yet we know that it must be done till the back of present usage has been broken and a new association of words established ready for poetic use.

And so Wordsworth, having thus pinned his faith to ordinary language, when he had once started to put his thoughts into metrical form, never quite knew where poetry ended and prosing began. He made the mistake of thinking, apparently, that when a man of high imaginative powers like himself set himself to *imagine*, all that came into his head was imaginative, or at least suitable material for the imagination to rest on. And so, wanting to find a rhyme for "life in every limb," he did not run a hundred miles or die a hundred deaths rather than write "dear brother Jim," but brazenly decided to address the poem to an imaginary brother Jim in order to get the rhyme! And there it sticks to this day, like a postage stamp used to mend the broken nose of a beautiful statue.¹ In some editions it is left out, editors rightly preferring the broken nose. A critic, who was challenged to suggest an amendment, stalwartly replied that

A simple child, dear sister Lucy,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its blood run fresh and juicy,
What can it know of death?

would have been better, Lucy being a much prettier name than Jim, and "juicy" a word so true to fact that Wordsworth could have had no reason for rejecting it.

But to say of that example that it was "Wordsworth all over" is not true: it was only that part of him which his sense of self-importance mistook for poetic importance. Wordsworth was so deeply interested, not merely in "the meanest flower that blows" but in all things of life, and in seeing life as a unity, that he did not sufficiently realize that poetry is not a universal receptacle for all and sundry, but rather a refiner's fire; and that it is sometimes very important in poetry to get away, not from the meanest flower that blows, but from attracting any attention whatsoever toward that far less mean instrument through which the poem takes life and form — the ego of the writer himself.

¹ What Wordsworth wrote was: —

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?

3

A MEDITATIVE poet cannot avoid writing in the first person singular; but he need not continually embellish it with a self-conscious commentary, as Wordsworth was prone to do. There is a clear distinction: the unexplained "I," without comment or direction as to its identity, makes a very proper appearance in poetry; much of the best poetry in our language could not have been written without it. The five poems relating to Lucy are impeccable in that respect. But the explained "I," the "I" that draws unnecessary attention to itself, is a terrible person, doing to the poem the immediate disservice of distracting it from the communicative and the all-embracing to the narrowly unimportant and particular. So long as one can read the "I" of a poem as speaking for the human mind — the symbol of firsthand emotion or expression — it does not intrude or dislocate. But if one has to keep thinking of that "I" as William Wordsworth, dressed in late Georgian mufti, then that "I" becomes a nuisance and an impediment.

When reading, for instance, a meditative poem such as the Lines on Tintern Abbey, with its natural environment of grass and trees, of sky and stream, one does not want to be reminded — one wants to forget — that it is Wordsworth, aged twenty-eight and already thinking himself a rather old man in his increase of experience and placidity, who is talking — not to others but to himself — all through the poem. And how difficult he makes it for one to get away from him! There, where one wants it least, one hears his ego, like a droning beetle, wheeling its flight from end to end of that otherwise perfect poem. In speaking of the influences of nature "on that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love," he prefaces what follows with this jolting bit of self-reference: —

Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood —

which surely would have been better if, with less self-consciousness, he had merely said: —

Nor less to them I owe that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.

Well might he say elsewhere, "'Tis with regret sincere I mention this"; but he did go on, unrepentantly, mentioning things like that to his life's end, and his reputation has suffered in consequence.

Many years later Wordsworth goes to Florence — is confronted by the stone where Dante used to sit, and starts writing a poem about it. And you know — oh, yes, you know! — the moment he mentions it, not only that he *did* it, but that he is going to *tell* you that he did it: *He sat on it*. And he made that the climax of his poem!

Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty throne.

That is the sort of thing one has to forgive Wordsworth: not for sitting on it — any silly tourist would do the same — but for thinking it worth while to write about it, and make it a crowning event. His excuse was that

in his breast the mighty poet bore
A patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.

And Wordsworth would have us believe it was the undying fire he was after — in order to extract warmth. All very well; but we don't sit down upon our hearts. That act was symptomatic of a mistake Wordsworth was always making about what one may politely describe as his own individual and material center of gravity. He took himself so terribly seriously.

Wordsworth had an unfortunate tendency to explain matters, instead of leaving them to explain themselves. Poetry does not explain: it states. When poetry starts explaining itself, it tends to become prose; and unfortunately Wordsworth wrote a whole set of poems which might have appeared under the generic title, "Explanatory Poems." Greater poets than Wordsworth have made the same mistake.

But however much Wordsworth may have made these prosy mistakes in practice, he wrote excellent sense as to his intentions, in his preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* where he says, for a conclusion: "I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men."

The argument on that particular point is sound; but the verdict of time has been against him, and a great number of expressions which appeared to

Wordsworth tender and pathetic have remained to posterity faulty and ludicrous.

In that preface from which I have just quoted, Wordsworth propounded a theory which was better in its logic than its practice: a theory, put quite simply, that ordinary speech, or "the language really used by men," with a certain coloring of imagination added thereto, was the best vehicle for poetry: and guided by that theory he undoubtedly made some very beautiful poetry and opened the way for a new simplicity and directness of expression in poetry which had not been attempted before. I don't think we realize sufficiently that, helped by his experimental failures, others have reached success perhaps without knowing from whom they derived.

In criticizing Wordsworth, therefore, we ought to remember that his reaction against verbiage in poetry has proved highly valuable to English verse. But there is no doubt that Wordsworth's theory and practice, where the divergent strain was too great, let him down rather more obviously than other poets get let down when inspiration fails them — for the simple reason that other poets allow themselves to use frills for a disguise where Wordsworth went naked and unashamed.

4

It is not easy, I suppose, for the young to *like* Wordsworth. But if they can get to understand the character of his mind, he may become an acquired taste — like broad beans and other good things which are of the earth earthy; for I suppose that to the young there *is* an earthy flavor about Wordsworth (*earthy*, not merely *earthly*) which makes him seem rather a vegetable poet, uneventful, unexciting — a rooted sort of human being whose very mind seems sedentary.

One can have no doubt, to begin with, that Wordsworth, when he set it free, had a great and adventurous mind — his new theory about poetic diction was itself adventurous. But when he didn't set it free, when he let it become hobbled and hampered with the social superstitions of his day, it was less great and less adventurous. And the trouble is that he was more self-consciously important when his lesser ego — the ego of his opinions — intruded itself into his poems than when his great ego made itself felt without any self-reference whatever. But both the little and the big in him tended to make much use of the pronoun "I."

What, in the course of years, happened to Wordsworth's mind, it seems, was this: when he started

out, his poetic creed was an intuitive one, of a mystical and nature-worshipping character, having about it a touch of pantheism; nature was so much a part or aspect of deity that he had no thought to separate them, and he used no safeguarding circumlocutions to bring himself into conformity with the orthodoxy of his day. Now one may not agree with that kind of creed; but it does lend itself peculiarly well to what one may call the devotional poetry of nature, if for no other reason than that it is theologically unembarrassed.

But gradually, as he grew older, Wordsworth's mind began to hedge—first politically, then theologically: to guard itself from the contemporary products—moral, social, and spiritual—of the revolutionary movement toward freedom which had first attracted him. And, as he hedged, he began to hold hedgerow opinions; and these opinions, conscientiously and even meticulously expressed, began to find a place in his poems. And just as he had once written poems based on intuition, so, in later life, he wrote poems—reams and reams of them—based on mere opinion.

When Wordsworth held an opinion (really held it) it became as sacred to him as if it were the inspired word of God; and there is a certain intellectual consistency in the idea that, if you are to write poetry on the thrills of pleasure felt by a leaf or a bird, and deduce from those thrills a sort of universal holiness, you cannot be debarred from basing poems on the thrills of opinion in a man's brain (especially if it be your own) and deducing holiness from those also.

And so Wordsworth's opinions became for him fit subjects for sacred poetry; and you get, as a consequence, his horrible sonnet-sequence in defense of capital punishment, the argument of which tends to make you dislike God and man about equally; and his dogged résumé of Church history in the 132 "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," so named, which I suppose nobody now troubles to read. And yet, here and there, you will find in them lines of beautiful poetry, where for a moment imagination takes the place of opinion.

Wordsworth was so bent on moral unity, consistency, on making life all of a piece under one reconciling law, that he could not refrain from putting all his opinions into verse and thinking that they made poetry. And his failure carries with it this lesson: that a poet had better not *try* to be logical. Let it come or let it go; logic and poetry are two different things.

When Shakespeare debated whether it was better "to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them," he wrote what was, logically, nonsense, but it was good poetry. I don't think

Wordsworth ever let himself go in poetic simile so far from strict sense as that. If he had, his poetry might often have been better than it was.

Nevertheless Wordsworth's main principle is worth considering. From the beginning he believed that what we regard as "ordinary" has more significance and value than the extraordinary; that the rule has in it more wisdom and beauty than the exception; and that if something of special value appears to be exceptional, it is only because humanity has not arrived at the wise rule on which it is based.

You might say, for instance, that his Leech-gatherer was a man of exceptional nobility of character. I don't think that is true. It is the exceptional nobility of the poem which makes us think so. Wordsworth has there staged a type so wonderfully that he stands out and becomes a great figure in literature—just as, in sculpture or painting, rough types of labor by Meunier or Jean François Millet become things of significant and permanent beauty.

It is the same with the story of Michael: Wordsworth had the strength, the truth of mind, to put before us a record of virtuous life without a happy ending—and without the consolations of religion; Michael is a strong, simple character which holds out unchanged when its fortunes and earthly happiness are shattered; it doesn't talk sentiment, it doesn't "take to religion"—it just holds on, endures patiently, and dies. And Wordsworth shows it to us as a thing of beauty. Life is the event, not the accidents of life.

The Old Cumberland Beggar, the two gypsy boys, are characters independent of morality, but they have a hold on life which makes them attractive; that they cheat and beg needlessly is a minor matter. Wordsworth was not writing an "Ode to Duty" when he commended them to our favor, not by moral precepts, but by making them appear pleasant. You may make sport of your fellow man, but you cannot make sport of nature so lightly, and without loss to the value of life.

Believing in the higher significance of ordinary things, Wordsworth was deeply moved by them—by things themselves more than by events; and at his best, by his transfiguring touch on the ordinary thing, he moves us more than do other poets in a like relation. For instance, it is quite an ordinary thing for people to go to sleep at night; and where they are congregated in large numbers they sleep in large numbers; nothing is more obvious, more ordinary. Then Wordsworth goes and stands on Westminster Bridge at dawn and tells us the obvious and the ordinary in a new way, with a beauty and solemnity of phrase which makes it take hold of us forever afterwards:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

5

IT is the unadorned beauty of Wordsworth's diction, which is sometimes so astonishing, so perfectly satisfying, that goes far to justify a method that often resulted in failure; and it is because his failures have made many regard him as a poet lacking in technique that I am now making technical comparisons between him and acknowledged masters of style.

When Shakespeare sets himself to describe natural objects, he does not do it to suggest the latent unity in all forms of life, as Wordsworth does, but for dramatic effect. In *Macbeth*, Duncan, coming to the place of his doom, sees it in all innocence: —

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses."

And Banquo replies: —

"This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved masonry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here; . . .
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
 The air is delicate."

This has its dramatic value; but for the rest, it merely registers nature objectively, paints a picture for a purpose, and has done with it. Wordsworth brings nature to a finer use; in a single phrase you feel how much deeper a significance it has for him than it had for Shakespeare.

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion

he says, and you are thrilled into sympathy.
 Or again: —

"And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things."

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face."

Take those two last lines, and realize how impossible it would have been for them to have been written by Shakespeare, or Spenser, or Milton, or whomever one may happen to think the greatest of his predecessors; and it will help one to measure the authentic greatness of Wordsworth.

For that great advance of sympathy with nature, the quiet, unadorned purity of style which Wordsworth reached in his happiest moments of inspiration was surely the best. It is so singularly free from mannerism, from that accent of individual self-importance which at other times fell on his work; so pure and unmannered and natural.

At its best his form is so pure that it rises to a style which seems to embrace the highest common factor of other styles. And coming on certain brief passages of other poets, where their individual style or mannerism is merged in the perfect blend of phrase and thought, dignified, simple, natural, breathing the music of sympathy between nature and man, I am inclined to say: "*That* might have been by Wordsworth!"

The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores

is not by Wordsworth, but by Keats.

Did that wonderful master of style ever write two lines more beautiful? And if they remind one of Wordsworth at his best, is not that a certificate of character, in the matter of style, to a poet who was so much the friend of all, and poetically — when all allowances have been made for him — so much his own worst enemy?

Apply to Wordsworth, for there is need, the charitable resolution of David Copperfield toward Steerforth, and "Think of him at his best." And so that Wordsworth at his best may be the last word, here are eight lines of what, in their beauty and simplicity, were among his very best: —

A slumber did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees:
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

HUMANISM AND THE BELIEF IN MAN

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

1

THE end of the war will present two great questions — a question of government for the governors and a question of education for the teachers. There will be other questions as well. There will be bankers' questions for the bankers, and food questions for the farmers, and traders' questions for the traders, and military questions for the generals and the admirals. But the two great questions will be the questions of government and of education.

How do you govern in the new world with its invisible frontiers? And how do you educate the new people with their new possibilities of creation and destruction?

These two questions are serious. We can perhaps get along if the bankers fail to find an answer to the question of money — or refuse to accept the answer someone else finds for them. We can probably get along somehow whether or not the farmers find an answer to the question of food, and whether or not the traders learn how to trade, and the generals and admirals how to police the isthmuses and the oceans and the islands. But unless the governors — which means those who are governed as well — and the teachers — which means also those who are taught — can find out how to govern the new world and how to educate men and women to live in it, we are quite literally lost. Lost not in rhetoric: lost in truth.

We used to say twenty-five years ago that the world couldn't survive another war. We thought we were making speeches. We know now that we were stating fact. The only parts of the world which will survive this war, except as ruins and fragments and remains, will be the parts of the world over which the war has not been fought. Next time, as the Nazis

have obligingly shown us, there will be no margins. Planes which flew a few hundred miles with a few pounds of explosives in 1918 now fly thousands of miles with tons of explosives. Robot projectiles which now carry a ton of explosives a couple of hundred miles will increase both range and load in much the same way.

The lesson we have learned over the last few years is the lesson that "there are no neutrals in this war." In the next war, — if there is a next war, — the lesson we shall learn will be the lesson that there is no part of the world which is not a battlefield. Which means, not as a figure of speech but as a statement of fact, that what we understand by "the world" will not survive that war. Which means, in turn, that if there is another war our world is lost. Which means, finally, that we have no future worth thinking about unless we can learn, and learn quickly, to govern the world in such a way, and to educate its people in such a way, that another war will not occur.

When anyone talks about the crisis of humanism at the war's end, he is talking, if he is serious, about the answer humanism has to give, or ought to have to give, or ought to be allowed to have to give, to these two inescapable and desperate questions of government and education. He is not talking, that is to say, about the sad plight of the classics in the modern college, or the overemphasis on science in the current curriculum, or the lamentable discovery, in universities which had previously terminated all literature with the last rock on Land's End, that an American literature also exists. He is not talking, that is to say, in terms of academic politics or academic prestige or his own future as a professor. Above all, he is not talking about the effect of the Army training program on the academic economic system.

He is talking about the most urgent and most critical decisions to be taken in his time. And he is saying that a certain approach to these problems,

Librarian of Congress, and a poet who knows how to use fighting words, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH was recently asked to conduct a three-day seminar at the University of Wisconsin. Here is the challenge with which he confronted the faculty, the townsfolk, and the students of Madison.

a certain tradition of thought, a certain discipline, has something of importance to offer to their solution. He is saying that the tendency of the practical men among his contemporaries to exclude that approach and that discipline is dangerous. He is saying that it is dangerous, not to him and his academic fellows only, but to the practical men themselves — and to the world they share with us.

The serious question in all this discussion of the humanities, in other words, is the question whether the humanists and their discipline have, in fact, anything to offer to the solution of the two great moral and intellectual and political problems we must solve or perish. If they have not, if the humanists can claim no more than a decorative function in the preparation of young men for dinners-in-hall, then their disputes with their academic rivals, however brilliantly managed and however learnedly expressed, are hardly worth the present attention of living men. For one thing, living men have other and more urgent business to attend to. For another, they have every reason to remark that a philosophy of the education and life of man which has nothing to say to mankind about its life and education at the most critical moment in its recorded history is not a philosophy of man at all but a dilettantism with a pretentious name.

Both problems clearly fall within the field of humanist concern. Certainly the question of the role of education in the crisis of our time is a question on which the humanists can be expected to speak and by which they should expect to be judged. Humanism is at bottom a theory of the education proper to man and cannot therefore avoid judgment upon its position in the most solemn examination of educational theory the modern world has been obliged to undertake. On the contrary, humanism might well protest, and bitterly protest, its exclusion from that great assize.

The same thing is true, or so it seems to me, of the problem of government. Humanists, I realize, have not claimed the right in recent years to speak with authority of the art of government. Some of them may even decline that right today. Some of them, thinking of humanism as though it were something in a university catalogue, may perhaps refuse to hold opinions on the art of government — on the ground that government is taught in the courses on political science and that the courses on political science are not usually given in the departments of humanities.

Others, taking a less curricular view, might conceivably renounce all right to be heard on the issue of government, and might decline to be judged by their contribution to its solution, on the ground that

humanism is concerned with men solely as individuals and not with men in their relation to each other, or on the ground that humanism looks inward, not outward, or on the ground that humanism looks backward, not forward.

Philosophers of the ancient world would consider these to be strange limitations, I submit, upon the spiritual jurisdiction of a school which concerns itself with *humanitas* — with those things in man which are most manlike. Aulus Gellius defined *humanitas* by saying that earnest students of the liberal arts are most highly humanized because the knowledge they pursue is “granted to man alone of all the animals.” Of the various forms of knowledge granted to man alone of all the animals, knowledge of the art of government is surely not the least.

Nor was it the least regarded in the past. It was not believed in Athens and Rome that the best education for man was an education unrelated to his practice of the art of government. On the contrary, it was assumed that a philosophy which thought in terms of the whole man, of the man in whom the manlike qualities were most developed, must necessarily have views not only on the training of those qualities but upon their exercise as well, and above all upon their noblest exercise — which would have included, in that time and in those cities, their exercise in government.

LIBRARY

2

BUT there are other reasons than reasons of logic and history for the extension of humanistic jurisdiction, and therefore of humanistic responsibility, to the art of government. There are reasons of a practical nature. The humanistic renunciation of the public world has been happy neither for the public world nor for humanism. Humanism has become pallid with the pallor of all things grown within ivory walls; and government, once considered a noble art, has become at best a kind of profession and at worst a business. The recent uproar about Henry Wallace makes the point with an unintentional but appalling pertinence. Henry Wallace, said a characteristic article by one of the best-known of American journalists, is an exceptionally fine human being. He has a feeling for the tendency of things to come. But he is not at home and at ease in “the real world” and he is therefore, under the circumstances of the election, unacceptable for the Vice-presidency.

Whatever may be said of the opinion of Henry Wallace, the view of statesmanship there expressed is one a humanist might challenge and, in my opin-

ion, should. Indeed both humanism and statesmanship would be healthier today if the humanists had challenged the businessman's view of the art of government before it produced the generations of leaders "at home in the real world" which conducted Western civilization through so much of the nineteenth century and the twentieth to the situation in which we find ourselves today. It would be difficult to prove that there would have been more Lincolns and Jeffersons if the humanists had not forsaken the public world, but it must be obvious that there would almost certainly have been fewer Coolidges and Tafts.

I propose to assume, therefore, and for the purposes of this discussion, that humanism can be expected to supply an answer to the two critical questions of how to govern and how to teach. It remains therefore to consider whether the answer humanism can be expected to offer is or is not entitled to a better hearing than it has had.

But that consideration turns, of course, upon the nature of the humanist answer. There are almost as many definitions of humanism and the humanities as there are men who have written them. If one assumes, for example, that the humanities are what Webster calls "the branches of polite learning," especially belles-lettres and the ancient classics, and that humanism is merely a scholarly devotion to these studies, there will be some difficulty in persuading a tortured world that humanism and the humanities have much to say to it.

Polite learning, it will be objected, is all very well for a polite age, and knowledge of the ancient classics and of beautiful letters is a charming embellishment in a serene and spacious time; but for us, bewildered and frightened in a chaotic and savage world in which all the landmarks are lost and all the assurances washed away, the book beneath the classic bough is a mockery and a delusion. We have First Things to learn again before we can learn Last Things. We must learn again how to survive — how to keep the peace; how to restrain the wild beasts and the violence. Keep your culture, the world might well say, until we can build a quiet room to house it in — until we can be certain that the house of culture will stand at least for a generation at a time; until the skies are quiet again and a place for stars, not for the most terrible and insensate death and the swiftest destruction.

And there will be much the same objection if you define your humanist as the perfect type of intellectual aristocrat, living a life of reflection and criticism above the battle and the common dust. You will be told that such a man, if he does not make himself a prig in the process, may well become

an ornament in a world which has room for ornaments, but that we, who must buttress and rebuild our lives before chaos engulfs them, have no time to think of such luxuries as a natural aristocracy of learning and of taste.

So again if you adopt the definition of humanism which describes it as a form of intellectual discipline — the discipline of the intellect for its own sake rather than for the sake of proficiency in some art, or craft, or profession. Rude persons will tell you that to cultivate the mind for its own sake one must first have leisure, and that to have leisure one must be able to foretell the time, and that in our world a man cannot foretell the time since the time is already past and nothing is sure and each day is more dangerous than the last and a man can only prepare himself for disaster or survival.

It will be the same, too, even if you take the more generous definition in which humanism appears as that method of education and that practice of life of which the purpose is to free the faculties of men for their fullest exercise and their finest development. To free the faculties of men for their fullest exercise is a noble purpose. But its end, as someone will be unkind enough to point out, is not a free man, — a man committed to freedom as well as possessed of it, — but rather a *freed* man — a man freed of all commitments, including the commitment to freedom itself.

3

SUCH an end, however enchanting it may seem in a peaceful time when men can afford the after-dinner sport of questioning everything and giving themselves to nothing, has an irresponsible and even a frivolous look to a generation which has been compelled to think of freedom as something you were either prepared to die for or prepared to lose. To be free of every prejudice, including the prejudice of freedom, may make a man superior, but it can hardly endear him, for the moment at least, to those who have offered their lives precisely to defend the prejudice that freedom has a supreme and absolute worth. Moral eclecticism looks curiously out of place among the dead wreaths and the fading cotton flags of the soldiers' cemeteries. It is particularly out of place when the certainty of the soldier's grave that freedom was worth dying for is the only certainty men have to hold to. To offer to teach the men of such a generation how to avoid the pitfalls of prejudice and excessive belief is indeed to offer stones to those who starve for bread.

The fact is that the humanism of these various definitions is a humanism which finds its reason in

the fifteenth century rather than our own — in the fifteenth century and in those later centuries in which, as in the fifteenth, the sickness of the soul was dogma and superstition. Humanism considered as an intellectual discipline-for-discipline's sake, or as a regimen to free the mind of prejudice and infatuation, or as an aristocratic training of the taste, or as a cult of the classic past, or as the appreciation of fine arts and beautiful letters, is a prime specific for such ills as bigotry and puritanism and jesuitry and vulgarity and Victorianism and the complacency of the bourgeois mind. But humanism so conceived has little if anything to say to a time in which the spiritual sickness is not excess of belief but lack of belief. And ours, if we understand the ills we suffer from, is such a time.

We have valued liberty enough to fight for it, and we know very well what enemy we detest, but the affirmative cause, not only of the war but of our lives, escapes us. When we debate, as we have debated endlessly, the question of what we are fighting for, we have sometimes thought it was what we are living for we needed most to know. The weakness is not in the time, we think, but in ourselves. We have seen whole peoples deliver their lives and purposes and wills to tyrants they themselves have invented out of a loud voice and a blathering mouth and a ridiculous uniform to satisfy the hunger of their fear. We have seen others who cried out for a great conversion of the world, a vast revival, a wind from beyond the planet and the stars, to fill us in spite of ourselves, and without our effort, by some miracle of faith, like the miracle they imagine to have happened when Christianity first took the world, or when the religion of the Prophet took it.

Everywhere in our time there are the signs and indications of a passion to believe, a passion to escape from the sense of human inadequacy which spreads and deepens as science and the mechanical arts disclose the enormous scale and the terrible potentialities of a universe vaster and more dangerous than men, before our generation, had imagined. The natural sciences open fissures in the skin of the earth and the cover of the sky which lead beyond human meaning. The specialists press their narrow drills of research outward and away from the human center of experience. The libraries overflow with a flood of printed pages, and knowledge has become too vast for men to know.

The world, we say to ourselves, is too large for us, too difficult to understand, too savage to restrain, too swift to master. It is no longer a world to be measured in distance by a man's foot, or in time by a man's sleeping and waking, or in danger by a man's strength or an animal's. It is a world beyond the

capacity of men to control — a world that needs gods or men like gods. And so we long for the men like gods, or for the gods, to believe in.

Humanists may regret this hunger to believe, but they will be foolish, notwithstanding, if they ignore the longing of their generation; and worse than foolish if they do not see the significance of that longing to themselves and to their cause. For the meaning of our longing for belief is this: that we have lost our sense of the place of man in the universe.

It is to a generation which has lost this sense that the humanists now must offer what they have to teach. If they do not understand the significance of that fact to the philosophy they protest; if they persist in declaring that what they have to teach is a method only, a gymnastic, or at the best an antidote, a cleansing salt, an antiseptic; if they are unwilling to turn their questions into answers for a time that needs their answers — then they have themselves to thank, and not the blunders of the Army and the Navy, or the blindness of their colleagues in the universities, for the indifference of which they now complain.

4

FOR there is a definition of humanism by which humanism becomes a belief in the one thing in which man has greatest need now to believe — himself, and the dignity and importance of the place he fills in the world he lives in. There is a definition of humanism by which humanism becomes precisely the belief of man in his own dignity, in his essential worth as a man, in what Ralph Barton Perry calls "his characteristic perfection": a belief not in the potentiality of man, but in the actuality of man; a belief not in the classic perfection of the beautiful letters men have written in the distant past, but in the human perfection of the men who wrote those letters and of others like them, whether writers or others than writers, and whether living in the past or in the present or not yet born; a belief not in the thing a man may become if he reads the right books and develops the right tastes and undergoes the right discipline, but a belief in the thing he is.

No one has put this better than Professor Perry in his superb *Definition of the Humanities*. "The reference to man in the context of the so-called 'humanities,'" he says, "is . . . not descriptive or apologetic, but eulogistic; not 'human — all too human,' or 'only human,' but human in the sense in which one deems it highest praise to be called 'a man.'" The answer humanism has it in its power to make to the

two great questions, how to govern and how to teach, is the answer of belief in man, "in the sense in which one deems it highest praise to be called 'a man.'" If the world can be taught to believe in the worth of man, in the dignity of man, in the "characteristic perfection" of man, it can be taught not only to survive but to live. If the world can be governed in belief in the worth of man, in the dignity of man, it can be governed in peace.

These propositions need no proof. They speak for themselves. If government throughout the world were directed by a convinced belief in the dignity of man as man, in the worth of man as man, so that decisions of government were everywhere made in consonance with that belief and in furtherance of it, no one can doubt that the world would be well governed and that peace would be as nearly certain as peace can be in a variable universe. It is lack of faith in the essential dignity and worth of man which corrupts and weakens democratic governments, substituting for a government by the people in the people's interest, which is peace, a government of rulers in the rulers' interest — which may be war. It is doubt of the dignity and worth of man which opens the road to the tyrannies and dictatorships which have no choice but war. It is cynical contempt for the worth and dignity of man which makes the wars of the dictators wars of slavery and subjugation.

If the fundamental proposition upon which the government of the world was based were the proposition that man, because he is man, and in his essential quality as man, has worth and value which governments exist to serve and to protect, regardless of race and regardless of color or religion, there would be little room for the play of international politics which, under color of realism or under color of necessity, puts power first or oil first or gold first, and men second or nowhere, preparing thus for the wars of power or of oil or gold. If the first business of government everywhere were man, the whole man of the humanists; if the first object of government everywhere were the good of man, man "in the sense in which one deems it highest praise to be called 'a man'"; if the first principle of government everywhere were the principle that government exists for man and not man for government, there would be no place for the governments of which the first business is business, or for the governments of which the first object is economic advantage, or for the governments of which the first principle is power.

But to govern in this way it is necessary first of all to believe, and not merely to declare that one believes, in the fundamental worth and value of man and to practice that belief and never to cease to

practice it. It is necessary to believe in man, not only as the Christians believe in man, out of pity, or as the democrats believe in man, out of loyalty, but also as the Greeks believed in man, out of pride.

5

THE same thing is true of the question how to teach. If education were informed with a belief in the dignity and worth of man; if the purpose of education were an understanding not only of the weaknesses of man and the sicknesses of man and the failures of man but of the essential nobility of man also, of his "characteristic perfection," men would be able again to occupy their lives and to live in the world as the Greeks lived in it, free of the bewilderment and frustration which has sent this generation, like the Gadarene swine, squealing and stumbling and drunk with the longing for immolation, to hurl themselves into the abysses of the sea.

If science were taught, not as something external to man, something belittling of man, but as one of the greatest of the creations of the human spirit; if economics were taught not as a structure of deterministic laws superior to man and controlling his conduct, but as one of the many mirrors man has constructed to observe the things he does; if history and descriptive literature were taught not as peep-holes through which the unworthy truth about mankind may be observed but as expressions of man's unique ability and willingness to see and judge himself; if belief in man and in his dignity and worth became the controlling principle of education, so that the people of the world were taught to respect the common principle of humanity in others and in themselves, and to believe that their lives would be shaped and their future determined not by some law of economics, or by some formula of science, or by some regimen of the subconscious, but by their own wills and on their own responsibility — if these things could be accomplished, who will doubt that the sense of irresponsibility and frustration which has driven so many millions of our contemporaries down the blind steep of slavery into war could be corrected?

The task education must accomplish, if free societies are to continue to exist, is the re-creation of the sense of individual responsibility — which means the re-establishment of the belief of men in man. Fascism is only another name for the sickness and desperation which overcome a society when it loses its sense of responsibility for its own life and surrenders its will to a tyrant it, and it alone, has invented. But the sense of responsibility in a

nation is a sense of responsibility in the individuals who compose that nation, for the sense of responsibility is always a charge upon the individual conscience and vanishes when many share it. And to re-create the sense of individual responsibility it is necessary to restore the belief of men in man — the belief that man can direct his destiny if he will.

It is impossible to charge the consciences of men with responsibility for the world they live in without convincing them that they can act upon their world — that the power to decide and act is theirs. No one knew that better than Abraham Lincoln, who knew many things about the human soul. When it became necessary for him, in the terrible December of 1862, to drive home to the Congress a sense of its responsibility, he used these words: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. . . . We — even we here — hold the power and bear the responsibility."

What education in the free countries must drive home, if the free countries are to survive, is the conviction that we — even we here — hold the power and bear the responsibility. The task is in part a task beyond the power of the schools as such, for the sense of individual responsibility and power involves a sense of individual participation, and a sense of individual participation is only possible in a society in which individuals can make themselves felt directly and not through agglomerations of money or people. There must be social changes as well as educational changes. But the educational changes come first. Not until men believe that the responsibility can be theirs to bear, and therefore should be theirs to bear, will they make it theirs. To teach men to believe in themselves therefore is to teach them responsibility and so to assure their freedom.

6

THESE, as I understand humanism, are the answers the humanists have it in their power to give to their time and to the questions their time has asked of them. They are answers which seem to me to be true and to dispose, once and for all, of the question whether humanism has anything to say to the generation to which we belong. Any school, any philosophy, which can go as close to the root of the essential sickness of our time has a right to be heard, and

may claim that right, and may denounce fairly and justly those who deprive it of that right, pretending that other points of view are more practical and therefore more important.

But these answers are not the answers, as I read the record, which the humanists — all the humanists at least — are willing to give. On the contrary, many humanists would reject them, and reject them for a reason which goes very deep. They would reject them because the dignity of man in which they believe is not the dignity implicit in these answers — is not, that is to say, a dignity which men possess because they are men, but only a dignity which men may earn by undergoing certain disciplines and acquiring certain characteristics.

Man, to these humanists, is not born with worth, but may acquire worth. Until he has earned it he has no right or reason to believe in himself, nor should a belief in man determine the attitude in which he is to be ruled. Humanism to these humanists, in other words, is not a democratic doctrine on which a practice of self-government can be founded, but an aristocratic doctrine which, because its concern is inward, has little to say of government of any kind. It is, if anything, a doctrine opposed to democracy and to theories of the universal worth of man, because excellence, not equality, is its goal and purpose.

It would be a mistake to dismiss these humanists as dwellers in towers, or their definitions as definitions of refuge. The passion for excellence can be a sword as well as a sanctuary. Committed to the love of the arts and the great books and the monuments of unaging intellect, as Yeats so wonderfully called them, and the courtesies and graces and perceptions of a civilized and generous life, the worshipers of excellence have waged war, and noble war, against an increasing vulgarity which has won its greatest triumphs in our time, having found the mechanical means at last to intrude its coarseness into every hour, however private, and every chamber, however secret, of our lives.

Those to whom humanism is the worship of excellence do not admit, as they look around them in the streets and trains and hotel lobbies of our world, that all men have dignity and worth. They do not believe, as they look back across the centuries to the world they imagine to have existed in Athens and in Rome, that all men are able to govern themselves or should be allowed to. They do not agree, as they face the crisis of our time, that freedom is the answer to everything. They do not necessarily hold with public freedom. The freedom they seek is inward in the large and lofty world of enlightened intellect where learning paints the various land-

scape and a trained and delicate taste selects the road. That there must be peace and quiet outside the mind, if a man is to journey within it, they readily admit. But the peace without, they say, is not their business.

7

IT IS understandable enough that men should love what these men love, and hate what they hate. Their ideal of the truly civilized man is in every way admirable. Their contempt for a world in which taste is determined in advertising agencies, and intelligence is measured by the answers children give to questions on the air, is a contempt which later generations of Americans will not find strange. But what is not understandable is their choice of the word humanism to describe their inward and selective life. Humanism as a word cannot cut itself off from its root or forget its derivation. Humanism, to deserve the *humanitas* from which it comes, must incorporate some notion of things appropriate to every man as man — things worthy of man in every man.

It must incorporate, that is to say, some notion of a universal dignity which men possess as men and by virtue of their manhood. The dignity of man upon which a philosophy of man, a school devoted to man, is based cannot be a rare and sought-for attribute which only the school can teach man to acquire and only the philosophy aid man to deserve. You do not construct out of the airy goal at which you hope to arrive the solid ground from which you depart. You do not derive the dignity of man on which your philosophy is founded from the dignity which those few who practice your philosophy can claim to possess. The dignity of man is either here and now or it is never. It is either in mankind or it is nowhere.

One can no more make an aristocracy of human dignity than one can make an aristocracy of human love or human curiosity, or any other fundamental human characteristic. Some men will develop their manlike qualities farther than others. Some will be more learned, have surer taste, livelier imagination, greater gentility — will be, in brief, more civilized than others. But whatever the degree of their development, the qualities with which the true humanist is concerned are the manlike qualities — the

qualities which men possess because they are men; the qualities, therefore, which all men possess to one degree or another. It is man whom the humanist values, and man is in all men — *is* all men.

To limit humanism, therefore, — to put a narrower construction upon it than this, — is quite literally to deprive it of its fundamental meaning. It is as though a select association of superior and cultivated people were to call themselves the association of mankind. The word mankind, in such a context, would have an ironic meaning or have none at all. So humanism, if its concern is not man, and therefore all men, has only an ironic meaning or has none. But founded on the universal human basis which its root implies, the name becomes a noble and intelligible word with meanings which our time needs more than any others.

This war is a war against those who, in contempt of man and in despair of man's power to direct his life, have surrendered their lives into the hands of tyrants they themselves have created. It is a war against the philosophy of contempt for man and despair of his future which those who have surrendered their lives have invented to justify themselves, or have accepted from their masters. It is a war therefore in which the issue is, in last analysis, the issue of man — of the concept of man which is to shape and control our time; of the idea of man which governments are to reflect and societies to mirror.

We, on our side, have found it easy to put our cause into negative words, into words of resistance. We are opposed to the philosophy of contempt for man and to those who accept that philosophy: we have seen what it does to those who practice it and to those upon whom it is practiced also. But we have not found it easy to put our cause into the affirmative words of our own purpose. And for this reason: that the affirmative statement of our cause is a declaration of belief in man, and we have not been altogether ready and willing to make that declaration, since we too have felt the winds of fear and doubt which turned our enemies to disbelievers. More than anything else, we need a rebirth of belief in ourselves as men. If humanism will make itself the instrument of that renaissance of man, its place, not only in the universities but in the world, is sure. For if it will make itself that instrument it will give our time its cause.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE HUNTER

by H. ARNOW

1

HOUR after hour the hounds, with Nunn Ballou's Zing in the lead, swung up and around Little Indian Creek over the strong hot trail that only King Devil could lay down. The men squatted in tense silence about a burned-out fire that nobody bothered to replenish — not even old Richmond, whose rheumatic bones ached in the cold. It was uncommon for the big red fox to run a straight race with no tricks and no foolery for so long. Maybe Zing was pressing him so hard he couldn't backtrack; for not once in the hours of the long running had the old dog boggled or fumbled or given anything except the angry but happy war cry he always gave when hot on the scent of King Devil.

All the men in the county were there, and others besides: Charlie Chitwood from the Gourd Neck in Wayne with one old worn-out hound that looked to be half cur, and Luther Crabtree from the other side of Cooper Creek with his two fine spotted July hounds, and Ernest Coffee who had come to the end of the gravel in an almost new car with two hounds that he'd made his brags about before the race began, for he had paid one hundred dollars of coal-mining money for them last spring. But for hours now Ernest had said no more than Chitwood. His hounds were back somewhere with the others while Zing with Lister's Sourvine, a young hound with a deep wild voice like a cur dog baying at the moon, took the lead and held it.

Nunn squatted apart from the others with his back to a little pine tree and listened with that wild pounding hope in his heart that always came when King Devil ran — maybe this time Zing would

catch him, and it would be the end. Zing gave tongue again, his bell-like cry rising up from near the head of Little Indian Creek and echoing and re-echoing out of the cliffs. Nunn could feel the anger and the eagerness in the call. King Devil would be close; Zing never gave tongue like that except when the scent was clear and hot. King Devil was an animal, flesh and blood and bone like Zing; press him hard enough and he could take no time for the devilish traps of back tracks and jumps and water runs he laid that would hold Zing up for minutes together while the red devil fox sat resting and laughing as he listened.

Zing's voice and Sourvine's voice grew fainter and fainter until they seemed no more than a note of the fitful December night wind that sometimes whistled and cried through the valleys below while it roared in the big timber of the higher hills or again sank into the faintest whispering in the stunted pines on the Pilot Rock. After a little space Nunn knew it was only the wind he heard. King Devil had taken the hard steep road up Caney Fork that ran west from Little Indian Creek, and Zing in the narrow gulch of Caney Fork could not be heard.

He heard the other hounds come up the creek, but they were the stragglers and did not count. He did not bother to unravel the tangle of sound and learn whose hounds were still in the race and whose had slunk home or gone possum hunting, but looked overhead at the sky, ragged with patches of stars and of cloud. The Big Dipper lay low in the northwest now, and when Zing first got scent of King Devil it had been well up in the sky, and now the bottommost stars of it would fall behind the hills before the race would end.

So many nights like this, going on six years now, since Zing first got scent of the big red fox and Nunn had made his brags about how soon he would have his hide. Night after night he had listened to Zing and watched the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper

H. ARNOW is the pen name of a husband-and-wife collaboration, Harold and Harriette Arnow, who have their being as subsistence farmers in the Cumberland National Forest. "We raise most of our food," they write, "sell a few cattle each year, sell a little timber now and then, and sell a little coal — and sometimes when there is any time left over, we write." This is their first story in the *Atlantic*.

and the evening stars go down, and the morning stars rise and brighten and pale in the sky, and stared at the unblinking, unmoving North Star until he knew the patterns of the stars, at all hours of the night and in all seasons, as well as he knew the old fields and boundaries of his own land. Maybe this would be the last night. He was tired of the stars and the wind and the sitting in the dark — but the thought was old and familiar as the stars, and he got up and moved into the cluster of men.

"Don't be a-walken in your sleep an' a-fallen off, man," old Richmond warned.

"I know this cliff better'n my own bed," Nunn answered shortly.

Charlie Chitwood and Ernest Coffee were talking of going home. Charlie good-naturedly allowed his old Bogle had swum the Cumberland and was sound asleep at home in the kitchen and Rooshie would be up waiting for him with the poker and her quilting frames, for whenever he got drunk Bogle always went on home, but this was one night he was cold sober and away from Bogle. Ernest was plainly worried over his hundred-dollar dogs and wondered if they could be lost, though Lister told him he'd heard them start that car for going back to town. Richmond in some exasperation told them to go home or else shut up so a man could listen; he wanted to hear Zing come in.

But Nunn as always heard him first; to the other listeners it was only another noise of the wind, but Nunn knew and bowed his head and shut his eyes for better hearing. King Devil had skirted the sloping side of the ridge where the running was hard in the rocky sidehill ground, an old field grown thick with saw briars and sumac bush, and Zing's voice came faintly — too faintly for Nunn to understand much of what he said.

Maybe he was close — one leap, two leaps. The running through the briars and brush would be harder for the big, long-haired fox than for Zing. Maybe there, on Casseye Ridge, Zing would get him, now, this night, this very minute. He gripped his hands angrily, impatiently, as if he would tear away and destroy all the sounds between him and Zing's voice out there in the darkness: Lister's hoarse, excited breathing, the thin whisper of the wind, the river over the shoals, and far away a train blowing for a bridge across the Cumberland.

He stood so for a long while straining his ears, but when he heard Zing give tongue again he was on Kelly's Point at the end of Casseye Ridge, too far away and smothered by trees and rocks and wind to hear what he said — whether the scent lay hot like a fire in his nose or if King Devil was slipping ahead and the scent growing cold.

He squatted again and heard Lister cut a fresh chew of tobacco and old Richmond stomp his feet against the cold and Charlie resume one of his endless lying tales about how many cross ties he had cut down and hewn in one day. Nunn gave little heed to what went on about him, his ears remembering Zing's last call, and his mind working it over, trying to read it like writing half washed away by rain.

He and Lister sprang suddenly to their feet and stood listening, breath hushed, teeth clamped tight on tobacco, but Charlie was telling a ghost tale and noticed nothing, and by the time Lister had shut him up with a whispered curse, a gust of wind thundered up the valley and they could hear nothing more.

But Nunn squatted again, satisfied, smiling softly to himself in the dark. "Zing's a-pressen him hard tonight," he explained to Richmond, who couldn't hear so well. "They're a-comen straight down the ridge, a-taken that ole loggen road. An' when King Devil runs a road, he's in a hurry."

"They'll be a-comen down Richmond's road in full hearen pretty soon," Lister whispered excitedly. "I heard Sourvine not much behind Zing. An' man, oh man, they're a-pressen him hard."

2

EVEN Charlie was silent now and listened with the others for the hounds to top the ridge. Nunn watched a little patch of ragged cloud come up behind the Gourd Neck, move on above Ann Liz's house on the hill above the river — watched it creep across one end of the Big Dipper and wondered if it would cover the North Star and how long it would take.

The North Star dimmed with the first touch of it, and the deep wild bay of a coarse-mouthed hound broke over the ridge crest across the valley, loud and clear as if it had been right on the rock. Nunn sprang to his feet and stood open-mouthed staring through the darkness toward the sound, and Chitwood called out: "Say, ain't that Sourvine? An' Nunn allus sayen that ole Zing can outrun any dog in the country. Where's Zing now?"

Nunn turned slowly, stiffly, suddenly tired with all the heat of the race gone from his body. "Zing, he's dead, you fool."

"Aw, Nunn," Lister comforted, not even listening to his Sourvine, who was giving tongue again. "Mebbe he jist hurt hisself; mebbe he got sick. Listen, mebbe we'll hear him."

"There ain't no rattlesnakes now, an' nothen

could hurt him comen down a straight loggen road," Nunn spoke over his shoulder, for he was already moving through the darkness toward the first jump over the ledge that led to the path down the Pilot Rock. "I tell ye, man, he's dead. Ain't him an' Sourvine been runnen together for goen on three years, an' didn't they allus keep together with Zing allus a little in the lead?"

"But mebbe Sourvine got uncommon fast to-night." Lister came following behind, his talk loud but with no heartiness or belief in it.

Old Richmond was yelling for them to wait until they got a carbide lamp fixed; they'd break their fool necks in the dark. If a body did happen to miss the path by a foot on either side he would land on rocks a hundred feet below. But Nunn crammed his old felt hat into his pocket and sprang down with no more need of a light than King Devil himself. Lister and Ernest Coffee were at his heels and together they went down to the bottom of the valley, crossed the creek, and took the short cut through the woods to the ridge top where Nunn had last heard Zing. They walked swiftly, soundlessly, never groping or stumbling, though under the great hemlocks in the valley a man could not see his hands before his face. On top of the ridge along the road, the gloom was not so deep, but Nunn waited there and called back for the men with lights to come on.

"The last time I heared him he was jist about here," he explained. "An' then we heared Sourvine yon side of the schoolhouse, so I figger he's 'tween here an' yonder."

Charlie Chitwood and old Richmond turned their lamps on full blast and followed Nunn, but in the unaccustomed glare the night woods were unfamiliar to him and he kept stumbling and grasping at shadows, hurrying from first one side of the road to the other, only to find the bit of brownness he had thought was Zing a sandstone or a heap of water-soaked leaves or nothing at all.

It was Lister who found him lying in the middle of the old logging road. He lay on his side with his paws outspread as he lay at home by the hearth fire, and his mouth was open wide the way he opened it when he laughed with the children, but his wide-open eyes remained fixed and unwinking in the blue carbide light.

The men came up in silence and in silence squatted about him in a little circle and looked at him. "Funny," Lister said after a time. "He seemed well as could be, friskin around like a cur pup 'fore the race started."

"He was," Nunn said.

Chitwood glanced uneasily into the wall of dark-

ness past the carbide light. "What killed him, then? A hound don't up an' die; an' nobody'd pizen a hound."

"That danged fox run him to death," Nunn said. "I thought all the time Zing was a-pressen him so hard he couldn't take time for any of his devilish tricks, an' him with his head set all the time on runnen Zing to death. He knowed he was old."

Old Richmond, the farmer, shook his head and sighed: "Aye, he's a fox like any other fox; smarter than most, but not smart like a man."

"Whyn't ye kill him, then, Richmond, if you're smarter'n he is?" Chitwood asked. "An' he's all the time stolen your young lambs and chickens."

"Ain't I tried? Traps, huntin, watchin. Last spring that red devil carried off a lamb not a hundred feet from me, an' I never got a shot at him."

"Spotlight him with a carbide when he swings back this way like he's shore to do, an' ye'll get a shot at him," Ernest suggested, staring out into the darkness.

Lister glanced up at the stars. "Ye know, mebbe I'm crazy but lots a times I know he ain't a fox like other foxes. I recollect a tale my granmammy used to tell about a fox that changed itself into—" Somewhere in the woods a stick cracked. Lister jumped. For a moment all the men were silent. Then Lister suddenly, loudly asked: "How many times hev any of ye seen King Devil's sign, an' we been runnen him goen on six years?"

"Ye know nobody ain't never seen hit," Nunn answered shortly, still gazing down at Zing. "But that ain't a-sayen he's a witch or some sinner's haint that cain't rest easy in his grave an' has to run over these hills. He's jist uncommon smart; he could be spotlighted same as a rabbit or a fish."

"He ain't no rabbit an' he ain't no fish," Charlie giggled. "But hit'd be right good pastime to see ye try. Ye're reckoned one of the best shots in the country, Nunn."

"Listen, man," Richmond spoke up eagerly as a boy. "If'n ye'll kill him this very night I'll give ye ten dollars. He'll kill five times that in lambs for me this comen spring."

3

NUNN seemed not to have heard, and the others were silent while he stripped off his overall jumper and laid it over Zing. Lister looked down at the old dog and after a moment said with a little sigh: "He was the best foxhound, I reckon, that's ever been in these parts, an' 'thout him my Sourvine ain't worth a damn; he's the runnenest fool that ever was, but I allus knowed he used old Zing's nose. Now no

hound'll ever unravel the scent and King Devil'll never be took."

Ernest took a chew of tobacco, then stopped with his mouth open, listening into the darkness. "He's still a-runnen. I hear Sourvine, an' I'm a-thinken of goen after my rifle an' gitten King Devil an' Richmond's money this very night. Reckon ye'd help me, Nunn."

Nunn rolled Zing into the jumper and buttoned it up. Charlie Chitwood tittered: "He ain't no man to be a-coveren up his face that-a-way."

"He was a danged sight more deserven of the name of man than many a one that walks on two legs," Nunn said. "He never lied to me or any man, nor swore, nor used his teeth on anything but a varmint I wanted him to kill. Many's the time I've seen him stand an' cry while the little young-ens, 'fore they's big enough to walk, ud pull his tongue — an' he never got drunk an' he never made his brags about how quick he'd ketch that red devil of a fox like I've done, an' anyhow hit's none of yer damned business if'n I lay ten-dollar gold pieces on his eyes an' bury him in a walnut coffin lined with wool and wrapped in silk."

"Aw, Nunn, nobody wants ye to leave him here for the buzzards. I'll help ye carry him home," Lister offered. "Ye're fergitten, I reckon, how ye helped me dig a grave for my little Bonnie that night she died a-chasen King Devil an' got bit by a rattlesnake I reckon hit was."

"I'll help, too, soon's I git my rifle out of the car," Ernest offered. "Reckon ye'd help me kill that fox, Nunn; I'll split the money with ye."

"Do ye honestly think a body could kill him by shooten?" Charlie Chitwood asked in a low, surprised voice.

"Mebbe he's jist part fox an' has got claws like a wildcat an' can climb a rocky bluff to his hole," somebody said, only half jokingly.

"Did ye ever think that mebbe — mebbe the scent stops an' somethen else a hound dog won't foller — or nothen a-tall begins?" Charlie asked, glancing uneasily at Ernest.

"Good Lord, but ye talk pure idjet," Nunn said, rising disgustedly to his feet. "Someday, sometime, somebody'll come along with a hound that'll press him so hard he cain't jump a bluff into the Cumberland or do whatever hit is he does do when he gits tired a-runnen. . . . Listen. Reckon Sourvine's chasen a haint; for all ye know, he's after Bill Weaver's haint back from hell an' a-tryen to find some liquor."

Old Richmond listened to the lone hound a moment, then shook his head reproachfully at Nunn. "When ye're as old as I am, man, ye won't be a-

talken so easy an' off-like about hell an' them that's dead an' cain't help theirselves."

Nunn said nothin to the old man's reproach but continued to listen to Sourvine. "They're over in the Simp Jones Holler now, an' 'll be swingen back this-a-way 'fore mornen. I'd lay good money on hit; an' Charlie here can take his carbide an' find out if'n hit's a haint Sourvine's a-chasen."

"Not me," Chitwood spoke quick as lightning.

"Nunn," Richmond spoke with urgent earnestness. "Whyn't ye git a gun an' wait by the road an' help Ernest kill him? It ud be worth money to ever' farmer in the country to be rid of that red fox, an' you're about the best shot around."

Nunn shook his head. "I couldn't do it, old man. I've hunted him too long with a hound to spotlight him like he was no better'n a Jap or a rabbit."

"Aw, come on, Nunn, help me kill him. Look at the hounds he's killed. No hound'll ever git him," Ernest begged. "I'm afraid of bad luck by myself."

Lister turned wearily away from listening to his Sourvine. "Aw, go on, Nunn, spotlight him. Without Zing, we'll never git him."

Nunn felt the eyes of all the men upon him, but without answering he glanced overhead at the stars. About three o'clock it must be, and he was tired. Tomorrow while he walked miles rounding up his sheep and salting them, his usual Sunday job, he would be tired with his body crying for sleep, and he was tired of being sleepy, and tired of always hoping, and tired of remembering the brags he had made six years ago. He didn't even have a hound now, and no good pup in sight, and no money to buy one. He cleared his throat, but for a moment the words would not come, and when they did he spoke them to the stars: "Well, I'd try — but I'm not a-wanten to walk four miles home an' back for a gun."

"Ye're welcome to mine. A better shooten gun was never made, an' since we're jist a little piece from my place, I'll go git it into the bargain," Lister offered.

Nunn shook his head as if flies buzzed about his ears, and said nothing.

Chitwood shivered: "Hit could be that that fox could tear a man's throat, or make a gun shoot backwards."

Nunn's voice rose angrily. "Fool. He's flesh an' blood like any other fox. Give me that carbide an' a rifle, an' I'll kill him, spotlight an' bust him right between the eyes, jist as easy as killen a frog. He ain't Bill Weaver's ghost an' he ain't no haint, but I wish to the Lord I had a drink."

Chitwood pulled a pint Mason jar out of his over-all bib. "I been a-saven this to git me back over

the river, but ye're welcome. Hit's soghum whiskey, awful-tasten, but hit's got plenty of burn."

Nunn glanced at it, hardly more than a third full, but enough to warm a man's heart. He swallowed it all without taking his lips from the jar, while the others watched half jealously, half disapprovingly. "Don't go gotten on one of your roaren sprees," old Richmond warned. "I'm gotten old an' not used to sich."

"That wasn't enough to hurt a baby," Nunn answered and walked a few steps away and squatted with his back to a tree and waited for Lister and Ernest to come with the guns. He heard Sourvine give tongue — tired and worried he sounded — up toward the mouth of Brush Creek. King Devil was having his fun tonight letting that fool hound think he could catch him.

The Big Dipper turned lower toward the west, the wind died, and when Ernest and Lister came back frost was beginning to glitter on the withered leaves. No one talked of building a fire, for King Devil might see it. The men moved quietly about, stamping against the cold and talking in low voices like men at a funeral. Nunn continued to sit apart, looking sometimes at the stars, and now and again sighting down the barrel of Lister's rifle. It had a big buck sight, fine for hunting; shooting King Devil as he ran confused and befuddled into a sudden flash of blinding carbide light would be easy.

He heard Sourvine loud and clear rounding the head of Nealy's Creek. King Devil had doubled and was on his way back. Nunn could not sit still but got up clutching the rifle in sweaty hands. Tonight he would make an end of that red-tailed witch, and then he, Nunnally Ballou, could be a man again, working his land and raising his family, instead of a piece of poor white trash getting drunk under the stars and cursing the coming of daylight because every bone in his body ached for sleep. Forget his loud brags and all the fine things he had said yonder so long ago when Zing first got scent of King Devil. He'd thought then it was a red fox he had to catch, not a red devil.

4

ERNEST touched him on the elbow and he jumped as from the touch of a ghost and swore for no reason at all. "How ye aimen to do hit, Nunn?" Ernest asked, too excited to notice that Nunn had called him a dirty name.

"Right between the eyes, God willen."

"I mean where ye a-goen to wait an' where'd I better stand? He's a-comen on fast."

Nunn considered a moment, and then without

answering moved away through the darkness to the knot of men about the carbide lights who had long since left off their ghost tales and stood tense and silent listening, whispering when they talked at all. Nunn whispered too. King Devil could not have heard, but whispers went well with his tongue, for it lay dry and numb in his mouth, and he kept trying to work up a stream of tobacco juice and could not. He commanded them to fill the lamps with fresh carbide and more water, then directed Chitwood to give Ernest his lamp, while he took Richmond's for himself, miner's cap and all. He then had all lights put out, and with the others following, he went down the old logging road. Now and then he called to them in whispered curses to be silent, for Chitwood and the others, without lights, sounded like a herd of cattle crashing through the brush.

Sourvine gave tongue again, no farther away than the upper end of the ridge, and Nunn hurried, almost running toward what he was hunting for and found soon with no groping: a great moss-grown pine trunk, uprooted in some unremembered storm, thick enough so that a man on his knees could be hidden from anything on the other side.

In a high whisper he told Ernest to come on and get behind the log with him. He heard Sourvine again, no more than two miles away it seemed, straight up the ridge and already turned into the old logging road, and he cursed the hound in whispers for his noise. King Devil might come at any minute now, and if he was made of blood and bone like any other animal, he would, no matter how soundless his coming, make a noise that Nunn could hear.

He fumbled for a match and it seemed hours that his sweaty hands were fumbling to light it. The big brass inlaid buttons on his jumper, so good for striking matches, were with the jumper and Zing, and his belt buckle was too smooth. He grabbed Ernest and scratched the match on one of his jumper buttons, and it went out as he struck it.

"That's bad luck," Ernest whispered, staring down at the glowing but flameless match.

"Granny woman," Nunn said and struck another match, and lighted his lamp and Ernest's and listened for King Devil's coming. Faint it would be, like the Cumberland whispering on a rising tide or the noise of a copperhead coiling, but it would be a sound that he could hear.

They held their lights low behind the log, the flames so small they barely lived, and shielded by their hands and arms. "I'll give ye the first three shots," Nunn whispered, and his words sounded loud as Richmond's radio when the batteries were new, "an' if they stop him, Richmond's ten dollars

is your'n. Me, I ain't a-wanten the money. An' lift your head an' shine the light when I say ready."

The carbide light in his miner's cap, encircled by his lifted arms, made a little world of brightness behind the log, and Nunn stared into it, listening. His stomach no longer lay heavy and dead like a cold anvil under his ribs, and he felt curiously light-hearted and happy. It would soon be over; King Devil would be dead and he could sleep easy in his bed like other men, not out staring at the stars, or sitting under a rock house for shelter from a cold, drizzly rain and listening, always listening and hoping and thinking.

Not twenty yards away a dry leaf rattled faintly, and Nunn whispered, "Ready," to Ernest, and both men turned their heads toward the sound and lifted their heads, turning their lights on full blast.

Nunn saw the green fire of two eyes — big as a man's eyes they looked to be, and somehow like a man's eyes they were, too. The eyes were looking past him, coming straight on, not turning away or blinking; blinded and scared, they seemed no more than a man's eyes in the lights. Ernest's bullets sang and he heard the pop-pop of Ernest's rifle; above him in the woods men were screaming; "Shoot, Nunn, you fool, shoot. Ernest ain't a-stoppen him. Shoot, dang hit, shoot."

He heard old Richmond's curses, and his mind, somehow loose and unhung like a feather floating from a striking hawk, thought that the old man ought to be turned out of church for such black talk, but mostly he thought that here was King Devil point-blank at the end of a loaded rifle and his eyes didn't look the way he had thought they would look; it wasn't a bit like shooting a rabbit or a skunk. Back when he'd worked in the company mines a coal car had broken loose from the engine and run backwards; he'd heard the man scream somewhere in the dark and he had gone with his miner's cap on his head like this and spotlighted the man's eyes — wide-open they were and they had looked like this for just a second and then they were not man's eyes, just something glittering like glass or ice or a bit of jack.

He automatically turned his head, keeping the

oncoming eyes full in the glare of the light, expecting them to swerve aside or stop suddenly like a rabbit's eyes under the spotlight, and all the while he could hear the men behind him yelling and cursing him with black bitter oaths and Ernest's bullets still singing and the pops of the rifle that seemed minutes apart instead of seconds.

The popping stopped and Ernest was yelling: "If'n ye ain't gonna shoot, gimme that gun. This-un's empty."

Mechanically, like a man in his sleep, he rolled the gun over his forearm and handed it to Ernest, but even as he did so the eyes disappeared, like stars swallowed in a cloud. "He's jumped over the ridge or run behind a tree," Ernest yelled, and sprang over the log and ran toward the ridge side.

"Hey, ye'll break yer fool neck. They's a bluff there," Richmond called to Ernest, and his voice sounded old and tired and disgusted. "Ye cain't find him anyhow. Whyn't ye kill him, Nunn?"

Nunn sat motionless on a pine log, staring off into the darkness. "I wisht I had a drink," he said.

"Ye've had drink enough," Richmond told him. "Ye'd better be gotten back to yer wife an' young-ens."

"That little swaller's dead in me already," he answered and added softly, "Don't be gotten mad at me, old man, an' don't be tellen me what to do. Nobody can tell me what to do. The good Lord in Heaven cain't tell me what to do, but I can tell ye what I'll do. I'll ketch that big red fox for ye, ketch him fair an' true with a foxhound. Hit went against my grain to shoot him — somehow —"

He got up and shook his fist over the ridge side. "I hope the good Lord in Heaven sends me to brile in hell for a million years if I ever stop chasen that fox 'fore I git him. I'll git him, if'n I have to sell ever' last thing I got to buy me a hound, an' sell ever' last chick to feed him. I'll chase him till I'm crippled an' blind an' bald an' — an' —"

Richmond turned away more in sorrow than anger. "Put's me in mind of the time his grandad got the call to preach. We was cutten pine logs to saw up for to build a side room on his house, an' that side room never got built till his oldest boy got up big enough to drive nails."

PALESTINE: THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

A Survey of Jewish Nationalism

by RABBI MORRIS S. LAZARON

1

WE JEWS are people of sentiment. We are quick to feel because we are well acquainted with sorrow. And yet we are intelligent. If suffering has mellowed our hearts, it has also disciplined our minds. We are old too, and we should be wiser. At the end of the war, when the world will be reorganized, the future of millions of our fellow Jews will be determined. Certainly no voice could be more helpful or potent in the final and happy disposition of Jewish dilemmas than the voice of American Israel.

Grave tasks face us: we must maintain our institutions of religion, of Jewish education, our agencies of philanthropy, and all our communal activities here; we must measurably meet the cries for relief from abroad; we must lay the foundations for rebuilding Jewish life everywhere. Were it possible for us to act together we could accomplish so much more — we could ride the storm, serve our Jewish brethren everywhere, serve our country, the embattled cause of freedom the world over, and fulfill our historic destiny in the spirit of our religious heritage. These huge tasks require all our material, intellectual, and spiritual resources, all the statesmanlike leadership we possess.

I say *act* together, for it is not possible for all of us to think alike. Diversity of thinking is written in the record of Jewish history. No single philosophy or program will be valid for all Jewish communities everywhere. No group or party can speak for all Jews. Yet on the concrete problems of relief and reconstruction perhaps it is possible to reach certain practical propositions upon which all of us can agree.

What is it that we Jews want from the war?

Nothing more nor less than what our fellow citizens want. We want the victory of the Allied Nations

because in that victory are bound up the freedom of man and the future of civilization. We desire opportunities for all peoples. We wish no punitive peace based on hate, because we know such a peace will not endure. We shall work for the security, the stability, of all men. We deeply pray as we fight for a peace based on righteousness, for we are taught that only "the work of righteousness is peace."

For ourselves, we Jews desire the right to live as citizens anywhere in the world so long as we obey the laws of the land where we live. We desire to create in the post-war world such conditions as shall make impossible another eruption of the universal barbarism which parades as anti-Semitism. We desire to maintain and to extend the Palestinian settlement not only as a refuge but in the hope that from the ancient homeland may go forth beneficent and inspiring influences to enrich the life of the world. The homelessness of many Jews is but part of the vast world migration of other uprooted and driven millions, and we will share the obligation to rebuild their lives in happier lands.

It is on the question of Palestine and the place of Palestine in Jewish life that discussion among Jews centers.

For Jews the name Palestine touches profound depths of sentiment. For religious reasons, this feeling is shared to considerable degree by non-Jews as well. There is no difference of opinion among Jews on the question of promoting Jewish immigration into the Holy Land. Today when the Jewish communities of Europe are threatened with destruction, and when the need to find homes for the stricken wanderers is immediate and pressing, the age-old land has offered opportunity and hope.

It is natural, with so many doors closed, that Jews should seek homes in the land which cradled their forebears. It is also natural for all Jews to view with keen disappointment any policy which would sharply limit entrance to Palestine at this

Born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1888, MORRIS SAMUEL LAZARON took his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Cincinnati. He served as a chaplain in the First World War and since then has been the Rabbi of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation.

time. Profound differences of opinion, however, appear as to the place of Palestine in Jewish thinking.

In general, there are two groups. One looks to the establishment in Palestine of an independent Jewish state. Jews in this group believe the Jews to be a people like any other people, entitled for its own dignity to free political existence, and that the establishment of such a Jewish state will be the most effective instrumentality in stabilizing and normalizing what they allege to be the anomalous position — the “homelessness” — of the Jewish people of the world. United political action for world Jewry is their technique and program.

There are other Jews who refuse to make united political action the basis of their hope. They fear such a program as a departure from Jewish tradition. They appreciate and would conserve the sense of brotherhood among the Jews of the world, but they do not look with favor upon having that brotherhood take on the trappings of nationhood. *They are pro-Palestine but anti-nationalist.* They believe that the Jewish settlement in Palestine can serve its purpose as a refuge and center of Jewish life without the accompaniment of political considerations, which they deem not only unnecessary but dangerous.

They regard as a disservice the inclusion, in the Republican and Democratic platforms, of Jewish nationalist demands. Aside from the fact that the Palestine planks of both parties are obviously only political gestures, they are concerned at this implication that Jews vote as a bloc to which special appeal must be made. They further believe there is an American Jewish approach imbued with the free spirit of America.

They desire unity among Jews. They believe that here and elsewhere Israel has survived and will survive as a religious community. They believe that a Jewish state or Jewish international political action will not solve the problems of anti-Semitism but will aggravate them by building barriers between Jews and their fellow citizens and by giving ammunition to the anti-Semite.

Palestine, they declare, can absorb only a limited number of Jews; the vast millions must continue to live throughout the world. They are unwilling to take the chance of prejudicing the status of those millions. They believe Jewish life in this country can be rich and creative. Their positive program urges greater effort to promote among Jews here a knowledge of Jewish history, literature, and tradition and to deepen the religious life of the American Jew.

Here, then, are the two positions. In one, Pales-

tine is central; in the other, Judaism. In one, Judaism is a national religion with universalistic overtones; in the other, Judaism is a universal religion, and Jews and all who identify themselves with Judaism are the bearers and interpreters of this universal religion.

The purpose of this paper is to present the position of the Jews who deny the secular basis of Jewish life, reject the nationalist position, and conceive the Jews of the world to be a religious community.

2

THE Jewish feeling for Palestine is based largely on tradition and sentiment, plus desperate need. It is strengthened by anguish for loved ones who have suffered and are suffering miserably, by the wish to help them find a home in this distracted world. “All Israel are brethren” is a common phrase. But only in our times has the religious community of Israel been given a secular basis and a political goal.

The drive for a Jewish state derives from an infection. The contemporary Jew caught the nationalistic germ from the world about him. The alleged “ethnic consciousness” of the Jew, expressing itself in political form, rises out of the profound despair, the utter weariness, the apparent hopelessness of the Jewish struggle for existence, for security — the grievous and mortifying acceptance of himself as the hated wanderer never sure anywhere of a permanent home.

It is rooted too in the innate pride which resents discrimination and which would find compensation in showing the nations what he can do as a Jew. They, the peoples, rejected him, but he will create a new life in the old land and new ways of living, man with man; new prophets will rise to challenge wrong, and latter-day poets whose psalms will once more exalt the human spirit. In this way Palestine the mother country, Palestine the refuge, Palestine the spiritual homeland, became Palestine the Jewish state. Praiseworthy sentiments concerning Palestine, shared by large numbers of Jews, are transmuted by the feeling of hopelessness into a demand to be like other nations.

I recognize the sense of community among Jews; I reject the ethnic basis of Jewish life.

Furthermore, the official and immediate Jewish nationalist demands voiced in the Biltmore Platform of the Zionist Organization of America and adopted by the American Jewish Conference — a Jewish army, unlimited Jewish immigration into Palestine under Jewish control, the establishment of a Jewish commonwealth — reveal inconsistencies which are

hard to reconcile. They proclaim unreserved support of the United Nations, yet agitate for a Jewish army. They declare readiness to coöperate with the Arabs, but demand that the Jewish Agency have full control of unlimited immigration. They deny "diaspora nationalism" for Jews, but, demanding "international status for the Jewish people," call upon Jews who are citizens of other countries to work for a political goal related to a land other than their own. No stable future for the Jew in Palestine or anywhere else can be built on such foundations.

It is quite probable that the vast majority of American Jews, if given opportunity to help find homes for fellow Jews in Palestine and so to express their sense of Jewish solidarity and the sentiment which attaches to Palestine, — if given, in other words, a positive, constructive Palestine program, — will reject Jewish nationalism for themselves and their children.

The Jewish nationalist seems to believe that for the millions who must live outside Palestine the only future is "to be annihilated in a process of assimilation." But these millions desire to remain Jews and believe they can remain Jews, good Jews, in the lands where they live. The Jewish nationalist agrees that the test of democracy is the attitude of the peoples to the Jews who live among them. But he apparently holds out little hope that this attitude can be civilized or that there will be surcease from suffering. He sees Jews outside Palestine as living always in uncertainty, under constant threat of expulsion.

This is a counsel of despair; it denies that there can be any progress, or that freedom and democracy will spread among men.

3

THERE have been and probably will be recurrent crises, upsets in world history, in which suffering compasses wide areas and involves many people — war, revolution, economic disasters. But the suffering of the Jew is also recurrent. It parallels world disturbance or follows it. Yet it occurs on its own and in periods when there is no great upheaval, though it is most frequently associated with some internal situation in the land where it is found. The persistence and prevalence of anti-Semitism are what distinguish it and what trouble us. It gives some semblance of truth to the claim that the situation is hopeless.

With the rise of the temporal power of the Church, economic and political persecutions were added to

religious persecution. Generation after generation was bred in the instruction that the Jew had rejected the true faith. He was a being apart. Special conditions of life had to be created for him. Laws and regulations were set up to govern his relations with his Gentile neighbors. He was forced to live in ghettos, to wear certain garments. His occupations were limited. Thus temporal and spiritual authorities combined to set in motion a dual process of emotional and intellectual inbreeding which worked harm for the Christian and disaster for the Jew.

The more the Jew was persecuted, the more convinced he became of the truth of his Teaching. He fed his pride from the same source. The world shut him out, but he had his God and God's gift — his Teaching.

It was an extraordinary but natural example of compensation. But like all compensations under such conditions, it did not make for completely wholesome attitudes, either towards himself or towards the world. The amazing thing about this aspect of Jewish experience is that the Jew was able to develop, shut off as he was, such a culture of heart and mind. The list of our unsung saints is as long as the list of our martyrs.

Eighteen centuries of enforced isolation developed much of what are commonly and wrongly called Jewish characteristics. Often the Jew was blamed for the very things which this separation from the peoples had caused. The robe of shame which at times he was forced to wear later became to the Jew himself the badge of his tribe. The Gentile saw and said: "The Jew is different." The Jew said and felt: "I am different." And for compensation he accepted and glorified this difference in thinking and practice.

It was not until comparatively modern times that brave spirits arose who were not hindered by theological or other prejudices. A new wind was blowing over the world. In the unfolding revelation of God, the spirit of man was groping out of darkness toward the light. The longing for freedom stirred the hearts of the peoples. Leaders arose in many lands who entered the lists in the struggle for political and civil rights for all men. And Jews in those lands where freedom was realized shared the new-won blessing. But the influence of the centuries was strong.

The Jew, struggling out of his sense of apartness after the first flush of freedom wherever he enjoyed it, still was victim of the sense of a difference between him and his fellow men, other than religious. The adjustment of the emancipated Jew was not complete either within himself or in his relations with his Gentile neighbors. Furthermore, millions of

his brethren still lived in lands where the old patterns were strong, persisting in the economic, social, political, — as well as religious, — status of the Jew. The Jew was constantly pulled back to the community suffering of his fellow Jews.

The world considered him different. It did not treat the Jew as an individual human being who may be good, bad, or indifferent. It generalized on the old patterns and applied the general antipathy to the particular individual Jew. Good Jews, bad Jews — they were all alike: an alien clan to be persecuted or pitied or tolerated.

This cruel situation still obtains. Only the very stout-hearted can stand against it. Under such circumstances it is natural that many Jews accept the philosophy of Jewish nationalism.

The heart of the problem is: Can anything be done by Jew and Gentile to break down this centuries-old misunderstanding? Need the Jew be always "different," "alien," "foreign," in Gentile eyes or feel himself so in his own eyes? I believe much can be done by both Gentile and Jew if they care enough about it. Neither can effect the change alone.

Many throw up their hands and say: "Useless! Prejudice against the Jew is a fact in the world that can't be changed. Accept it. Also accept the Jewish consciousness of folk and national difference, and proceed from there."

There are logic and meaning in the position of the nationalists. Other peoples have a nationalist basis for their life. Among other peoples there are the religious, the non-religious, the irreligious. So with Jews. Other peoples have a land of their own. Jews should have a land of their own. With these basic presumptions accepted, the logic of the Jewish nationalist is irrefutable and all the political effort of Jewish nationalists becomes justified. There *should* be a Jewish army, a Jewish state, international political representation and all that goes with it. Logic demands, too, that for the time being there should be a Jewish government in exile. The idea was suggested among Jewish nationalists but never carried through, though the Jewish Agency in Washington or the Emergency Committee for Zionist Affairs or the World Jewish Congress might qualify.

While it is possible to see the rationale of this position and the activities that flow from it, and to admit the right of Jews to espouse it and to act upon it, it is equally possible to see the rationale of the other side — Jews as a religious community scattered as other religious communities throughout the world — and admit the right of Jews to espouse it and to act upon it.

We are indeed at the turn of the road. This is perhaps the most important decision which the Jew

in America and the world has had to face for centuries.

We have attempted the impossible. We have tried to have our cake and eat it too. We have tried to unite the utterly opposite. We have accepted the "folkist" basis of Jewish life, but we have insisted that we are followers of a universal religion. It cannot be done! We are either a people entitled to all the attributes of nationhood, including a state, or we are a religious community. We cannot be both.

4

FOR all the reversion to the brutal which the present war indicates, the progress of man is forward. This present time is but a temporary setback. Already the lines of a new, happier order are being drawn. The Atlantic Charter opened new vistas. The declarations of the Moscow Conference, the passage by Congress of the Connally Resolution, the creation of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in which forty-four nations joined, the War Refugee Board, the Pope's Five Points for Peace, the Malvern Conference statement, various denominational declarations on the peace, and the "Pattern for Peace," the unprecedented proclamation on the post-war world by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders in October, 1943 — all these indicate that the people are determined to wrest blessing from the struggle. I do not look for Utopia after the guns are silent, but we shall indeed take a few steps forward, building upon the ruins of Versailles and the League a nobler structure of human and international relations.

The test of democratic civilization lies in its attitude to the Jews. Certainly the status of Jews in England, France, the United States, and even in pre-Hitler Germany indicates an advance over the Middle Ages. "*Eppur si muove* — Nevertheless, it moves" is just as true of human life as it is of the earth. Temporary setbacks do not change the general direction. Jewish-Christian relations are changing today. Jewish-Christian relations are better today. They will be better in the long tomorrow. The present anti-Semitism in some quarters is matched by an increasing understanding of the Jew and Judaism and by sympathy and support of persecuted Jews in every country of the world. King Christian of Denmark is reported to have declared: "If the Germans want to put the yellow badge on the Jewish citizens of Denmark, I and my whole family will wear it as a sign of the highest distinction."

Priests and Protestant ministers in France, Bel-

gium, and Holland have been jailed, tortured, exiled, and killed for defending and helping Jews, and thousands of lowly Christian folk, revolted by the brutality of the Nazis, have justified their Christian faith by acts of compassion for the stricken children of Israel. As the magnificent statement of the Danish Bishops put it: "Notwithstanding our separate religious beliefs, we will fight to preserve for our Jewish brothers and sisters the same freedom we ourselves value more than life. . . . It is evident that in this case we are obeying God rather than men."

All but the most prejudiced see today that anti-Semitism is an instrument used by designing men to destroy society. To be hopeless is to reject the concept of progress in human life. In a real sense, it is to reject the existence of God. The physical suffering of the Jew may be the test of democracy, but the examples of Christian comradeship with Jewry, persecuted yet heroically faithful, might be the inspiration of world redemption.

It will not be easy to break down the old patterns, to educate the peoples to an appreciation rather than a suspicion and fear of differences, to deal without prejudice with the Jew. This is the Gentile problem. The same historic factors which have conditioned the Jew have molded the Gentile attitudes toward the Jew. To change the Jewish pattern is a problem primarily for Jews, but Gentiles can help. To change the Gentile pattern is primarily a problem for Gentiles, but Jews can help. Unless the Gentile yields to a process of re-education, nothing the Jew does will help.

While some progress has been made, earnest Christians and Gentiles will realize that much more needs to be done. It is not enough to mobilize church and religious agencies and to pass resolutions in meetings and conventions. Unfortunately, relations between Christians and Jews are for the most part on an economic basis only. Except for occasional communal projects, contacts between the two groups are all too frequently limited to business. The Gentile sells to or buys from the Jew; the Jew sells to or buys from the Gentile. It is inevitable under such conditions, when the tensions of hard times come, that the strain is felt on its only point of contact. Temper Christian and Jewish relationships with the warmth of friendly intercourse, mellow them with the waters of understanding, and we shall have a much firmer, more wholesome basis on which to build.

Gentiles, Christians, and Jews, white men, black men, brown men, and yellow men, Americans all, have shared in the cruel hardship and dangers of war, have seen that bravery and sacrifice are not

things of creed and color. They must carry over into the tasks of peace the nobler impulses bred by the camaraderie of war.

But because Gentiles are in the vast majority — there are about 5 million Jews among the 130 million people here — a grave responsibility rests upon them.

Jews cannot dismiss the natural drive for homogeneity within any national group. It is basic. We must take this into consideration in any thinking about the future of the Jew in America. The Jewish nationalist and the "folkist" Jew give little thought to this important subject. They usually content themselves with castigating the non-nationalist Jew or attempting to floor him with the accusation: "You believe in American nationalism but not in Jewish nationalism." They assume the two are parallel. They are not.

Israel Zangwill, in his essay on nationalism, differentiates between nations which have crystallized and those in the process of crystallization. He classifies the United States as a nation in the making, because of the great varieties of peoples and cultures which have come to its shores. This idea, however, does not imply the development of an American nationalism that will exclude differences. We desperately need in our country a chastened and changed attitude toward minorities.

But minorities must recognize the deep impulse in every nation toward homogeneity. It is a natural tendency in a maturing state. Sometimes the impulse takes the form of legislative compulsion. More often, in democracies, it is a more or less conscious movement toward some inner harmony resulting from the free interplay of social, economic, political, religious, racial, and cultural forces and groups. Majorities and minorities unfold, evolve, draw from, interpenetrate each other, contribute to — and change — each other.

The spirit of America has wrought mighty changes in everything it has touched.

The current concept of cultural pluralism recognizes the values of variety and represents a praiseworthy determination to accept differences. But Jewish nationalists should not delude themselves. Cultural pluralism is only a lodging for the night, a transition philosophy in the unfolding of American life. It is a wholesome but a temporary concept designed to tide us over a period of adjustment. It may endure for a century. But there is an inexorability in the laws of social evolution — a movement through diversity toward unity.

For the Jew to whom loyalty to a religious tradition is the foundation of Jewish solidarity, not suicide but the preservation of this religious tradi-

tion in the land of his habitation is the important object. For the Gentile, loyalty to his great tradition must be preserved. But suppose Gentile adjustment is met by Jewish adjustment? History gives ample and eloquent testimony to this possibility. Jews and Gentiles are living together, working together, some of them even praying together. Who can predict what will result from this easy, natural interplay? Perhaps something greater and nobler than our present concepts of Christianity and Judaism, which will inform and change both. This need not make for the extinction of either, but for exaltation of both — each after its own genius.

American Jews might confidently reject Jewish nationalism and the ethnic basis of Jewish life and, at the same time, make the brave assertion of Judaism as a universal religion and the comradeship of Israel as a religious community.

5

MEANWHILE, the practical difficulties remain.

The post-war world may be marked by great movements of population, even as the war itself. The extent of such migrations cannot now, of course, be determined. Jews all over Europe have been forced to leave homes where they have lived for centuries, as have Poles, Russians, Greeks, and other peoples among whom Jews lived. It is not too much to hope that with the implementation of the Atlantic Charter the rights and privileges of citizenship will be restored to Jews along with all those from whom these rights and privileges have been taken. Nor is it too much to believe that these rights will be guaranteed. Many Jews will return with their neighbors to the lands where their fathers lived. There will be Jews who will wish to settle in Palestine. Certainly the spadework has been done and the land is already prepared to receive as large an immigration as possible in the circumstances.

It must be remembered that the name Palestine evokes the ancient sanctities of Christendom and holy memories of the Mohammedan world. In this land the past reaches down into the present and the present draws upon the past, so that in the future of Palestine are involved not only the memories of three great religions and the needs and hopes of many Jews, but the tangled threads of many complex economic, political, and national problems

that extend far beyond the boundaries of Palestine and concern a vaster population than those who now live within its borders.

These sobering considerations entered into the Balfour Declaration, which was a sincere attempt to satisfy the historic, sentimental, racial, religious, and other factors which crowd into that little land. These considerations are present in the picture today. And it is obvious to all reasonable men that they will continue to be present in any foreseeable future.

What, then, is to be done? In spite of the deep-rooted differences among them, is it not possible for Jews to unite on a program of practical action so just, so statesmanlike, that it will rally the leadership of the world to its support and bring the greatest measure of help to our brethren? Surely the violence of partisanship among Jews should be submerged in the light of the tragedy of our brother Jews. And surely, too, the primary question is: How can we best help our brethren?

Any program in the very nature of the situation can only lay down certain principles, the details of which will have to be worked out over a period of years and in many discussions. The following principles, however, are basic: —

1. International guarantee of the rights of all Jews to residence and citizenship anywhere.
2. The rehabilitation of Jewish life in all its phases — relief, restoration to old homes, finding new homes — to be undertaken as part of the international coöperative effort of post-war reconstruction.
3. International guarantee of the largest possible Jewish immigration into Palestine; emphasis upon the economic development of the land in a series of five- or ten-year plans during which specific tasks will be undertaken, the determination of its political future to be postponed till more favorable conditions shall have been developed, at which time a democratic self-governing commonwealth shall be set up guaranteeing equal rights for all its citizens and religio-cultural autonomy for those groups which desire it.

It is not labels that count, but life. This may be an excursion into Utopia, but since when have dreams and visions been banned from Church and Synagogue?

"I NEVER TASTED IT"

by DAVID FAIRCHILD

1

I HAVE been playing with many sorts of new fruits and vegetables ever since New Year's, 1897, off Penang, when I promised my old friend Barbour Lathrop that I would stop studying termites and make my lifework the introduction of new fruits and plants into America.

"Uncle Barbour" was a real gourmet; he had been around the globe twenty times and had tasted the dishes of the distant peoples on this planet. He believed we had a lot to learn; he knew that many of his countrymen were, so far as their taste in foods was concerned, still in the "ham and eggs, grits and bacon" stage. *Pie à la mode* had not then been invented.

When he urged me to become an introducer of plants, it was not his idea that I should go about tasting and recommending any food that might happen to evolve from plant materials. He knew that appetites differ (he himself never came to like the durian) and that most people are thoughtless about their food. He taught me, for example, not to blunt my appetite with bread when some delicate meat or fish had been ordered. I remember a meal we had in Vienna. He had ordered a sterlet, which he said was the finest-flavored fish in the world, when his eye caught me stuffing French bread — great slices off a loaf two feet long — into my mouth.

"Haven't you got *any* sense? Don't you know I have ordered a sterlet? Do you know what a sterlet from the Danube costs? If only to respect my pocketbook, can't you control that habit of bread eating?"

Under the hammering of his sarcasm, I came to pay attention to what I ate. I had already done a little exploring on my own in Italy, where I acquired

One of our most famous plantsmen and explorers of new fruits and cereals, DR. DAVID FAIRCHILD brought back to the Department of Agriculture and through his organization bestowed on the country at large the soy bean, several new kinds of wheat, and a wealth of new fruits and vegetables which, thus far, Americans have, for the most part, been too suspicious to taste, much less to enjoy.

a surprising taste for *Vermicelli à la Napolitaine*, *Macaroni con Pomodoro*, and *la Sorba*, a favorite fruit of the South Italians which must be almost rotten before it is good. Because of my acquisitions in Italy, my friends in Washington had given me something of a reputation as a connoisseur of foods. I sent them fifty-two varieties of "pastas," the various forms of macaroni to be found on the Naples market, and had told them how to cook spaghetti. For in those days, which still seem as yesterday, the macaronis were almost unknown to most Americans. The stuff we cooked in a baking dish had little in common with the great macaroni dishes of Italy. The macaroni made in America was not made of the same kind of flour; it was made of soft Fife wheat and had a chalky look and taste about it. But my friends liked the vermicelli and spaghetti I brought them from the other side.

Now forty years have passed and I have been asked by a Boston editor to give an account of "the strange foods" such as those he tasted at our table in Coconut Grove out under the big *Ficus* tree — the dasheen and Talinum and the Chaya.

His visit reminds me of another editors' luncheon I attended — when I was the guest of the late Walter Hines Page and his partner, F. N. Doubleday, at Garden City, Long Island. I was trying to stir up interest in dasheens and had sent some ahead for this meal. The cook served them well and all the editors tasted them. Some said they were fine, some said they were inferior to potatoes, and some, seeing that they were covered with fibers, called them "bearded potatoes." Mr. Page declared he liked them, and I left the table comforted, although not much encouraged. It makes a lot of difference what adjectives you use.

My friend and co-worker, Robert Young, and I decided we should work out some recipes for this new root vegetable. We burned much midnight oil preparing advertising signs; we wrote descriptive accounts of the dasheen and took hundreds of attrac-

tive photographs of a field of dasheens in West Florida, of the tubers alone, and of the delicious-looking finished products, such as dasheen chips, baked dasheen, mashed dasheen, and dasheens used for turkey stuffing. We were ahead of the times with our photographic representations of foods pleasingly served.

But with all our enthusiasm we ran head on into the impossibility of describing the flavor of this thing which we held admiringly in our hands. "What is a dasheen, anyhow?" people would ask. When we tried to tell our listeners, they looked at us with a vacant stare. "Oh, it's just a kind of potato," they would conclude. "But it has a different taste," we would insist. "Is it better?" they would retort. "Well, perhaps not better, but different — it has a nutty flavor." "Who wants a nutty flavor in his potatoes? I don't." And there the conversation came to a standstill. "Drat them," we thought, "they have made up their minds to dislike our dasheen before they have even tasted it." And at that time there was no radio, no radio chant available — *Dasheens, why not try the Delicious Dasheens!* — with which to overcome that distaste. It made no difference that the dasheen *was* a delicious vegetable upon which whole populations depend for their daily meal; it still is no better known in the United States than our Indian corn is known in Ireland or France — and no more appreciated, let me add.

2

SINCE those days of youthful enthusiasms, many changes, such as that produced by the soy bean, have come about through the introduction of foreign plants into our gardens and our farms. And I am still working at the problem of popularizing them, if it can be called a problem. Instead of describing my Talinum, a summer spinach from the tropics, which hundreds of South Florida growers are eating, or the Chaya from Honduras, the fresh leaves of which sting one's hands but which have five times as much vitamin C as does the citrus fruit, let me explore for a little this question of taste, which I appreciate more as our guests fly in and out every week from the farthest spots around the globe.

During the days of our dasheen "drive," my wife and I went one day to Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and on the wall of the hotel bedroom I saw a poem which opened my eyes to one of the obstructions in the way of my attempt to popularize foreign fruits and vegetables. It was a British rhyme. I wish I had my copy handy. It characterized the French as "the frog-eating Frenchmen" in comparison with

the "beef and ale Britishers." The inference was that nobody who liked frogs' legs could be any good — as a fighter, in any case. For how could frogs' legs compare with roast beef or beefsteak as food for soldiers?

I little dreamed that one day I should hear from the lips of the French Ambassador to Washington — to whom we had gone with a proposal that we send a team of sweet potato growers to grow sweets in Algeria, and thus help the food situation in France — that his countrymen would not eat sweet potatoes. He had once tasted one that had been placed on his plate at a dinner party. "But," he declared, "I would never eat another." And this while our boys fighting in France were eager for them — "If only I could get my teeth into a Jersey sweet!"

Gradually it dawned on me that there was nothing trivial about these vagaries in taste — that they were evidences of something deeper and more significant than I had dreamed of. The man in the street would say, "You cannot discuss matters of taste," and if he wanted to be impressive he would say it in Latin. But there was something elemental in this difference and at times this hostility of taste.

My old friend William Morton Wheeler of Harvard gave me a German translation of a book by a Spaniard, Turró, which attempted to show that the origin of consciousness in a newborn babe gathers about the sense of taste. Soon after this, Professor G. H. Parker published a book on the sense of taste, and from it I learned about the functions of the different taste buds which cover various areas of the tongue, each conveying to the brain its distinct sensation, be it of sweetness or bitterness or acidity or salinity. Until this time I think I had assumed that the senses of taste of my friends were substantially the same as my own; and when they refused to like what I did, I attributed their disgust to indifference or plain prejudice.

Much later there came the discoveries of Dr. A. F. Blakeslee, who, by the use of a standard synthetic chemical called phenyl-thio-carbamide, demonstrated that some persons have taste buds incapable of detecting its flavor, which to others seems intensely and even objectionably bitter. Experiments with a "taster paper" (sheets of paper soaked in the chemical) led to a suspicion which seems well founded, that those who are "tasters" and can detect the bitterness get this sensitivity of their taste buds from their ancestors; that it has a hereditary factor in it. After this discovery, people could no longer be dogmatic and declare that "it is all foolishness, this idea that you don't like chocolate, or coffee, or the bitter quality of beer."

In other words, to apply it personally, my taste buds seemed to react to certain flavors in a different way from those of many of my friends. I could enjoy foods which they objected to and said they could not learn to like.

This discovery made me more tolerant. It began to be evident that there was a physical basis for taste; that to insist people should all like the same thing was unscientific; and that to be annoyed when people did not like my new fruits was perhaps unwarranted. How could I have any good idea of just what impression a delicious — to me — canistel was making on my friends' taste buds when I watched their wry faces as they tasted it?

3

BUT this analysis of taste buds was only part of the answer. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson refused even to taste the beautiful mango I brought him. He had fixed food habits, I concluded. He was a man from the hog and corn region of Iowa and saw no particular reason for changing his ways. Once, to my discomfiture, he inquired why I was introducing a grass from Brazil — the Capim Gordura — if our cattle would not eat it, as had been reported to him from Florida. I did not then know — and doubt if he did either — that sometimes steers brought in from the range will refuse to eat corn, will almost starve before they will touch it. Nor had I at that time seen the movie film of a fat stock show in Brazil which showed all the animals feeding on this disputed grass. Here there was evidently the question of habit, a resistance to the trying of something new, for we know that cattle in Latin America have become fond of the grass. In Colombia, Capim Gordura now covers thousands of miles of mountain slopes and is looked upon as the greatest single plant introduction made there, worth many millions of dollars annually.

I was also forced to recognize another factor in taste in foods — the food allergies. I used to think they were overestimated, though I could not deny that many people were made ill by certain foods, such as cucumbers or oysters. When, however, I was suddenly hit over the head — I might almost say stunned — by an allergy against fish, a food which I had eaten freely for over sixty years, I opened my eyes wide to what appeared to be a change in my old body. David Fairchild of yesterday was not David Fairchild of today; something in the chemical make-up of his body had changed. I was very loath to believe it, but five successive trials on various kinds of perfectly fresh fish resulted almost immedi-

ately in the recognized signs of my allergy — sneezing and nausea and all the rest.

So, instead of becoming simpler, things have become more complex in this field of new foods to which I have long devoted myself.

While we in the Office of Plant Introduction in Washington were bewildered by the various difficulties of popularizing such fruits as the mango and the avocado, the vegetable udo, the various root crops and the shoots of the bamboo, not to mention dehydrated vegetables, other researchers were studying the meaning of words and the effects of distaste with its accompaniment of frustration and hate.

It was in the house of William Morton Wheeler that I met Count Alfred Korzybski. He is one of the most striking-looking and intense persons I have ever met, and Morton and I listened to him for an hour or more. I have kept in rather close touch with Korzybski since that morning in Wheeler's drawing room, studying his great work, *Science and Sanity*, and watching the progress of his Institute of General Semantics in Chicago. The conviction has grown on me that our abysmal ignorance of the use of words is not likely to lead us into a world of better agreements, personal or political.

I realized that I was in the realm of general semantics as soon as I attempted to get my friends to see that it was unscientific to blurt out that they did not like mangoes when they had tasted only one of the rank, turpentine-flavored, stringy seedlings which have been responsible for the labeling of this superb fruit as "a ball of tow dipped in turpentine and molasses, which must be eaten in a bathtub." This statement, which is true of Mango 1, a turpentine seedling, is utterly false when applied to any of the fine, fiberless, East Indian mangoes. Unfortunately, for a generation the whole American public has been prejudiced — even many otherwise careful scientific men.

Everywhere I turned with my new fruits or vegetables I met the same careless, false-to-fact evaluation of their qualities and their possibilities. Name-calling, ignorant insinuations, even reflections on those who said they were good, universal caricature, unscientific diagnosis of the effects of eating them, and an amazing conservatism have tended to restrict agriculture, not to the food plants which could be grown in a country, but to those which the inhabitants of that country have deigned to learn to eat.

The unreasoning vagaries of taste are, I suspect, one of the many unreasoning prejudices with which all of us fill our short lives and mess up our existences, ending often in that most unscientific behavior known as hate.

4

LISTEN for a moment to our table conversation here on The Kampong.

Joe is devouring pigs' knuckles and dilating on the delicious character of the jelly-like substance under the skin. "But I just can't eat pumpkin pie; it has something revolting about it. I like sweet potato pie, but pumpkin pie — bah!" "Do you like kidneys?" I inquire. "No, I can't bear them," he replies, whereupon Tom states that he is very fond of kidneys, particularly pork kidneys — in fact he likes almost any part of the pig.

In the soup which had just been served, the cook had put the shell-less eggs taken from the ovaries of the hen we were to have for dinner, and we all liked them. But when I described what is one of the great delicacies of the Filipinos (who are good cooks and gourmets), the *balut*, which is a young unhatched duckling boiled in the shell, both of my guests shuddered and declared they could never eat such a thing. "Think of its feathers and little scaly feet and its eyes," they said. "No *balut* for us, thank you." I could not help wondering how they could eat the stubbly neck, the greasy fat tail or "Pope's nose," the legs, the gizzard, the heart, the liver, everything but the crop of a chicken and yet be unable to stand the thought of tasting a little duckling on the half shell.

What is the matter here? What is wrong with the *balut*? Why this violent prejudice against it? Had I stayed longer in Manila, I should have studied this *balut* and might have learned to enjoy it, as has one young Englishman who is interned in Santo Tomas. On a diet of *baluts* and bananas he is reported to be thriving and to have the appearance of a "well-fed gourmet."

Tom Barbour and I like the fat grubs which are found in certain forest trees. We have both eaten fried grasshoppers, and Tom has eaten a very long list of animals, including rattlesnakes, lizards, armadillos, turtles of all sorts, and of course many kinds of game birds and animals from bears to hippopotami and tepesquintli — indeed there seems to be little that moves about and can be caught which he would not taste. In Zanzibar he shocked his family by serving a durian (the fruit that he describes as "a mixture of peach, garlic, and almonds"), upsetting the ladies almost to nausea. But let me put before him a delicious *bael* fruit, which is the favorite fruit of the Kings of Kandy, and one which the connoisseurs in India declare is one of their great fruits, and he will thrust it away at once!

When I sat in the famous Sun Ya restaurant in

Shanghai and tasted the strange foods on its menu, I could not but be aware of the enormous richness in the variety of Oriental plants compared with those of our market gardens. A new cookbook just out advertises "750 Dishes from Overseas." The recipes have been gathered from Belgium, Norway, France, Holland, Sweden, Canada, New Zealand, and Africa it says. But on examination I find that in these 750 new dishes only the fifteen commonest garden vegetables are involved. I have on my shelf here Ochse's *Vegetables of the Dutch East Indies*, in which more than 300 species of vegetables — not recipes but distinct botanical species — are beautifully illustrated with drawings by Javanese artists.

It may be healthy to recall some of the early prejudices which the grapefruit, the avocado, and the mango had to overcome before they reached the stalls of the ultra-conservative dealers of our great cities. Years ago my friend Joshua Chase, on a chance, sent a couple of crates of grapefruit with his shipment of oranges across the continent to Seattle. He didn't hear from them until years later when he met the dealer and learned that he had had only one customer for them. This person had bought one of the crates and after eating the fruit had come around and bought the second crate. Nobody else who came to his store had the curiosity to try a grapefruit.

I recall vividly the hours I spent pleading with the managers of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, the Touraine in Boston, and the New Willard in Washington to give the avocado and the mango a chance on their menus; to do their share in advertising and popularizing them. "But that's the fruitgrower's business," they always maintained, not realizing the snags in the way of the grower who tries to promote his small crop of a new fruit.

The more familiar I became with the workings of a large hotel, the more clearly I perceived the difficulties which the chef has to meet in teaching his assistants to prepare any new fruit or vegetable. As one of them expressed it: "I would have a strike on my hands if I tried to get my men to prepare the dasheens you want us to serve."

There are many strange cases of food prejudice. I recall my old friend George Kennan's graphic account of the Wandering Koraks of Kamchatka; of how they would guard their reindeer herds through the bitter Arctic night, with temperatures of 50 below zero, protecting them from the wolves; of how they ate every part of the animals, even the horns and half-digested contents of their stomachs — but never drank their milk. And this in contrast to the Lapps of Norway and the farmers of Alaska, who milk their reindeer regularly.

Eugene André, the orchid hunter of the Orinoco, whom I knew well, once made a disastrous trip up the river Caura in Venezuela to the land of the Waiomgomo Indians. Although half starving, his Indian companions threw away the tripe of the tapirs they shot. They saved the hoofs and scratched carefully on them the sex of the animal. "For," they explained, "we use the scrapings from these hoofs for medicine, but to give the scrapings of a male tapir to a man, or of a female one to a woman, annuls its value."

I once spent a summer at the St. Andrews Biological Station on the Bay of Fundy, watching the fertilization of the sea alga, *Fucus*. The male cells as they swarmed in their sporangia before darting out to fertilize the eggs floating under my micro-

scope seemed to have personality, and I recall watching one cell whose activity made me single it out as a super individual. I wonder if it beat the others to the egg cell and got into it before they did.

As I am writing these lines, there comes a paper from St. Andrews, in which the author, M. W. Smith, seems to prove that the *Chilodon*, a species of ciliated protozoan, "selects its food." At least, when put into a vessel where five million cells of one species of *Scenedesmus* are all about it and only a hundred thousand of a different genus, *Chlamydomonas*, the protozoan gorges on the rarer food and hardly touches the more abundant one.

Instinctively we shrug our shoulders and say: "Well, he just didn't like the one — he preferred the other." Yes; but the mystery remains.



THE MYTH OF GIFTS

by MARY GRANT

IN A green-shadowed meadow
Once, before Time was hours,
The creatures, in rehearsal
To show their new-given powers,
Came trooping, one by one,
Past Titan's younger son,
Ready for the dispersal;

And Epimetheus, dealing
His gifts with reckless hand,
Smiled at the leopard bland,
Her curved claws half-revealing,
At shambling bears, with jaws
Sagging, and awkward paws
Their violence concealing.

Grasshoppers' grave-faced children
Tried on their shining armor,
Stretching their legs to test
Each tender joint with care;
Against the cooler air
Into her woolly vest
The old sheep settled, warmer;

The monkey pondered shrewdly
His tail; and shy, but proud,
Long-necked giraffes moved gently
Out of the swelling crowd
Where the woods' shadows thin
Flickered their dappled skin;
The braying ass stamped rudely;

And owls with ruffled feathers,
And hawks, on lean curved wing,
Flew past — all creatures dowered
With beak or claw or sting,
For strength or guile assessed,
Into the forest pressed
Where man, forgotten, cowered.

Pale, giftless, trembling — there
Prometheus, late returning,
Found him, and grieved, discerning
His plight — of weapons bare,
Those frail arms, those weak hands,
The helpless form that stands
Upright, to heaven turning.

He grieved the more, remembering
That clay beneath his touch —
Creation's thrill, persuaded
Of power overmuch,
His own rash impulse, bent
Toward experiment —
Man, now by gift unaided . . .

Then sought he heaven, stealing
Fire from the gods' great star,
Yet, knowing what gods are,
Feared still for the heaven-gazing
Earth-creature, whose desires
Would burn more fierce than fires,
Remediless. With slow
Gift of the torch, bright-blazing,
His Maker watched him go.

DICEY COMES ASHORE

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

FOR an hour or more, sitting on upturned tubs in a shanty called the "Fish House" at Noman's Land, the Skipper and I watched a succession of big codfish — that morning's catch — pass through Jethro Gifford's skillful hands, which moved with the precision of machinery and so fast that at times there seemed four of them instead of two. The whole performance was punctuated by the snicking of the knife, the plop of livers and tongues as they dropped into their respective kegs, the faint crackle of the "sounds" as they were ripped out, the rasp of coarse salt rubbed into spread belly cavities, and finally the squelch of dressed fish pressed home in a barrel of brine.

At first, as he was getting his "hand in," Jethro was silent. Then without looking up from his work he said:—

"I guess Father sprung his yarn about livin' on the floe off the Northwest Coast, didn't he?" and without waiting for a reply he continued: "Some folks think his headpiece ain't caulked real tight — but I'd rather take his judgment on most matters that count than any man's I've met up with yet. And when it comes to a pinch, that left arm and hand o' hisn is wuth more'n a dozen. I owe my bein' here to that judgment and that arm; and some others, includin' my wife, does too. I don't remember seein' you, Skipper, to talk with since Dicey and me was married, three year ago come this fall — and I don't figure you've heard the straight of that October night and early mornin' when Dicey come ashore. There's the *Mornin' Mercury's* account of it, tucked under the shingle that's tacked onto the

inside of the door yonder along with my tally sheets. You and your young friend take and read it over, and then I'll tell ye where the feller that wrote it got off soundin's. What he didn't know about salt water doin's was a caution!"

Jumping up from my seat, I ran over to the door, to find a folded yellowed sheet of newspaper which I handed to the Skipper. Glancing at it, he returned it to me, saying: "Read it yourself; I had my go with it at home, the day it was published."

So, sitting down again, I went to work on the two columns of fine print under the caption: "British Ship Wrecked on Cuttyhunk."

Like so many reports of such events, this account emphasized the loss of life that had occurred, but failed to explain the conditions and details responsible for the tragedy. When I had come to the end, I had a confused impression of "howling storm . . . raging seas . . . overturned lifeboat" and eventual rescue of a "pitiful remnant" of the crews of both boat and ship.

As I looked up from my reading, the Skipper said, "Now, Jethro — the road's clear, so let her go!"

"Well, Skipper, so's your friend, who I presume ain't very well acquainted here, will understand how we was all placed, I'll say that Mother'd died over on the Vineyard the spring before; and Father bein' lonesome, I'd fetched him to Cuttyhunk, where I was actin' Captain of the Gov'ment Lifesavin' Station — to hearten him up and keep an eye on him. He boarded to Veeder's up on the hill, lendin' a hand with this and that and gettin' along pretty good, all things considered.

"September'd been rough and foggy, with three strandin's — two schooners and one tern — keepin' us busy and, what's more, bothered by that Humane Society's lifeboat manned by volunteer Cuttyhunkers, tryin' to get ahead of us and take the credit for what was done. I tell you, Skipper, it ain't no bed o' roses to handle a Gov'ment job such

Son of New Bedford and heir of her best seafaring tradition, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND makes his summer anchorage at Padanaram, where, between cruises, he writes about skippers and ships, the islands off the rocky coast, and the fare which sailors thrive on. *Atlantic* readers will remember his earlier and succulent stories, "Clambake" and "Journey Cakes," and his stern story of a sailor marooned, "Man of Iron," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, 1944, and which sets the stage for this new narrative.

as mine was there when an outfit like that Society — the first folks to organize lifesavin' on this coast — feels their holt on the business slippin'. You can't blame them boys with their boat tryin' all they knowed to get to wind'ard of us regular, paid hands — they feelin' that they was up against Uncle Sam with unlimited money and gear behind him. It's just human nature to be galled and reckless-mad, and Father he'd figured there'd be an accident before long if somethin' warn't done to sweeten up that sour mess o' bad blood.

"Me and my crew down to the Station was about as popular as a skunk to a church picnic, which ain't a healthy arrangement on an island with a half a hundred folks livin' close together, and some of 'em oath-bound to save the lives and property of shipwrecked strangers. It warn't only the weather and the tides and the fogs we was up against — but all the folks on Cuttyhunk, too, schemin' to give us a black eye and put us in wrong with the public.

"Come October the weather set fair and stayed that way right through, so's all we had to do was to keep patrol, overhaul gear, and put on a couple o' practice drills with the boats. Come sunup the twenty-third, there was a moderate northerly breeze with quite a fleet o' colliers flyin' light and a four-master with lumber runnin' out o' the Sound to west'ard on the last half o' the ebb. As pretty a mornin' as you'd ever see that time o' year. Come noon there was considerable traffic workin' to east'ard on the flood. Along towards four in the afternoon a swell begun to heave in from the south'ard and it growed fast.

"Then just before sundown here come a little brig-rigged vessel alone from east'ard, creepin' along on the first o' the ebb. I got my glass on her and seen she was British by her rig and build, and I says to myself, 'What's that stranger doin' in the mouth o' the Sound this time o' day with the breeze likely to peter out, the sea makin' up, and the tide changin' to flood come midnight?' Then I ketched sight of a woman on her deck; and I don't know why — but I got real uneasy.

2

FROM then till six o'clock, supper time, I was busy writin' up my log, and such, in the Station and took no account o' the weather. Whilst we was at table I heard the shingle south side o' the Neck begin to scream in the undertow after every swoosh of a breaker, so I went outside to have a look around. 'Twas oily calm; not a breath stirrin'; and gettin'

cold. A three-quarters moon was pokin' up, bright as a new dollar, over Gay Head, and them swells with broad lanes o' moonshine runnin' crisscross over their tops was comin' on like hills — silent as death till they tripped on bottom and burst. It beat any Fourth o' July fireworks.

"In ten minutes I was back again indoors, so's I could get the first night patrol's report myself when he'd turn it in over the wire from the West End lookout station.

"When his voice come through I says without waitin': 'How's that brig layin'?' and he says, 'By God, Cap'n, I can't see her half the time, nor the Lightship neither. The seas out here's bigger'n I ever seen 'em — and not a sign of a breeze. But I figger the brig's about abreast the Lightship and layin' head to the south'ard. She must be catchin' it wicked with the ebb runnin' against them rollers!'

"And I says, 'You stay where you be and report every half hour!'

"I hadn't no more'n hung up when Father come in, and I seen he was set on some notion — the whites o' his eyes was bloodshot, and I knowed he meant business. He jerked his head at the door; so we went outside and down the beach a piece where we could be alone.

"'Son,' says he, — and he never calls me Son unless he's real worked up, — 'that brig'll go ashore about two hours after turn o' tide an' nothin' we can do'll save her. There ain't a tug to Bedford could face that rip tonight, much less get a line aboard her, an' we can't tow her with the boats even if *we* could get alongside, which we can't do till the flood's runnin' — an' then it'll be too late! I've been watchin' how things was out to the West End, an' them seas is breakin' a mile 'most outside Sow an' Pigs, an' as I come back along the north shore there was acres o' broken water all between here an' Hen an' Chickens — on Ribbon Reef an' them three-fathom knolls to the north'ard. You can hear the roar of it easy from the beach across the Pond.

"'Now here's what'll happen: them boys in the Humane Boat'll launch under the Lighthouse — an' I reckon they can just about get off the beach there. Then they'll pull out an' lay so if the brig comes ashore they'll have the jump on ye.

"'But you an' me an' two o' your boats is goin' to be out in that neighborhood ourselves. An' whilst you may be a Captain in Gov'ment service, I'm the Captain o' this outfit from now on till this night's over — an' don't you make no mistake about that!'

"Well, Skipper, when you've had a father like Sim as long as I have, there come times when you feel and act as if you was nothin' but a boy again — and that was one o' them times. So I says: 'Heave

away! The deck's yourn! But I'm the *Mate*, and orders goes through *me*; and don't *you* make no mistake about *that*!

"And I will say, when he'd finished spillin' what was on his mind, there warn't nothin' overlooked or left to chance, as far as I could figure; and within an hour we'd launched from the north beach abreast the Station — where it was moderate quiet — with Father in charge of the whaleboat with four hands to the oars; me in the lifeboat with a full crew — and my Mate up to the West End lookout, all primed for signalin'."

At this point Jethro paused in his narrative to shift brine barrels and when he was back at the bench, with fish passing through his hands again, he continued silent for some time. At last he laid down his knife and turned to face us, saying: "And there you have it, Skipper, just the way it was — bright moonlight, ungodly sea, and dead calm, with everything happening the way Father'd foretold. There's spells a man has to go through, that he can't hardly keep clear in his mind after they're over; and what come to pass that night and early mornin' is one of 'em, far's I'm concerned."

"To tell the truth, I don't hanker, and never have, to try to figure step by step all we done. Fust place, 'twould take too long to tell, and second, 'twould sound as if I was tootin' the Gifford horn kind o' loud. All any folks that warn't there needs to know is, the brig struck about two o'clock in the mornin' and we was layin' where we could see her ridin' in on one o' them rollers, all lit up for a flash by the moon. Then she disappeared in a lather o' foam and spray, and presently, sharp as a pistol shot, above the roar o' the breakin' seas, here come a crack, and a weak, pitiful cry as she fetched up on the rocks — the lonesomest sight and sound I 'most ever seen or heard. And we as near as that, and yet too far to do more than burn flares to let them strangers know we'd seen 'em and was standin' by."

"Come false dawn, and them ambitious boys aboard the Humane Boat begun to pull out for the wreck — Father and me trailin' 'em, as agreed. Then the moon dipped, the sky filmed, and 'twas darker'n the inside of a tar barrel and I knowed by the feel o' the helm we was in broken water, where the back run o' the rollers was ketchin' on shoal spots inside the reef. Another minute, and Father's boat showed a red flare — and I knowed them youngsters in the Society's boat had come to grief up ahead. So we quit pullin' and layed. Ten minutes more and Father touched off a blue light and we begun to pull easy — headed for the Island, cruisin', with our eyes and ears open for what we might run across."

3

BETWEEN then and dawn the whaleboat got one — alive — out o' that capsized boat, and I got two that warn't — the sea and rocks had got to 'em first. We just drove onto 'em and hauled what there was aboard; and I thought of them poor folks on the brig — if she was still there, which I mis-doubted.

"I reckon 'twas past five, with stars palin' fast, when Father touched off another blue light and we headed out again with the ebb commencin' to cock up them seas and Father's flare bobbin' into sight now and then between us and the reef. 'Twas chancy work — pull for all you was worth a few strokes, then hold her steady whilst you rode one that looked like breakin'. And me sweatin' more and more to sight the wreck. At last when we was on top of a long one, I saw a lower mast stickin' up out of a welter o' broken water with a huddle o' folks in the top. When we come up again, 'twas gone, and there was the whaleboat ridin' on her tail on the face of a sea just dimplin' and edgin' to break."

"And now, Skipper, I can't say much more — except, some time later, when 'twas light enough for the water to begin to blue just before sunup, there come that spar, with two folks still in the top, stabbin' out through the body of a snorer bearin' down on us. And as we rose to it, that mast was hove by us and I seen the woman — Dicey — just out o' reach; and I done what no man callin' himself a seaman had oughter do. For I kicked off my boots and everything, down to drawers, singlet, and clasp knife on a lanyard, and went outboard. 'Twas desertion o' my sworn duty, and but for Father it might ha' cost the lives o' my crew — let alone my own, Dicey's, and the old man's with her."

"When I laid hold o' that top I found them two lashed to it without a kick o' their own left in 'em. 'Twas ticklish business hangin' on; that spar didn't lay flat — more up and down, liftin' me once or twice nigh out o' water. Three times my boat come up abreast, and me with my knife ready to slash them lashin's. And three times that stick of ourn bobbed out o' reach. Then here come Father in the whaleboat, handlin' her with gloves, and I cut — and as I done so I caught my head a crack from some bit o' loose gear."

"When I come to, there was Dicey and the old man layin' in the whaler, with Father still at the steerin' oar, his face set grim. As I opened my eyes again he give me one look, and I felt small and ord'nary — just the way when he'd found me

playin' the fool, to home, old days on the Vineyard. But there warn't a word out o' him till I was abed that afternoon in the Station. Then all he says was: 'Jethro, you lay there till your headpiece is mended; an' then you throw up this job here — you ain't fit to be responsible for Gov'ment property. The woman's comin' on good, an' her uncle too — if that's any consolation to ye.'

"And so, a few days later, when I got my legs under me, I wrote out my resignation and mailed it to headquarters — though there warn't no blame attachin' to me then, or after when the hearin' was held. And here's a funny thing, Skipper, I've noticed about some folks: the more they think they're under obligations to ye, the more they keep away from ye and act up mean. All the time we was waitin' round for the hearin' to be held, Cap'n Stillwell made himself scarce where I was, so's I got the notion he was figurin' to get his knife into me when he come to say his piece. And Father — he didn't say nothin' to help; just mooned around mum as an oyster till I felt I was branded — as the man responsible for all them that had been drowned.

"If it hadn't been for that stranger, Dicey, I don't know as I could've stuck them days without losin' my grip. But she stood by through all that bad time — showin' all she knowed how that she believed I'd done right when she and her uncle was adrift on the spar. It warn't so much what she said the two or three times we was together — for to tell the truth, I couldn't rightly understand her lingo then, or she mine — as 'twas the way she looked and behaved to hearten me up. And I made out somehow that she give Father and me the credit for her bein' alive. I managed to get it clear she was an orphan and had come on this cruise with her uncle to get shut of a stepmother she couldn't gee with, after her father'd died.

"But when the day come and we was all up be-

fore the investigatin' board, I found Dicey's uncle was about as good a friend to me and Father as we could've had. For he brought it out, when his turn come, that, bein' a stranger to this coast, he'd miscalculated the set o' the tides in the mouth of the Sound, and by the time the breeze dropped and he seen he was in for trouble, there warn't any man, includin' me, could done more'n we did.

"He said when the flood tide begun to set the brig to north'ard towards the reef, he let go both anchors in hopes she'd fetch up and lay; but soon's the cables come taut they ripped out the windlass and she commenced to drag, and it warn't long before the cables cut down the hawsepipes — so's she was sinkin' 'fore she struck. After the talk was all over, I got a clean bill o' health; but with all them fine Cuttyhunk boys and the brig's crew gone and with Father's opinion o' me, I didn't hanker to stay round the Island no longer.

"A couple o' weeks more and Cap'n Stillwell had fixed to go home to Scarborough, and Dicey — well, she'd fixed to stay in these parts with me and Father; and so when the day for movin' come, the four of us crossed over to Bedford, and Dicey and me was married and we bid Cap'n Stillwell good-bye. And I ain't ashamed to say I was considerable sorry to see the last of the old man, even if he was a Britisher. That winter we boarded to Vineyard Haven, and come here to Noman's the spring follerin', and —"

Suddenly a soft, caressing voice broke in on Jethro's clipped, nasal twang, asking: "Tha'll coom to tha dinner now, lad?" And there, facing us in the doorway, stood Juno or, better, soft-eyed Athene with a baby in the crook of one arm and a toddler clinging to her skirt.

"Now, Dicey," said Jethro, "you fetch these friends o' mine up to the house whilst I finish dressin' down. 'Twon't take more'n two shakes of a lamb's tail."



MARK TWAIN: BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

WHEN Sam Clemens began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie, five years old at the time, fell in love with her dashing, chestnut-haired uncle Sam. When Annie grew up, she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections and the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. This is the final installment. — THE EDITOR

1

MARK TWAIN went into publishing on his own with my father as his partner and titular head of Charles L. Webster & Company. Both partners were on the lookout for new books and it was Mark Twain who came up with the prize plum, the *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*. This work, which broke all records in American biography, was to be printed in two volumes, and Volume One came off the press late in 1885. But Grant himself did not live to see his autobiography published; he died on July 23, less than one week after his final correcting of the manuscript. Actually his last bit of writing was the revision of the prospectus advertising the book: he made the changes, as he explained on the margin, because he was afraid feelings might be hurt by something he had said.

The printing and promotion of the *Memoirs* proceeded at a vigorous pace through 1885 and into the new year. A host of general agents, employing 10,000 canvassers, covered the country, and their job was complicated by the intrusion of several pirate publishers offering bogus editions. Uncle Sam wanted them punished by law: —

ELMIRA, Wednesday, 5 P.M. [1885]

TO CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co.

The letter concerning which you telegraphed me, has not yet arrived. I look for it at 7 this evening.

Our canvasser here tells me this region is infested with canvassers for the several bogus Grant books, & that they are doing a large business among the uninformed.

I make this suggestion: that Mr. Hall employ de-

tectives, or trustworthy friends to write something like this to the several fraudulent publishers:

NEW YORK, Aug. —

Sirs: I would like to canvass in this city or vicinity for your book written by Gen. Grant. If agreeable, please send me canvassing-book & circulars C.O.D.

Yrs truly

Then we could prosecute the head-devils, couldn't we? If you approve the idea, will you send word to Mr. Hall to proceed?

Truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS

Apparently the suit was never brought. Perhaps my father did not approve.

The next letter shows that Uncle Sam never lost his love of the Sandwich Islands (now the Hawaiians), which he had personally discovered years before on his first trip outside the United States, and made the subject of his first lecture: —

HARTFORD, Nov. 11, '85

DEAR CHARLEY:

R. W. Daggett, late U. S. Minister to the Sandwich Islands (an old friend of mine), has submitted to me a book which I shall be very glad to have, under certain conditions. It would make a book the size of one of Gen. Grant's volumes. It was constructed by Daggett & the king of the Sandwich Islands, working together, & consists of the (historical) traditions & legends of the natives, reaching back connectedly 1500 years, & of course is very

curious — & new. It is fresh ground — untouched, unworn, & full of romantic interest. I have read three of the legends, & they impress me favorably.

I told Daggett that what was required for success was a *good* book; & that the other nine-tenths of the requisite of success was that there should be a big name back of the good book. So I said that if he could get the King to let his name appear as part author, we *wanted the book*. (In fact I wanted it anyhow, but I didn't say so.) I said we preferred to keep up our standard, & be known in the world as a house that publishes only for Kings & full Generals.

It is the King who tells the ancient native legends (or Sagas) to Daggett, & Daggett writes them down — & connects them, very plausibly into an historical chain, with names & dates & details. . . .

This is what I suggest:

1. That without the King's expressed collaboration, we will pay what I was paid on the *Innocents Abroad* — 15 per cent of the profit above cost of manufacture.

2. With mention of the King as collaborator in the introduction, we will pay 40 per cent of the profits.

3. With *both names in the title page* as authors, we will pay 60 per cent of the profits.

Keep this thing quiet. We will talk when I come down. And keep this letter handy for reference.

Daggett thinks he can get the King to consent to nearly any reasonable thing. With a sufficient concession from him, I would rather have this book than *any* that is offering now. It can be fascinatingly illustrated. . . .

Yr. truly

S. L. C.

Daggett was an old friend. He had been one of the *Virginia City Enterprise* group, and later, when he was in Congress, he had coöperated with Uncle Sam in copyright matters, so naturally Uncle Sam liked his book. It was published by the Webster Company and decidedly was not a success. Uncle Sam ignored it in his reminiscences.

2

Dec. 16, '85. 6 P.M.

DEAR CHARLEY —

I am plotting out a new book, & am full of it; so unless there is use for me down there, I shall not come yet awhile.

Telegraph me as soon as you have settled the mask matter, for I am full of solicitude & shan't

feel easy & comfortable till it is settled to Mrs. Grant's satisfaction. Don't forget.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

The book was probably *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. It is too bad that Mark Twain ran into trouble about the death mask of General Grant at this time, when he was in a writing mood. Albert Bigelow Paine makes no mention of the "mask matter" in his biography, but Uncle Sam tells about it in his *Notebook*. Karl Gerhardt was a young sculptor whose studies in Paris Uncle Sam had financed; a photograph of Gerhardt's portrait bust of his benefactor was used as the frontispiece of *Huckleberry Finn*. Shortly before the death of General Grant, Gerhardt wrote to Mark Twain, asking that he persuade the Grant family to allow the sculptor to take a death mask of the General.

Mark Twain felt a little uncomfortable about the project, so he told Gerhardt to get in touch with General Badeau, Grant's old friend. Badeau had been on Grant's staff and served as his secretary during the Civil War. Grant liked him. Uncle Sam also asked Badeau to coöperate with Gerhardt, which he did; General Badeau was not troubled by undue sensitiveness, and on Grant's death the mask was made. Unfortunately, the question of who owned the mask seems to have come up. Apparently no agreement was reached at the time the mask was made — which is not surprising. Evidently Gerhardt wanted to keep title to the original mask, so that he could sell reproductions of it.

The estimated loss of \$100,000 due to this quarrel sounds high to me, but \$100,000 was Mark Twain's favorite figure for losses, \$1,000,000 for profits.

HARTFORD, Dec. 17, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

Well, I am at my wit's end. Gerhardt is obdurate in the belief that his position is right and unassailable. I do not know any way out of the deadlock except the one proposed by Col. Grant. It will make scandal & newspaper talk, & injure the book a hundred thousand dollars' worth, but nevertheless it is the course which I would advise the Colonel to take, for it will settle the matter & settle it permanently. Whether the thing shall go into court now, or wait till the Ward and Grant proceedings are ended & silenced & the second volume safely out & distributed to the subscribers, is a question for you to determine with the Colonel — but into court I would certainly go with it, sooner or later.

Yrs truly

S. L. CLEMENS

HARTFORD, Dec. 18, '85

Private

DEAR CHARLEY —

The more I think of it, the more dreadful seems the idea of going into court & dragging General Grant's name out of the rest & peace of the grave again. This degrading scandal *must* be prevented — it just simply *must*.

Now I have an idea which you may think is a wild one, but I want you to consider it; not lightly, but thoughtfully — & then tell me your verdict. To-wit:

Mrs. Grant offers to remunerate Gerhardt for his trouble, & take the mask, but — well, I have stopped discussing that: his price is too high. But I have been figuring, & I find that he owes me more money than I supposed. Of borrowed money he owes me nine or ten thousand dollars, & I am responsible for eight thousand more — seventeen or eighteen thousand altogether: a sum which he cannot expect to pay me for years if he loses the mask. Now then, what I want to do is to propose to him that he hand over the mask to Mrs. Grant & I will give him a receipt in full for all he owes me & assume also the payment of the outstanding obligations. It is the same as giving him \$17,000 or \$18,000 for the mask. But it will restore Mrs. Grant's peace of mind, & keep the scandal out of court & out of the papers.

Mrs. Grant proposes to publish the General's letters to her — letters extending over a period of forty years. Two or three volumes, perhaps. If she is willing to give us the book at any figure under 70 per cent of the profits — even though it be but half a cent — good; it will be her contribution toward helping to keep this unpleasant thing out of court & out of the press. But if she isn't willing, she mustn't do it, nor think of it, & I will make the above offer to Gerhardt & shoulder all the expense of it myself. For that matter must be kept out of the mouths of the scandal-loving gossips of the country.

I have not hinted this idea to Gerhardt, & shall not until I hear from you. But to my mind it is the only hopeful solution I have struck yet.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

P.S. Read this letter between the lines. So read, it means: *Sign & seal a contract for those letters before you sleep.* They are enormously valuable — especially if there will be more than one volume; & I think there will be as many as three. They can be edited in such a way that whoever possesses them will *have* to go out & buy the Memoirs, too. You will speak of *our* publishing them as a foregone

conclusion, a mere matter of course. I have already done that, myself. You don't want to name a *date* for the publication, though — with absoluteness. They ought not to appear till 2 years from now, perhaps.

To make & secure that contract is the *main* thing. If you get it for less than 70 per cent, on the suggested excuse, all well & good — but *get* it. Get it, & sign it, & seal it, and shove it in the safe — & then I'll go for Gerhardt & expect to convince him — *will* convince him if the contract is ready to be signed & only waiting to hear that I *have* convinced him. He will kick, & kick hard: I know that, before hand. S. L. C.

[P.P.S.] Your contract should cover & secure *every* letter forever against publication anywhere but in the book. S. L. C.

3

Dec. 28, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

Your letter looked like an autograph application, & so I laid it aside for next week, & only opened it this moment by accident. Of course I approve your "stet." It won't *do* to leave things out & make unnecessary alterations in the General's text. Why didn't you telegraph me to come down? I would rather do that any time, than have the General's work marred. . . .

Have you seen Dana? It's a clear \$100,000. Don't you wait till Dana is offended.

Strike — for that book, & also for the letters; for it is best that those be settled before I talk with the proprietors of the third book I spoke of — a book which we *must* have. With the priesthood to help, Dana's book is immense. . . .

Yrs

S. L. C.

The book negotiated through Dana was the *Life of Pope Leo XIII*, written by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D., "with the encouragement, approbation, and blessing of His Holiness the Pope."

The first check paid to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, drawn by Charles L. Webster on February 27, 1886, was for \$200,000. "It remains the largest single royalty check in history," Mr. Paine wrote in the *Biography*. I don't know whether that is still true. The original check is on the wall of The Players' club in New York City.

On page 187 of *Mark Twain in Eruption* Uncle Sam says: "It is no great marvel to me that Mrs. Grant got a matter of half a million dollars out of

that book. The miracle is that it didn't run her into debt. It was fortunate for her that we had only one Webster. It was an unnatural oversight in me that I didn't hunt for another one."

There's logic for you. My father performed a miracle, according to Uncle Sam, by not running her into debt. What did he do by making half a million for her? If there had been two Websters, would they have not run her into debt, so that she would have made a million? When I remember that all Uncle Sam's business ventures before this time had always drawn out his money and never drawn in any, that his publishing business was bringing him fifty thousand a year, even after deduction of checks that had been sent to Orion and other relatives including the voracious typesetter (which was an adopted child), that it had made *Huckleberry Finn* his best-paying novel, and that as long as my father was with the firm it was successful, I marvel at his nerve.

Once he said: "I am terribly tired of business. I think I am by nature and disposition unfit for it." He was right — but he was like the drunkard, always going to reform.

Feb. 8, '86

DEAR CHARLEY —

What do you hold the value of the concern to be? I value it at \$500,000 — dating from next July, when the Memoirs will be out of the count. What I mean is, that that is its *selling* value; we could not afford to sell for less, & yet neither of us would *buy* at that figure, perhaps.

Jesse Grant would not pay that for a one-tenth interest — *ought* not to do it, at any rate — but I will make him that offer if he will come up & see me toward the *end* of February (for Clara will not be out of bed before that). I will make him that offer, & then follow it up with another which will please him better & make him willing to stay out of our concern. But don't tell him what my offer is going to be.

Love to you all.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] Is the 2nd volume stereotyped?

Jesse Grant, a son of the General, was interested in buying into the Webster Company.

Notice that Uncle Sam values Charles L. Webster & Company at \$500,000. He had already taken out his original capital of \$15,000. In the first year he also took out \$40,000 in profits. According to Mr. Paine, the Grant book, "even on the liberal terms

allowed to the author," yielded a net profit of \$150,000 to its publishers, and *Huckleberry Finn* yielded \$50,000 more.

From now on, I suppose, the business had no capital.

Feb. 13, '86

DEAR CHARLEY:

For the first time in a long while, I am so situated that I can't well leave home. I have begun a book, whose scene is laid far back in the twilight of tradition: I have saturated myself with the atmosphere of the day & the subject, & got myself into the swing of the work. If I peg away for some weeks without a break, I am safe; if I stop now for a day, I am unsafe, & may never get started right again. Therefore I want to avoid going to New York or elsewhere. Mr. Prime will well understand this state of things. So I suggest that you have the MS type-written (in upper & lower-case type) by an expert, & send it to me chapter by chapter as it is done, & Livy & I will read it together, nights. Mr. Prime will need the type-writer copy himself, in the editing, & the printer will need it too. Put this idea before him & see if it will do.

Clara's case keeps us all shut up in the house these days. She is improving daily, but is very weak & inclined to low spirits. She does not have to lie in one position all the time, now; this is a great relief. We are well satisfied with her progress.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

This must be the William C. Prime who is called "a gushing pietist" in *Mark Twain in Eruption*. The book under discussion was, I think, *McClellan's Own Story*. Prime was General McClellan's literary executor.

The book Uncle Sam was writing was *A Connecticut Yankee in King's Arthur's Court*. When there was illness in the house, Mark Twain would stay home to be near the family and work on a book.

On page 189 of *Mark Twain in Eruption* Uncle Sam says: "Webster kept back a book of mine, 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' as long as he could and finally published it so surreptitiously that it took two or three years to find out there was any such book."

On October 5, 1888, nearly a year after my father had completely broken down, severed all connection with the company, and retired to Fredonia, Uncle Sam said in a letter printed on page 874 of Paine's *Biography* that he meant to finish *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* the day the Paige machine was finished, and "the closest calculations

for that indicated October 22." Mr. Paine adds: "Neither the 'Yankee' nor the machine was completed that Fall, though returns from both were beginning to be badly needed."

In other words, Uncle Sam accuses my father of holding back, and finally publishing surreptitiously, a book that was not even completed until a year after my father had left the company.

June 11

DEAR CHARLEY —

See that you go for Wanamaker — otherwise I will go down there & rise up in his Sunday School & give him hell, in front of his whole 3000 pupils. I certainly will.

Yrs.

S. L. C.

Wanamaker was selling Mark Twain's books at cut-rate prices and was sued for it. Wanamaker won the suit, but for nearly half a century the publishers continued the fight until net prices were established. Wanamaker's Sunday School class was a famous Philadelphia institution.

4

THE next letter has to do with Henry Ward Beecher, who was just starting his autobiography.

HARTFORD, Jan. 4, '87

DEAR CHARLEY —

Yes, $\frac{1}{2}$ profits is the right offer to make — his wide reputation entitles him to that — & if anybody wants to offer him more, we withdraw from the competition. The book will sell first rate — tip top — but $\frac{1}{2}$ profits from us is as good as 75 per cent from any other house.

(Pond's "colossal" check was \$10,000 I guess. I am betting \$25 to \$5 that it wasn't \$25,000. If Pond wants to earn an honest penny just beguile him into taking me up. Pond never deals in small adjectives — "colossal" is a tame word for him.) If we can't clear \$40,000 for Beecher, at $\frac{1}{2}$ profits, it'll be the author's fault, not the publisher's; that is, it will mean that he isn't as good a card as we think he is.

Truly yours

S. L. CLEMENS

J. B. Pond managed Beecher's lecture tours and wrote *A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher* in 1886. Probably the check had to do with this tour.

HARTFORD, Jan. 19, '87

DEAR CHARLEY:

\$1,000 to Pond & an advance of \$5,000 to Beecher is all right; but I feel as you do about going beyond that — would not do it. . . .

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

Reminiscing twenty years later, Mark Twain said in a passage that unfortunately saw the light in *Mark Twain in Eruption*: —

"By and by I found that Webster had agreed to resurrect Henry Ward Beecher's 'Life of Christ'. I suggested that he ought to have tried for Lazarus, because that had been tried once and we knew it could be done. . . . He had also advanced to Mr. Beecher. . . . five thousand dollars on the future royalties. . . . I think he had just issued the first of the two volumes of which it was to consist when that ruinous scandal broke out and suffocated the enterprise."

Here are some of the points he got wrong in one short paragraph. It wasn't a resurrected book: it was a new venture. It wasn't the Life of Christ: it was the Life of Beecher. The \$5,000 advanced to Beecher was approved by Mark Twain as we have just seen. The "ruinous scandal" had broken over ten years before, and had nothing to do with the change of plans. It was Beecher's death that brought the project to an end.

HARTFORD, Feb. 15, '87

DEAR CHARLEY:

Mr. Howells wants to take the Library of Humor & publish it for me. If permitted to do this, the publisher into whose hands he will put it (Harper, of course) will allow his (Howells's) name to be added to the title-page (according to the original project). I do not quite like the idea, unless I am otherwise running the risk of letting the book get too old before publication. I have a mind to tell him I can answer him better a year or two hence. How does that strike you?

Yrs.

S. L. C.

[P.S.] Yours just received. My valuation of Beecher's book goes up as much as double what it was. If he writes the book in that way, & heaves in just enough piousness, it will sell (hoping it may be two volumes) 200,000 of vol. 1, & 125,000 of vol. 2: profit \$350,000.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.P.S.] If but one volume, it will sell 275,000.

HARTFORD, Feb. 25, '87

DEAR CHARLEY —

We all want you to come up for a day or two, if you can get the time, & finish up Pamela & Annie's visit with us. Annie doubts if you can spare the time from work; but if you can, the rest & recreation may make up for the lost time. A moment's rest from work is good medicine for neuralgia.

Truly yours

S. L. CLEMENS

This was the first sign of my father's breakdown. Uncle Sam always meant to do the kind thing, but I don't believe my father would have had much rest coming to him on that visit, with all the problems they had in common.

5

HARTFORD, Mar. 1, '87

DEAR CHARLEY:

I think well of the Stedman book, but I can't somehow bring myself to think *very* well of it. My notions are too long to write; but you look in here, on your rounds, & we will swap ideas.

There are two books which ought to be written, & which would sell steadily, like cyclopedias. We can get them done. We will talk about that, too.

The Pope's canvassing-book would sell a Choctaw Bible, it is so handsome. Brer Simeoni got in in admirable good form, too. That book is going to go, sure.

Truly yours

S. L. CLEMENS

To this Stedman book Mark Twain in *Eruption* lays the downfall of the firm. According to Mr. Paine, the trouble with the Stedman book was that it was *too* successful. It was a "Library of American Literature" in ten volumes — the kind of book that would sell steadily and indefinitely by subscription in homes all over America. It was compiled by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

The next letter is to Jane Lampton Clemens, Mark Twain's mother. It begins with an affectionate reference to his youngest daughter: —

ELMIRA, July 24, '87

DEAR MA —

Jean will be 7 years old day after tomorrow, & will celebrate the anniversary here at the farm — mainly on the Ellerslie part of it; but I shall be in New York, & can't take a hand, except by telegraph.

Jean has got a good level head, but she is as dull at learning as I was — & am. She can spell — that is, as well as her mother or her aunt Sue — but children are *born* that far along. . . . Jean is an expert on animals, at any rate — she has Clara's gift and interest in that line.

We have put in this whole Sunday forenoon teaching the new dog to let the cats alone, & it has been uncommonly lively for those 5 cats. They have spent the most of the time in the trees, swearing. He is the alertest dog that ever was; nothing escapes his observation; & as to movement, he makes a white streak through the air 30 yards long when he is getting started; after that he is invisible.

All the whole family send you a world of love & would dearly like to see you; but it's a long way, & even the dead can't travel in such weather, without spoiling. Jean rages over that Keokuk weather to this day.

Your affectionate son

SAM

6

STARTING a new publishing house on such an enormous scale, with worries and long hours, had broken my father's health. He spent the summer of 1887 at Far Rockaway, going to the office when he could. His neuralgia was terrific. His mother and father came down to visit him and were shocked at his condition. He was very irritable, and the slightest thing would bring an outburst. His mother was often hurt by his irascibility, but the rest of the household understood the situation. This is probably what Mark Twain means when he speaks of his supersensitiveness. I haven't a doubt that at this period he gave Uncle Sam some good straight talks, and may have been as unjust to Uncle Sam as Uncle Sam was to him twenty years later.

Uncle Sam would write his grudges out of his system. About the only true part of Uncle Sam's account of this period in *Mark Twain in Eruption* is what he says about my father's breakdown. But he ignored the chief cause of the Webster Company's failure: the burden of carrying a typesetter that was costing three thousand dollars a month. As Mr. Paine says, the typesetter and the publishing house were intermingled. Mark Twain also forgot to say that the company did not fail until six years after my father had retired.

I think both Uncle Sam and Aunt Livy must have felt that the business was to blame for my father's breakdown and death. Uncle Sam couldn't stand a guilty feeling, but he couldn't do anything about it

when Aunt Livy was alive, so he waited till after her death before he wrote his own version of the story.

My father returned to Fredonia, New York, and his letters show that for a while he thought his illness was only temporary. In the morning he was a sick man, but in the afternoons he was able to get up and go about. He was elected president of the village — a position that didn't involve a great deal of work — and took an interest in developing a museum on the top floor of his house — a feature of the town for years. The neighbors always used to bring their visiting friends to see it.

He also built a cupola on our house, with a revolving top, and installed a telescope. The most exciting thing I ever saw through it was a fire in Canada, across Lake Erie. He also made some wonderful ship models, perfect in every detail. One was a model of the *Constitution*. My father never recovered his health. A letter which he wrote early in his illness to Mr. Daniel Whitford, one of the Company lawyers, shows his true feelings about the contracts with Uncle Sam, particularly that clause whereby — according to Mark Twain — he became Webster's "slave":—

"Mr. Clemens now complains of a clause (placing all business in my hands) which has appeared in every contract he ever made with me, and reiterated in six contracts; a clause that was *his* original proposition. . . . But talk is idle, the matter is now settled, and a bad disagreeable muss is avoided. I will have a chance to get well at least and that's all I care about at present. I only hope that when Fred [Hall] is engaged in some great or even fairly profitable enterprise, I do hope Mr. Clemens won't want him to drop it or neglect it to revive that 'patent baby clamp' business to prevent lively infants from kicking off the bed clothes and catching cold.

"Now Dan you may treat this as a strictly private letter for in spite of my knowledge of affairs I wish Fred nothing but success. I hope he will succeed. I have sold out my interest for far less than I believe it to be worth but it is done and that is the end of it. You will hear nothing more from me on the subject. I shall try and regain my health and when that is done I shall go into something else."

The final letter in this series was written by Mark Twain to his sister Pamela, who had been his

spiritual guide in his youth. It sums up Uncle Sam's character, at least as it seemed to him at that moment:—

HARTFORD, May 13, '90

DEAR SISTER:

Indeed my character never gives me any concern. I never sit up with it when it seems to be sick, never bother about it in any way. I have always approved & admired it, I still approve and admire it, I strenuously desire & do steadfastly believe that my relatives & friends approve & admire it, I know God approves & admires it — & there's the end: What the rest of the public think of it is not matter of life & death interest to me. This is why I have allowed House to have the whole newspaper field to himself unreplied to. Let that dog bark till his teeth drop out — it will do him no good, it will not make him famous (which is what he is after); a year hence nobody will be able to remember what cur it was that barked, nor who it was he barked at.

Therefore, give yourself no reproaches for firing Orion up & setting his activities a-whirling; no harm is done. I always keep still, & presently he quiets down, or begins to raise hell with some local religious or other political question.

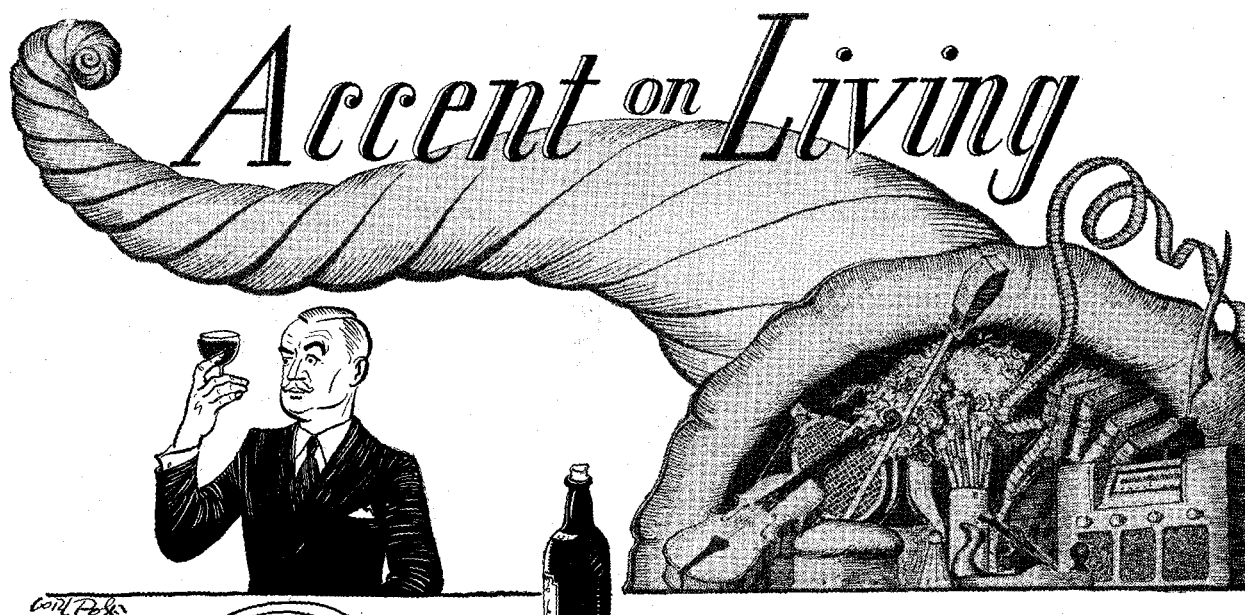
The House matter has never cost me any sleep, & isn't going to. (Privately, if Orion could have been spared from Ma, I would have put the case into his hands — *but don't tell him so*. He knows more law than the Keokuckers suspect.)

We all send love to you and Sam & Mary; & we sail for the Pyrennees either June 7 or July 5, I reckon.

SAM

Well, Uncle Sam was right. I do not know who House was, or what he was "yapping" about. Apparently he didn't draw blood.

Uncle Sam liked approval as well as anyone, but he didn't let public opinion rule him. The good opinion he valued most was his own. Livy's came next, and then that of the rest of the family, and of other biased people. He knew his faults as well as anyone, but he was used to them and didn't want to lose them. He did have a strong conscience that worried him at times, but as a rule he let his character alone, and it was just as well — for if he had worked too hard to improve it he might have lost his humor.



Through a Glass Darkly

By M. F. K. FISHER

WINE, like most other products of the land, has gone to war: into the making of tartrates for munitions, ethyl alcohol for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber, vital chemicals for rayon and for medicines. Hundreds of tank cars have been released voluntarily for government use. Distilleries have been converted to the production of non-drinkable liquids. There has been a drop of about 40 per cent in crushed grapes in the past three years. And men whose fathers once spoke French, Bohemian, Hungarian, — every wine-mellowed tongue, — have left their vines for battle.

Because of these things, most of the vintners of any repute are rationing themselves. They may be producing as much as before, because of good "years," but they are holding on to as much as 60 per cent of their stocks, except for minimum deliveries to keep their names alive, and are paying more attention to the intricacies of developing and aging their fine wines.

This policy, farsighted and probably good, reduces most merchants to a state of helpless exasperation: they turn away hundreds of customers with the somewhat comfortless assurance that at least they can satisfy ten or fifteen. And for every fifteen, several dozen more, no matter how thirsty, remember from the skillful national advertising on the air and in the magazines that this or that wine, such and such a sherry or brandy, is *the* one to ask for when the war is over.

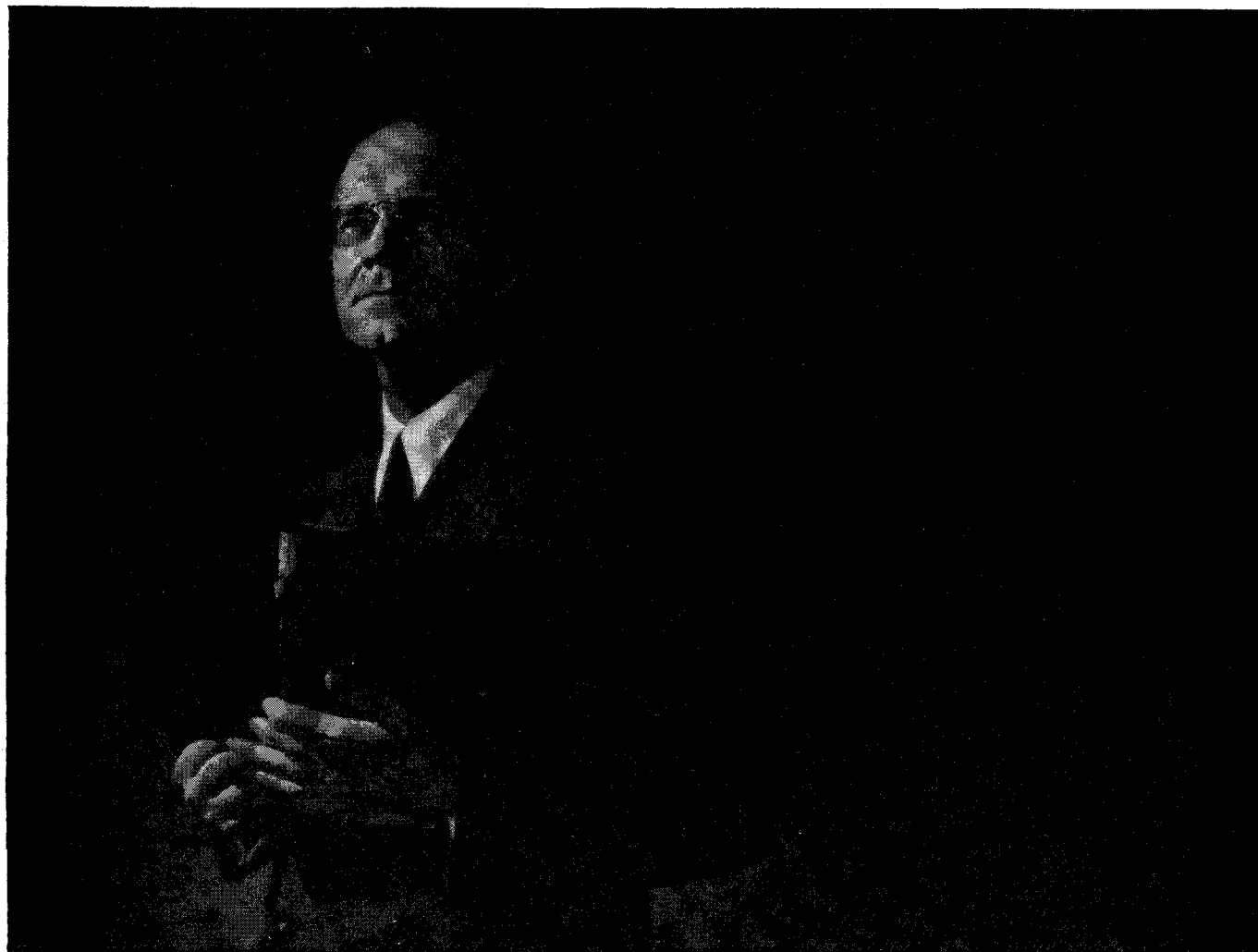
There are several reasons why what wine we are

now able to buy costs so much more than it should, so much more than it must if it is ever to become a part of our national diet and our normal living instead of something saved for weddings and wakes. Many of these reasons can, according to the style of the times, be blamed in one way or another on the OPA.

There seems to be a state of mutual confusion between the Administration and the growers, in spite of numerous conferences. The one bald fact to emerge is that although a 1943 ceiling for retail wines was based on the price of \$30 a ton for crushing-grapes in 1942, the average price in 1942 was really higher, and in 1943 was \$87. And when it is known that the finer wine grapes, which constitute less than 10 per cent of the total wine grape acreage in California, fetched anywhere from \$100 to \$125 a ton last year, it can be seen why prices have risen in spite of (if not because of) government restrictions. This is especially unfortunate when the truth is that decent wine should cost no more than milk, which now sells for under 20 cents a quart!

Artful dodges thrive in such a situation, of course. One of the most natural is to stop selling bulk wine. Selling in bulk in California, Wisconsin, and Louisiana can only be done from the keg, even in peacetime, but until lately gallon jugs of bad to middling table wines have been procurable almost everywhere. What stocks still exist are almost surely pre-war, and often fit only for poor vinegar. A wineman can make more money if a gallon is split into five parts instead of four, so most reputable wines are now marketed only in fifths or tenths — a sad blow to the average purse. And to escape labeling restrictions and more ceilings, many vineyards are now issuing "signature" or "reserve" bottles, which for the most part are all right but cost more than they should.

Few Americans have had such a lively experience of wining and dining as M. F. K. FISHER. She is now living in California.



I stood...my arms filled with records no longer needed

By Deems Taylor

This, I decided, was a record collection to defy any radio-phonograph ever made!

There was, for example, a battered souvenir that dated back to the earliest days of disk recording. Another had recently been re-made from one of the old cylinders . . . the original itself worn almost through the wax in many places. Another was newer, but made of untried materials. Two others were chosen because the compositions were notoriously hard to reproduce.

Even the Meissner, I thought, will be lucky to get anything worth while out of these five . . .

And now I stood . . . my arms filled with records no longer needed. For the first few bars of the very first record had proved the truth of all those amazing things I had heard about Meissner reproduction. From the uninspired surface now came a wealth of tone that I had never heard there before . . . clear, precise, colorful. And, record by record, the evi-

dence mounted. It was the most convincing tonal demonstration I had ever heard.

☆ ☆ ☆

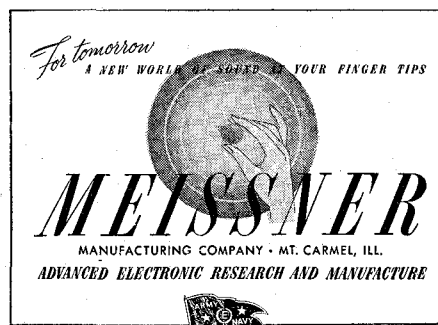
Deems Taylor, distinguished composer, critic, author and commentator, had just been listening to the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence — the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge in electronics to the manufacture of vital military equipment. This priceless instrument is now on loan to Mt. Carmel High School, in Meissner's home community.

Luxurious counterparts of the Meissner, however, will bring postwar riches to all who enjoy the good things of life . . . to all the lovers of artistic perfection who have long been irritated by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music.

And you will join Deems Taylor in welcoming such Meissner advantages as an Automatic Record Changer that provides two hours or more of music without your touching a record; plus Frequency

Modulation and other fidelity features well beyond such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use. Your imagination, too, will sweep to new horizons with Meissner's Super Shortwave . . . and your sense of fitness will find new joy in a connoisseur's choice of distinguished cabinets.

Many of the world's great musical authorities have already placed their requests for early delivery of the post-war Meissner. Would you care to add *your* name to this select list?



One of the most exciting things about the California wine industry is its size: over 90 per cent of the American vineyards are in this state. Unfortunately, and unlike the smaller Eastern vineyards, a safe 90 per cent of this acreage is planted with quick-producing, cheap, easily cultivated, and undistinguished stock. (Haraszthy alone brought more than 1400 varieties here in 1862, some of which were of necessity inferior.)

Furthermore this acreage is owned and cared for, very often, by people whose only idea of viticulture is how quickly they can market what they grow. This is largely the fault of prohibition, during which many despondent, ignorant, or impatient farmers plowed under their fine, slower vines — and then as quickly planted their land to mediocre stock when the tide turned. Probably a large percentage of the winegrowers even today are men without either idealism or a knowledge of their grapes.

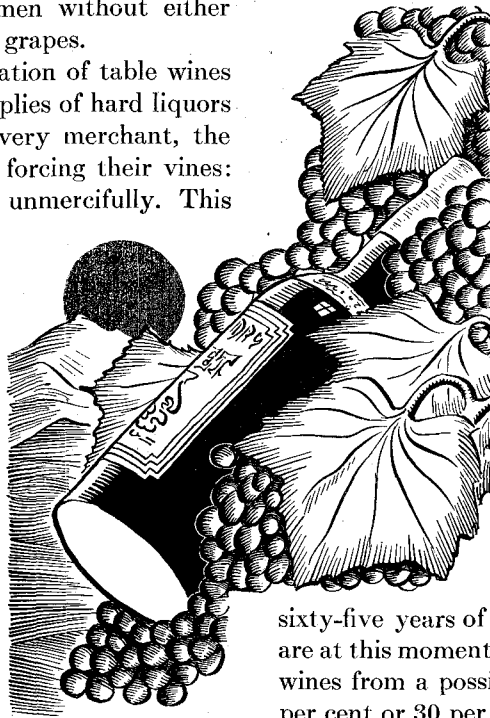
Now that a growing appreciation of table wines and a rapid decrease in the supplies of hard liquors have thinned the shelves of every merchant, the shrewder farmers are not only forcing their vines: they are stretching their wines unmercifully. This is true of even a few of the good vineyards as well as the bad — vineyards which for years have struggled to maintain a certain standard of quality and which now, because of natural cupidity or a change of ownership, are buying indiscriminately from their less prosperous neighbors in order to turn out a larger number of bottles each year.

This, I think, is the main reason why wines from California are so often disappointing. A case bought in December will be good. Three or six months later the same product, ordered from the same vintner and cared for in the same way, will be flat, flabby, ignoble. This is more than disconcerting, especially to a person who not only likes to serve good wine but has a certain adopted, if not native, pride.

It is reassuring to know that there are still a few vineyards whose wines, when procurable, are steadfast. My great regret is that their products are too expensive for the average American to serve as they should be served: as a complement to the daily fare of our tables. They are for the most part produced in small vineyards, so that the quantity is limited. They are made with skillful care, from vines that need much attention — a method which of course raises the price. Most of them come from

Northern California, and until lately have been almost unknown outside the state, except by a few connoisseurs and wine stewards.

If I wanted to buy them (which I do!) I'd do it by the case if possible, and from the best merchant near me. If I wanted only one good bottle, to share with a friend in time of travail or of joy, I'd go either to an upper-class dealer or to a large hotel, and I'd ask for a full fine Grey Riesling, a Sauvignon, or a delicate Ugni Blanc from Livermore, or best of all a Pinot Chardonnay; a Cabernet, a Gamay, a native Zinfandel; a Pinot Noir from Napa or Sonoma County or even from Santa Cruz or Santa Clara. If it was an inexpensive honest red wine I looked for, not too high in tannic acid for Gargantuan consumption, I'd buy some of that still blended and bottled in straw-wrapped flasks near Asti.



I'd be safe — safe from the cupidity, the lack of standardization, the tumultuous confusion of the California wine industry. I'd be drinking well, and storing as patiently as possible the knowledge that there is gradually emerging, through all the turmoil, a quality of production that cannot be harmed by war or prejudice or even man's dishonesty. The winegrowers with increasing skill are bottling three or four types of wine instead of an indiscriminate twenty or a horrible something called Maiden's Breath or Old Saint Murgatroyd, and, thanks to some

sixty-five years of research by the state oenologists, are at this moment increasing the production of finer wines from a possible 10 per cent to a probable 25 per cent or 30 per cent.

The Wine Institute, Delphic source of all such cheering prophecies, says that the trade secret that prices are soon to plunge downward (with the resumption of distilling) can now be whispered encouragingly by all wine-lovers, such as I, who feel at times that they see through a glass very darkly indeed. Distribution, too, will make it possible to buy a decent Zinfandel in Keokuk and Kalamazoo. War has at last brought financial stability and a resulting professional zeal, the Institute says happily; things are *much* better than they were three years or even three months ago.

And meantime, there is good wine to be found for the looking, an earnest for the future, and it still "comforteth the harte and causeth a body to be mery" — fair enough in these days.

A Montreal orphanage badly in need of children's clothes appealed to CKAC, the CBS affiliate, for help. The station hired a hall and put on a radio show. Admission was any useful article of clothing worn by youngsters aged 1 month to 6 years. 700 Montrealers came to the show and the next day CKAC needed six trucks to carry 3000 packages of clothing to the institution. ★

This war is going to end, and not until it does are CBS stations going to relax their steady outpouring of vital messages aimed to hasten that end. Recruiting. Health. Morale. Conservation. Production. Relief. These are only a fraction of the 70-odd war and public-benefit projects which radio airs freely and constantly.

In a typical recent week on WABC (CBS in New York) 105 war-project broadcasts went on the air. Radio messages sold bonds, saved fats and paper, urged writing service men, helping in hospitals, saving gas, saving cars. Messages explained how soldiers can vote, sought homes for children, urged kids in summer jobs to go back to school, asked for volunteers to help schools teach mothers child-hygiene, asked folks to make way for furlough soldiers on trains.

Sure—you've heard them all. What's more, you *do* something about them. Witness a recent request from the Procurement Division of the U. S. Coast Guard. "Please stop broadcasting for recruits for a while" it said. "Your appeals, in one week, beat our quota of 1500 men from the metropolitan area."

It should be noted that the total of 105 short war broadcasts during the typical week did not include all the strong war messages incorporated in programs sponsored by patriotic advertisers—nor war messages within the fabric of sustaining programs.

The way people have turned to radio to know where they could best help in war makes radio's peace-time possibilities for community service pretty obvious.

★

The daily task of Mr. James Rogan is to slam doors, fire pistols, kiss the back of his own forearm, stamp or shuffle his feet, break tumblers, and

such. He is a CBS sound-effect man, and that realistic waterfall, dynamo or cracking eggshell you hear is probably Jim at work. Off duty he plays the violin, composes songs as popular as *Stardust on the Moon* and *When a Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry*.

Mr. Rogan also writes radio words. Jersey Central trainmen testify that he sometimes gets so absorbed in his pad and pencil that he rides past his stop. He writes because once he didn't like a program he was making noises on, and decided to write a better one. If you heard *Grand Central Station* on CBS on October 7, at 1 p.m. EWT, you heard a Rogan plot.

★

To radio must go a large share of the credit for the mass migration to fine music in America. How else explain the crowd of 20,000 citizens who jammed Madison Square Garden on October 1 to hear the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra?



Or the week-in, week-out appearance of the world's leading artists on the major networks? Twenty years ago "good" music was available only in the concert halls of the cities. Today it pours like a golden torrent into 32,000,000 radio homes.

CBS alone during an average three-month period broadcasts nearly 600 programs of classical music for an elapsed time of nearly 200 hours. Excluding the occasional soloist, the weekly steady diet of "good" music on CBS reads like this:

E. Power Biggs, noted Harvard Organist—Sundays at 9:15 am EWT.

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir—Sundays at 12 noon EWT.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony—Sundays at 3 pm EWT.

Andre Kostelanetz and Orchestra—Sundays at 4:30 pm EWT.

The Family Hour—Sundays at 5 pm EWT.

James Melton, Metropolitan Opera tenor—Sundays at 9:30 pm EWT.

Eileen Farrell and the Columbia Concert Orchestra—Sundays at 11:15 pm EWT.

The American Melody Hour—Tuesdays at 7:30 pm EWT.

Great Moments in Music—Wednesdays at 10 pm EWT.

Invitation to Music—Wednesdays at 11:30 pm EWT.

The Philadelphia Orchestra—Saturdays at 5 pm EWT.

This is above and beyond the classical-music programs broadcast individually by the 146 stations of the CBS network.

Perhaps the clearest index of America's growing appetite for great music is the increasing number of companies who find enlightened self-interest in sponsoring on the air the best symphony orchestras in the country. ★

Lee Little of station KTUC, (CBS affiliate in Tucson) was dissatisfied with the progress of the city's paper salvage campaign. So he got an idea, in two parts:

1. He placed big bins at strategic points throughout the city. He conspired with a reluctant sign-painter to paint in 12-inch letters on the bins the following legend: WAIST PAPER.

2. KTUC then told the radio audience to go fill the bins.

Result A: A barrage of telephone calls, telegrams, and personal visitations charging the salvage committee with criminal spelling.

An army man said it was shameful in a cultural center housing the University of Arizona.

A foreign refugee said it was a sign of "moral deterioration".

Tucson's teachers wanted to know how they could get anywhere with Tucson's children when the City Fathers didn't know how to spell a simple one-syllable word.

Result B: 60% more waste paper salvaged than in any other campaign in the history of Tucson.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



Rhodes Scholars

By THOMAS J. HAMILTON

IF Cecil John Rhodes is remembered at all a century from now, it will not be for the imperial domain that he carved out in South Africa, but for the Oxford scholarships that bear his name. His methods were a little too energetic for modern tastes, but Rhodes did more than any other man has done in our times to paint British red on the map of the world.

Heart disease killed him in 1902, while the British were having a difficult time with the Boer Commandos. And Rhodes, who had never found time to marry while he was cornering the diamond mines of Kimberley and the gold mines of the Rand, left his entire fortune for the purpose of strengthening the British Empire and its links with the United States and with Germany (an afterthought).

Some two thousand young men from the ends of the earth have since profited from Rhodes's generosity, but it must be conceded that the scholarships are a rather tame ending to the career of the "great Elizabethan" (it was Barrie's phrase), who in other days might have founded a kingdom of his own. And it is likely that Rhodes, who loved a fight, would rejoice like a war horse at the sound of battle if he were alive to challenge the *Chicago Tribune's* current campaign against the Rhodes Scholars.

These attacks are a sign that the Americans whom his money sent to Oxford are at last accomplishing something, even though the judgment is delivered by their critics. And this is at least preferable to the contemptuous verdict that most writers, from Max Beerbohm down to Milton MacKaye, have been pronouncing upon the Rhodes men since the first contingent arrived in Oxford back in 1904.

What if the *Tribune* does demand that not only all former Rhodes Scholars, but all Americans who have unpatriotically attended a foreign university, be fingerprinted? After all, Rhodes's private chartered company in its day had made its own

treaties and fought its own war. The disciples of Rhodes ought to be a match for Colonel McCormick. Certainly Rhodes would have been.

There is scarcely an American community of any size that has not furnished at least one scholar to Oxford, and it is common knowledge that these — perhaps it is just as well — are not of the stuff from which empire-builders are made. Seldom do the sons of self-made millionaires display the rugged energy that won fortunes for their parents, and the Rhodes Scholars, who likewise have enjoyed a very expensive education, until now have seemed to run true to their borrowed form.

Rhodes, with the imperial mission on his mind from the time he made his first will at the age of twenty-four, did everything he could to make sure that his scholars were doers as well as hearers of the word. Neither a scholar nor an athlete, he specified that his scholars should be both, and that they should display qualities of character and leadership as well. By the time a world-wide organization had been set up to administer the scholarships, this had all been worked out on a mathematical basis — so much for scholarship, so much for athletics, and so forth.

One may note Rhodes's direction that any residue from his fortune should be spent on agents in the British Empire who would "be above all things imperial, in fact, make the imperial idea paramount." And the dying bachelor added that these "would be better unmarried, as the considerations of babies and other domestic agenda generally destroy higher thought."

The fortune that Rhodes left was one of the greatest of his day. At his death it yielded an income of £1,000,000, which since has increased to £2,000,000 a year. This made possible scholarships on a scale unknown in history: 60-odd for Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other members of the British Empire; 15 for Germany; and 96 (two from each state in the Union) for the United States. A well-authenticated story says that Rhodes and his lawyer both thought that the United States was still composed of the thirteen original colonies, and they did not realize that they were giving America more than the Empire and Germany combined.

As the scholarships were originally fixed for three years, this meant that thirty-two states held elections each year, scholarships being restricted to unmarried men between nineteen and twenty-five. The annual stipend, originally £250, finally was raised to £400, a princely sum which enabled scholars to support themselves without outside help, and even, if money from their families was available, made possible life on a grand scale.

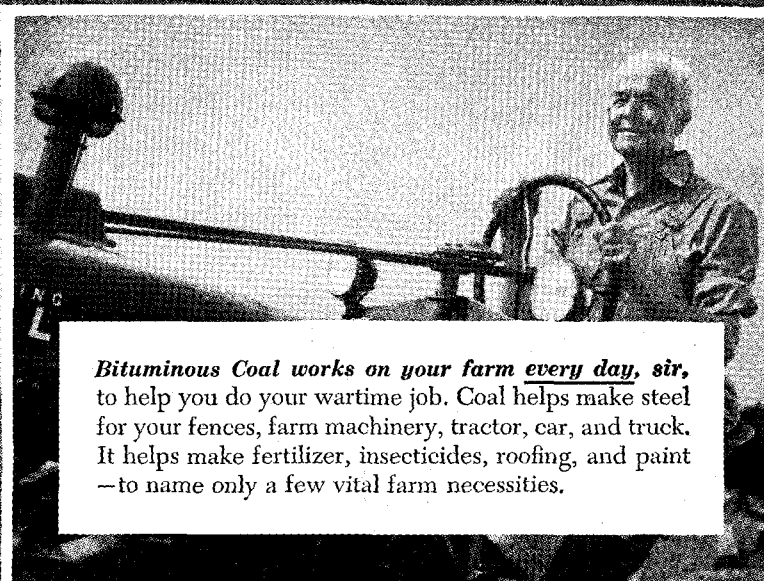
Former Madrid and roving Latin American correspondent for the *New York Times*, THOMAS J. HAMILTON is serving as a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve.



*"COAL? Don't know as we
use it much on this farm"*



*American farm products go to market
on the railroads—and 94 per cent of
all our locomotives use Bituminous Coal
for power! And chances are the electrici-
ty for your refrigerating units and lights
is generated from Bituminous Coal!*



*Bituminous Coal works on your farm every day, sir,
to help you do your wartime job. Coal helps make steel
for your fences, farm machinery, tractor, car, and truck.
It helps make fertilizer, insecticides, roofing, and paint
—to name only a few vital farm necessities.*



*Bituminous Coal helps generate
electricity to run your electrical
appliances. Coal also makes
medicines, and dyes for fabrics.
And, of course, 4 out of every
7 homes are heated by Bitu-
minous Coal . . . Farm, Home,
and Industry Depend on Coal!*



"WE NEED BITUMINOUS COAL!"

Last year, to supply the demands of farm-
ing, railroads, home, and factory, the coal
industry produced a world's record total of 589 mil-
lion tons! This year the industry has scheduled an
output of over 600 million tons—more coal than has
ever been mined in any year in any country.

**Surprising Facts about
Bituminous Coal**

- 1.** High-octane gasoline can be made from coal . . .
so America's 3000-year supply of Bituminous Coal is
our best insurance against a motor fuel shortage!
- 2.** A well-dressed woman, after Victory, will wear
coal! For coal is needed for making precious nylons
and many other fine fabrics.
- 3.** Bituminous Coal mining pays one of the highest
hourly wages in American industry. In fact, more
than iron and steel, rubber products, printing and
publishing, or electrical machinery. *Bituminous Coal*
Institute, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

BITUMINOUS  **COAL** ★

Farm, Home, and Industry Depend on Coal!

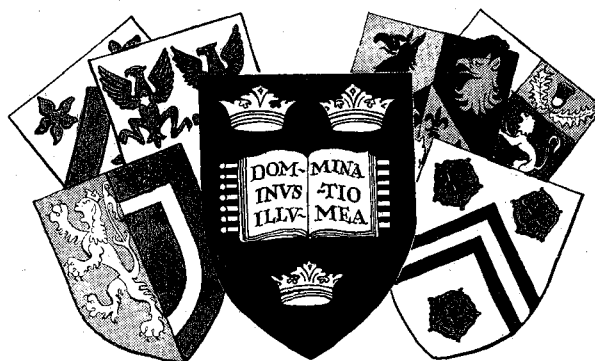
From 1904 until 1939, when selections were suspended (with the advent of war, our Neutrality Act forbade American citizens to travel into belligerent zones), 1126 Americans were appointed to the scholarships. The formula in the early days was very rigid: 30 per cent for "literary and scholastic attainments"; 20 per cent for "fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football and the like"; 30 per cent for "qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship"; 20 per cent for "exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."

Rhodes no doubt believed these attributes would be desirable in his scholars, but he appears to have been quite skeptical about the type of men who would possess them in just this proportion. In a fit of cynicism during his last days he told W. T. Stead that they really were the qualities of "smugness, brutality, unctuous rectitude, and tact." And the attempt of his selection committees to follow his specifications sometimes produced strange and wonderful results. Though it may be possible for one person to have all these virtues and a supple and elastic mind as well, relatively few such persons turned up at Oxford.

The climax was reached in 1928, when a certain Rhodes Scholar who had played on his college football team, made Phi Beta Kappa, and been elected president of the college Y.M.C.A. arrived bearing the sobriquet of "The Perfect Man." The unfortunate fellow had been thus christened by his home-town paper, and as word of this reached Oxford before him, he was the darling of many a breakfast and tea party until the English had had their fill at a shilling a look.

Perhaps as a result of the ridicule caused by this incident, the Rhodes Trustees soon afterwards began to urge the selection committees not to try too hard for "well-rounded" scholars. This changed policy was the easier to carry out because the system of written examinations, which was employed in the early years, had already been abandoned; selection committees relied more and more upon their personal sizing-up of the candidates. By this time, moreover, enough old Rhodes Scholars, with an intimate knowledge of the type of man who could benefit from a stay at Oxford, were available to serve on the committees.

Another change, which was in even flatter contradiction of Rhodes's will, also is responsible for the fact that fewer campus heroes have been sent to Oxford in recent years. Rhodes's will had specified that each state should have two scholarships. But



it was obvious that while such states as New York or Massachusetts would always provide enough candidates of scholarship caliber, those less advanced or less densely populated would not always have suitable material. Committees were instructed therefore to make no selection unless suitable candidates were available — the vacant scholarship being awarded to a close runner-up elsewhere — but local pride of course made it difficult for committees to reject all candidates, and these vacancies did not often occur.

In 1929, therefore, the Rhodes Trustees persuaded the British Parliament to set aside this provision of Rhodes's will and divide the United States into eight districts of six states each, each district having the right to make four selections a year. The new policy aroused some protests among states-rights-minded Rhodes men, but on the whole has met with general approval. It is perhaps too early, however, to say whether any great improvement in the quality of Rhodes Scholars has resulted.

Another change ordered by the Trustees at about the same time limited the duration of the scholarships to two years unless there was some convincing reason for a third year. Englishmen, after leaving public school or grammar school, usually spend three years at Oxford; and Rhodes — if he gave the matter any thought — may have intended his American scholars to go to Oxford from high school. However, the age requirement in practice limited the American scholarships to college graduates, and it was found after a time that most of these were able to take whatever additional degree they wanted from Oxford in two years.

As might be expected, the impact of Oxford upon more or less callow Phi Beta Kappa's has been tremendous. After years of dutifully getting their lessons every night, they were free, for a while at least, to do what they chose. A few, particularly those sent over during the prohibition era, embarked upon a commendable attempt to save the English from drink by consuming extra-large quantities themselves. Others were intoxicated more by the

unaccustomed luxury of Oxford, with "scouts" to serve their meals in their suites of rooms, and shopkeepers who displayed a novel deference. And every Rhodes Scholar was exhilarated by the freedom with which dons and undergraduates discussed any subject under the sun without regard to the prejudices that are accepted without question in some parts of the United States.

Perhaps even more suspicious, from the point of view of the Hearst-McCormick combine, is the fact that the Rhodes Scholars also developed a real interest in international affairs. They are not, of course, the only Americans who have ever traveled; hundreds of thousands of college students, school-teachers, and the well-to-do used to sail for Europe every summer. But these went mostly on Cook's tours of one kind or another, roaring over most of the Continent in five or six weeks. The Rhodes Scholars, however, had an opportunity during the long Oxford vacations—undergraduates are in residence at Oxford only twenty-four weeks out of the year—to settle down and really learn something about Grenoble or the Black Forest or the islands of the Aegean. England remained for many of them a depressing country, with bad food and an execrable climate, but they gave their hearts to Europe; few returned to the United States without a smattering, at least, of one or more foreign languages and a corresponding interest in the people who spoke them.

That was the general experience, although some, to be sure, ended their scholarships with a cordial dislike of England or Europe or both. Back in 1924, for instance, a Rhodes Scholar shocked the Trustees and others gathered at the farewell dinner by declaring that "Oxford and England have only made us love America more." And he went on to say that "we are sick of handshaking across the seas; some day, perhaps, some of us will amount to something, if the life of idleness has not become too strong."

Unless the American public meanwhile is convinced that the Rhodes scholarships are a Bad

Thing, the doors of Oxford will swing open after the war to another batch of well-rounded Phi Beta Kappa's. Whether they will be more susceptible than their predecessors to the blandishments of an education for nothing is a matter that is more dependent on the state of American public opinion than anything that Rhodes



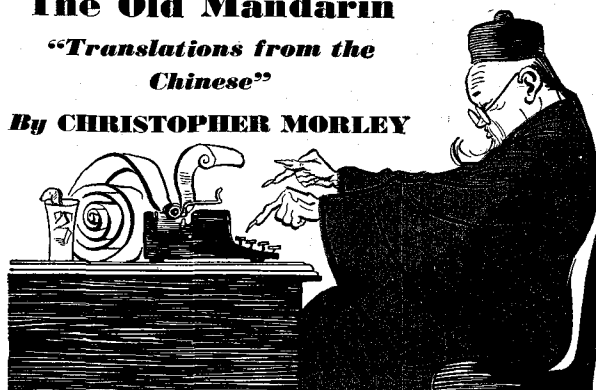
dreamed or plotted half a century ago. The chances are, however, that much the same types of American students will go over, and that they will return with more knowledge and understanding of Europe than most of their countrymen possess.

If this be treason, then somebody should speak severely to Elmer Davis, Representative William Fulbright, and the 200 other Rhodes men who are serving the American government in wartime. Not to mention the 250 (there are 350 of military age) who are members of the armed forces of the United States.

The Old Mandarin

"Translations from the Chinese"

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



WOMEN'S RESERVE

He learned, at the Naval Training School,
That in order to join the Waves
A girl must be able to hear
Words whispered at 15 feet.

As though any woman couldn't.

HOT LEMONADE

The Old Mandarin
Sneezing fiercely in an attack of flu
Said, If I die tell Henry Wallace
This was the Century
Of the Common Cold.

HEAVY INDUSTRY

To a tycoon in a world-wide business
I made eager suggestion
For political good will.

"This company is too big,"
He confessed sadly,
"To do anything significant."

The Old Mandarin is an Oriental sage who was discovered some years ago by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY and whose pleasure it is to compare our modern conveniences with the ancient verities. Mr. Morley has been translating for him ever since his first appearance in *The Bowling Green*.



SEND THE MOST EXCITING
GIFT OF ALL!

*Fabulous
Fruit*



FROM OREGON'S
**BLUE GOOSE
ORCHARDS**

Gift baskets of huge du Comice Pears (once grown in France as the luxury of kings), giant red and golden Delicious Apples, immense mouth-watering Oranges, Emperor Grapes, Coachella Valley Dates. Also beautiful Christmas boxes of du Comice Pears. This is de luxe quality fruit, of a size and perfection which few people have ever seen. We guarantee it to be just as advertised and to arrive in perfect condition.

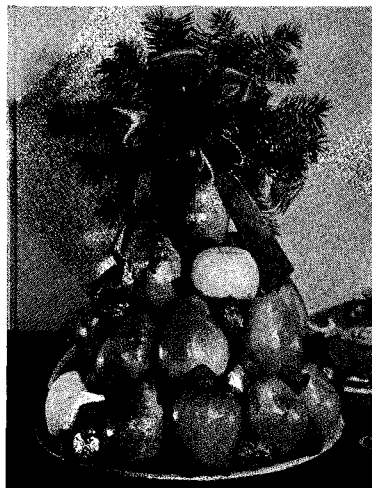
Among our customers are such discriminating givers as Mrs. Cary Grant, Harry James, Ginger Rogers, Gene Autrey and many others.

Order now for Thanksgiving, Christmas or other occasions. Shipment any time after Oct. 15.

Fruit of the Calendar Club—5 boxes of rare fruit in season, with big basket at Christmas, \$22.50.

FRUIT TRAYS—Heaped with big luscious du Comice Pears, giant red and golden Delicious Apples, and other rare fruit. After Christmas, the Spruce tray makes a handsome hors d'oeuvres server. Weight about 16 lbs. exactly as pictured. Express prepaid.

\$8⁹⁵



HOLIDAY GIFT BASKETS Magnificent du Comice Pears, giant red and golden Delicious Apples, immense Oranges, Emperor Grapes, Coachella Valley Dates and other good things heaped in white hand-woven Baskets, with big red bow and all wrapped in gleaming cellophane. Basket exactly as pictured above. Weight about 20 lbs. Express prepaid.

\$10⁹⁵

Same basket as above except 15 lb. weight, \$8.95.

WORLD FAMED DU COMICE PEARS

Christmas boxes of enormous du Comice Pears, so large that each Pear is a "handful." Sweet, tender and dripping juice. Box of 10 to 14 Pears, Express Prepaid.

\$2⁹⁵

De luxe box of 24 to 24 du Comice Pears, prepaid, \$5.15.



FOREST CLUSTERS Boughs of aromatic Douglas Fir and Giant Sugar Pine Cones from Oregon Forests. Complete with scarlet ribbon and little golden bell which tinkles when the door opens. Also very attractive for window or mantel. A beautiful holiday decoration, all ready to hang. Size 33x18 inches in white florist's box. Guaranteed to keep green for weeks. Express prepaid.

\$4⁹⁵

Shipments guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition (only military camps at your risk). Send check or money order. No orders outside U.S. No C.O.D.'s. Reference: 1st National Bank, Medford.

BLUE GOOSE ORCHARDS,

American Fruit Growers, Inc., 209 Fir Street, Medford, Oregon

SRS: Please send: Baskets ☐ Trays ☐ Clusters ☐ Boxes ☐

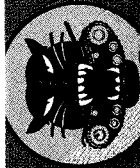
Your Name.....

Address.....

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Enclosed for \$..... Arrival Date

Name and addresses attached for each item.





THE HELLCATS

...the Hellcats are on the prowl since we started work on these sluggers as answers to the vaunted Tiger tank. Twenty-odd months of designing, building, testing, perfecting.

More than a year ago they went into production, and several months ago we knew they were on their way, in quantities, to undisclosed battlefields.

They have shown what they can do there. Because of them, American men have had benefit of a harder-hitting weapon against tanks, pillboxes, strong points and machine-gun nests.

We're mighty glad that's so. Not just because this is a Buick baby. But because it's a good American weapon, built in our way, for use of our own kind.

More power to it, say we — and to those gallant men in uniform for whom we sweated it out!

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS ★ INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS

Buick will be glad to furnish, without cost, a full-color reprint of this advertisement to those interested in this important new weapon. Write to Buick Motor Division, Flint 2, Michigan

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants.

ARE ON THE PROWL

THE Army calls them 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriages — designation M-18. But to Buick men who designed and built them, in cooperation with Army Ordnance — and to Tank Destroyer Command forces who fight in them — they're Hellcats.

The name fits. They are tank-killers with the pace of a panther and the lethal strike of the king cobra.

They're so fast they run rings around anything but their brothers, and they master obstacles that stop other vehicles cold.

They can split an enemy tank at several miles — and thanks to springing born of Buick's work on your car, they can romp down roads at passenger car speeds.

And now they're on the prowl. It has been twenty-odd months

since we started work on these sluggers as answers to the vaunted Tiger tank. Twenty-odd months of designing, building, testing, perfecting.

More than a year ago they went into production, and several months ago we knew they were on their way, in quantities, to undisclosed battlefields.

They have shown what they can do there. Because of them, American men have had benefit of a harder-hitting weapon against tanks, pillboxes, strong points and machine-gun nests.

We're mighty glad that's so. Not just because this is a Buick baby. But because it's a good American weapon, built in our way, for use of our own kind.

More power to it, say we — and to those gallant men in uniform for whom we sweated it out!

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS ★ INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS

Buick will be glad to furnish, without cost, a full-color reprint of this advertisement to those interested in this important new weapon. Write to Buick Motor Division, Flint 2, Michigan

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE Army calls them 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriages — designation M-18. But to Buick men who designed and built them, in cooperation with Army Ordnance — and to Tank Destroyer Command forces who fight in them — they're Hellcats.

The name fits. They are tank-killers with the pace of a panther and the lethal strike of the king cobra.

They're so fast they run rings around anything but their brothers, and they master obstacles that stop other vehicles cold.

They can split an enemy tank at several miles — and thanks to springing born of Buick's work on your car, they can romp down roads at passenger car speeds.

And now they're on the prowl. It has been twenty-odd months

THE Army calls them 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriages — designation M-18. But to Buick men who designed and built them, in cooperation with Army Ordnance — and to Tank Destroyer Command forces who fight in them — they're Hellcats.

The name fits. They are tank-killers with the pace of a panther and the lethal strike of the king cobra.

They're so fast they run rings around anything but their brothers, and they master obstacles that stop other vehicles cold.

They can split an enemy tank at several miles — and thanks to springing born of Buick's work on your car, they can romp down roads at passenger car speeds.

And now they're on the prowl. It has been twenty-odd months

THE Army calls them 76-mm. Gun Motor Carriages — designation M-18. But to Buick men who designed and built them, in cooperation with Army Ordnance — and to Tank Destroyer Command forces who fight in them — they're Hellcats.

The name fits. They are tank-killers with the pace of a panther and the lethal strike of the king cobra.

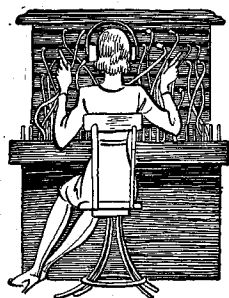
They're so fast they run rings around anything but their brothers, and they master obstacles that stop other vehicles cold.

They can split an enemy tank at several miles — and thanks to springing born of Buick's work on your car, they can romp down roads at passenger car speeds.

And now they're on the prowl. It has been twenty-odd months



BUILDS THE HELLCAT



BLUE NETWORK

I'm terribly sorry for Woman
Confided the Old Mandarin; and paused.

They poured him another snifter.
Go on, O.M. — Proceed!

Well, I better put it in parable
And for God's sake don't quote me:
She is never really promoted beyond Receptionist
And in the network of nerves
Spends her life at the switchboard.

ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

Walking by the river
I see the ships at anchor
Each at a different angle
And I know
The tide is on the turn.

How like young writers!
So quick they feel the changes
In the currents of the time —
Moored between
The flood of E. M. Forster,
The ebb of Ezra Pound.

A CASUAL THOUGHT

Just by accident, I suppose,
I am thinking of the world's unpublished poems
And the beautiful imperative reasons
For not publishing them.

STUDIES IN DRY VERMOUTH

I'm terrified, she said,
When you do something really unselfish,
For I know too well
That the next time you lose your temper
Either you'll brag about it
Or else curse me
For having let you do it.

CHINESE ACTOR

My favorite actor is the one
Whose name I see
So frequently
On the marquee:
Sat Sun Mon.

PRESENTATION COPY

Day after day
When you thought I was passing the time
(Or vice versa),
These little poems
Were getting ready for you.

The kind of work I do,
No one can tell
(Not even myself)
Whether I'm really working.

GOOD PATIENT

I can always tell if my verses
Are any good, said the Chinese poet.
If they are, they leave me
A little dizzy or faint.

Then you should build up your blood-sugar
Before you do another one,
Said his medical adviser.

A little later I overheard the poet
At a neighborhood bar, saying,
"Hi, Steve,
Another one of those blood-sugars."

RIDDLING CONFESSION

On the sill of a ground-floor apartment
When they woke the next morning
Were the padprints of a cat.
In spite of barred windows
Had sneaked in
Dusty little catpaws
Of Time.

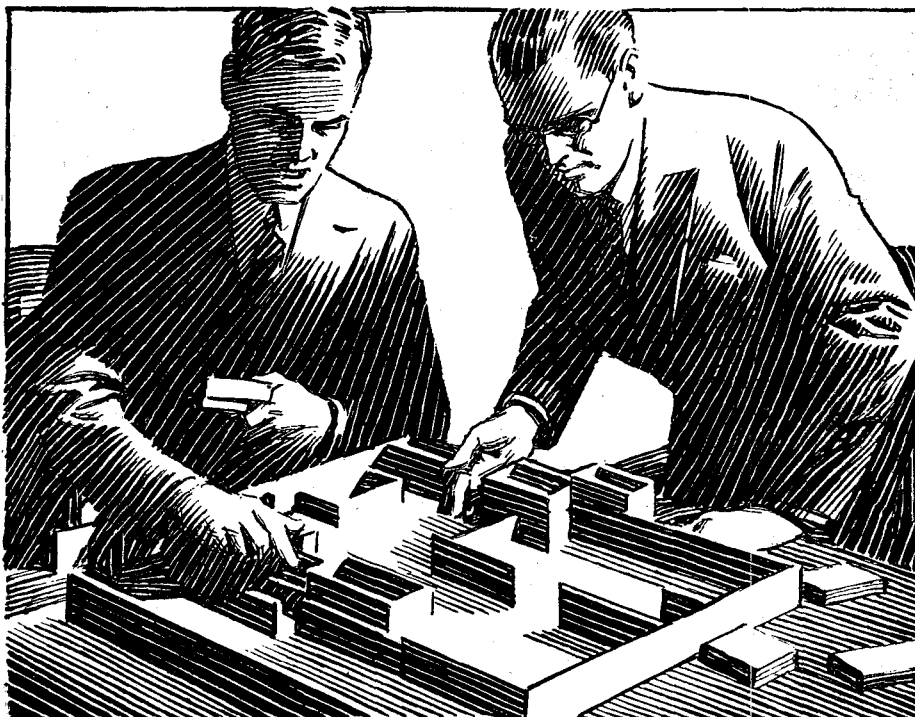
Riddling confession,
Said Friar Laurence,
Gets but riddling shrift.

HIS IGNORANCE

The absent-minded Old Mandarin, easily confused,
Gets mixed up by the radio.
For a long time he thought
Kaltenborn was a Russian marshal,
Alkaseltzer a Polish town recaptured,
And *Clippercrafft* a Pacific island.

His niece was horrified:
He didn't even know Duke Ellington
From the Duke of Wellington.





T-Loans—and your post-war plans

Plans for plant conversion, improved production facilities and the manufacture of peacetime products are already under way in virtually every industry. The nation's banks are ready to meet the post-war demands for working capital.

In order to fulfill this need, credit including "T-Loans" is available. Through

this medium, a commitment is made to provide for the cancellation of war contracts and insure the working capital necessary for peacetime business.

The New York Trust Company extends a cordial invitation to executives concerned with post-war planning to inquire regarding this timely facility.



THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

100 BROADWAY • MADISON AVENUE AND 40TH STREET • TEN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

Buy War Bonds

Music

By CARL ANTHON

AN Elizabethan composer who contributed not a little to the luster of his period prefaced his *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke* with the following little scene. At a distinguished dinner party the guests, getting up from the table, got ready for some music. The hostess distributed part books, but one gentleman who was present admitted with embarrassment that he was unable to sing from music books. "What!" the guests whispered to each other. "A gentleman, and not able to read music at sight? What is the matter with his education, his upbringing?" The poor man was an object of general ridicule, and ran straight to a musician to complete his education.

A singer seeking employment at the papal chapel in Rome — or at almost any other large chapel in those days — had to pass a rigid examination. After religion and morals had been properly investigated, he would be handed a part book of a Mass and asked to sing it, — at sight, of course, — improvising intricate ornaments as he went along. Worse yet, he might be asked to improvise right then and there a fourth part to a three-part motet! Counterpoint by heart (*contrapunto alla mente*) the Italians called it, and it was considered an essential craft for the professional musician.

Again, a certain Italian composer, in dedicating his most recent madrigals to the "gentlemen of Urbino," expressed the fear that these compositions might not be acceptable to them because they were "accustomed to having new and fresh compositions, not yet in print, every evening."

For centuries the ability to perform music was an indispensable part of a gentleman's equipment. Popes, princes, scholars, and politicians were accustomed to demonstrate proficiency on one or more instruments or in singing. The sixteenth century was the great period of amateurism in many fields of artistic endeavor. Men of many walks of life sketched and painted, wrote sonnets, and made music.

Most of the great painters of the period were avid musicians. Pope Leo X composed religious music and spent large sums on good musicians. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo de' Medici, was such an addict of music that he took songs and



madrigals, carved on wooden tablets, with him into the Arno River whenever he went swimming with his friends. The princes of Ferrara and Mantua and the members of their families were well educated in music, and some of them were exceedingly accomplished players and even composers. English rulers — Henry VIII, Catherine of Aragon, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth — were instrumentalists.

Italian nobles organized private, so-called "academies" to participate in scholarly discussions and to take music lessons from professional musicians employed for this purpose. Counts Mario and Alessandro Bevilacqua of Verona maintained their own little musical academy; Alessandro was no mean composer himself. The great madrigalist, Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, a bold innovator in harmonic progressions, was an amateur. So also was Ercole Bottrigari of Bologna, a gentleman scholar who has about thirty works on astronomy and mathematics to his credit, and was an indefatigable translator of Greek and Latin authors. At the age of eleven he could already play the lute, the viol, the harpsichord, and several other instruments. In later years he wrote at least four treatises on ancient and modern music. The father of Galileo, the great astronomer, was a philosophic and musical dilettante of note who was intimately connected with the resuscitation of Greek drama and the birth of the opera in Florence.

Another practice in sixteenth-century music, totally foreign to our own age, was the art of improvisation. This was not restricted to music alone, but was present in some form in many other fields.

Improvisation in music was manifested in many ways. The most obvious form was the *contrapunto alla mente* alluded to earlier. This consisted of inventing a melody to go with one or several others while singing with the choir. Most Italian professional singers were expected to do this, and the musicians and theoreticians of the day went into raptures in describing the "celestial harmonies" produced by the great church choirs when improvising.

In those days the notes written down represented only a sort of skeleton to be filled in by the performer as he pleased. The printed page was not sacrosanct as in our day, and performers were given wide scope for individualistic bends.

Our era is sadly unique in that it indulges almost exclusively in the music of the past. Whereas in the sixteenth century, and up to the early nineteenth, music had to be "strictly fresh," certainly not more

CARL ANTHON is an amateur of chamber music and has played the recorder in many recitals. He is now teaching history to Army classes at Cornell University.

For free booklet and information write our 23-year, non-profit *Tucson Sunshine Climate Club*, 4403-B Rialto, Tucson, Arizona.

P.S. Confirmed reservations for living accommodations are imperative!

T
U
C
S
N

As a wartime service to owners of **ALL MAKES** of cars, General Motors offers a new edition of The Automobile User's Guide, containing 196 practical suggestions on such subjects as *how to get better gasoline economy, how to prolong tire life, how to keep your car in the best operating condition, how to preserve the exterior finish, etc.*

➔ You can get your **FREE COPY** ➔
➔ from any General Motors dealer ➔
➔ or by using the coupon below. ➔

Please send FREE COPY of new User's Guide



Name.....
 please print

Address.....
 please print

City..... State.....

*Make & Model
of Car Owned*

say Croy Royal!

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA
Wines
and Vermouths



Chablis
Cabernet
Burgundy
Sauterne

Tawny Port
Pale Dry Sherry
Madeira
Muscatel

Remember, Buy Bonds First!

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIF.



**"Now, if we
were only**

staying at 'THE ROOSEVELT'

Rooms with bath from \$4.50

THE ROOSEVELT

Robert P. Williford, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview; NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, *The Town House*; MEXICO, Chihuahua, *The Palacio Hilton*. Hilton Hotels, C. N. Hilton, President.

than five years old, in order to meet the approval of listeners, it must now be "strictly mellowed" with age. Despite efforts to include contemporary composers in the musical fare of symphony programs, audiences still feel uncomfortable in the presence of so much dissonance and noise. We find a deep gulf between composers and performers of the concert stage, on the one hand, and the public, on the other. A handful of composers write the music, and a few handfuls of virtuosi perform for the non-participating mass of the people.

In the sixteenth century a choirmaster could hardly get a job unless he had published some compositions, and he had to provide a good deal of the music performed in church services. Today, churchgoers would frown upon a choirmaster who would presume to impose his own or other contemporary compositions on them. We are antiquarians; we preserve the treasures of the past and tend to depend upon them almost exclusively for our edification. The broad basis for a flourishing musical culture is lacking.

It will be pointed out that many more people play musical instruments today than in previous centuries. This is true as far as sheer numbers are concerned. However, education which was formerly the prerogative of the upper classes is now the common property of all. Everyone nowadays supposedly has had a liberal education of some sort, including the knowledge of musical notation. But what a comparative few ever develop this knowledge into a practical avocation in later life!

Imagine today the President of the United States or the Prime Minister of Great Britain playing Hindemith quartets, or the ambassador to France (in earlier and happier days) sending home enthusiastic reports about the performances at the Paris opera house, or himself singing the tenor in a four-part cantata!

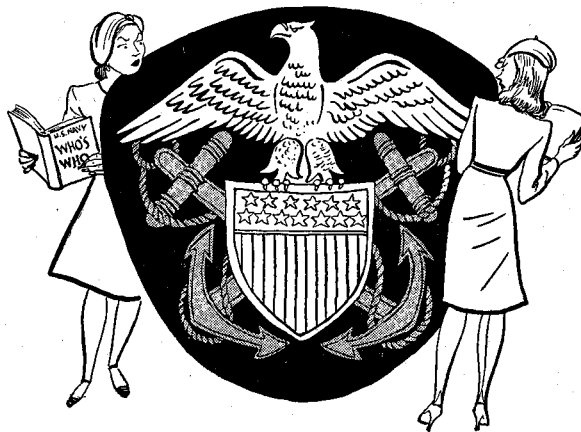
Autumn Kitchen

By HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE paring knife slits through the round
Of rusty plum or spotted peach;
These too-late hanging still are sound,
The veins are full; at heart of each

Lies the blind seed, the foreign shape
Bedded in silk but walled with stone;
The blade stops short, the mind agape
Holds as the hand, the thing unknown,

The principle, the furious will
So to protect, make bloom, keep whole
Fruit and more fruit, rout chaos, fill
An Eden or my canning bowl.



Lady By Act of Congress

By HARRIETT SEYMOUR

IT LONG has been standing gossip among Naval enlisted men's wives that invitations to all-ship activities are worded to include "Officers and their ladies, enlisted men and their wives." Until the pre-war expansion program became effective, that line of demarcation was well defined. Daily the formerly well-fenced social horizons become more obscured.

To one who long has maintained that she merely is in the Navy, not of it, the social perplexities reach humorous heights. I once was in the humbler half of those invitations. My husband enlisted many years ago and worked his way up from the ranks to become a commissioned officer. Since I was his wife then, and I'm still his wife now, I've gone along on the ride.

I recall those dead but decidedly not so dear days when I groveled in the depths of social obscurity. My acquaintance with the upper strata was not the bowing one which I enjoy today. Indeed no. I then viewed the comings and goings of my more fortunate sisters only from afar. From the social columns of our city newspapers the picture of Mrs. Ensign So-and-so smiled at me as she played golf. Or Mrs. Lieutenant Commander Whosis waved gayly in my direction simultaneously with taking her jumper over the hurdles. Occasionally I was accorded the high privilege of a stilted look from a 2-col. of Mrs. Admiral Blankname who had just returned to her home following an extended safari into the wilds of a near-by winter resort.

But could I get nearer? Not on your best gold chinstrap.

These caste differences in the organizations purportedly maintained for the perpetuation of democracy were emphasized even more strongly by my husband's attitude. Born as he was on soil we

HARRIETT SEYMOUR is the *nom de guerre* of a "Navy mustang's" wife.



These people buy a battleship — every week!

Meet John S—— and Mary D——

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes \$85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes \$55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy

one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.



You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council



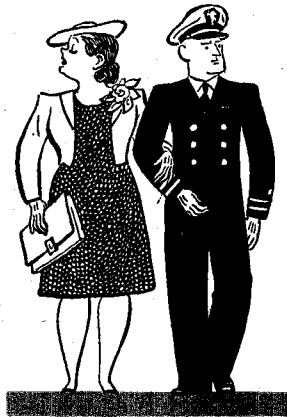
now call Allied, and uniting his fate with the Navy's as he did for the highly commendable reason of a sense of indebtedness to this great country of ours for the privileges he had received, his attitude is understandable. But breathes there the human being who always has understood and never disagreed?

I have protested when we were forced to adopt the slower pace of the officer strolling ahead on the street. BurNavReg number unknown: prohibiting junior from passing a superior without a "By your leave, Sir." (Note: Intended for conduct aboard ship and Navy establishments, but my guy's consistent.) I have protested when we surrendered our place in the theater queue or restaurant line *with a smile* for the man with the gold braid — or lace; I mustn't be vulgar — on his arm. And *how* I protested when sales clerks left us waiting uncounted minutes while they attended the needs of those Olympian souls.

While originally I hadn't the slightest intention of being at all fair or even tolerant about this thing, I must admit that there was a slight foothold of truth upon which the phraseology of invitations could have rested in the beginning.

Before my time, I understand, it was common civil practice to hand offenders a jail sentence with a cruise in the Navy as an alternative. Since this is not a treatise on democracy, I hope I can say without too much criticism that, were I an officer's wife in those days, I shouldn't want to bump into some convicted robber's moll either. In those days there was a necessity for the line.

But the Navy is different today. Except for the standards of aviation schools, there is no branch of the service with higher requirements than the Navy. Former professors, lawyers, doctors, and other professional men are filling the upper brackets now, and that higher level is, in turn, transmitted down through the line to the enlisted men, where the IQ is at its highest. No X marks the spot of Joe Bootcamp's signature these days. He writes his name



in a well-trained hand. Chances are he is at least a high school graduate and has plans for more education when the war is over.

Joe's wife knows which fork to use, too. Rarely does she split an infinitive or dangle the participle. She's a nice girl, and it's about time somebody recognized the fact.

Perhaps I'm biased in her favor because I once was she. But if I am, the bias is true because I'm on the other side of the fence now and I'm being looked at by the same gals at whom I looked so long.

Covertly, oh ever so covertly, the ladies I meet at bridge look up my husband's name in the nautical equivalent of *Who's Who*. They can go clear back — and probably do — to the first Annapolis graduation lists, and they don't find his name. And believe me, there's no clearance tolerance here — there's not even any tolerance. No name, out of bounds. And, brother, I'm not kidding.

They tell me the first Annapolis graduates were numbered according to their class standings. High man, number 1, and so on down the line. Which should catch you up on that point. The second graduating class received numbers consecutive from the last number of the first class, and so down through history.

If you don't know what that has to do with us wives, you don't know much about women. All ensigns look alike and ditto lieutenants. But everyone has a number. After all these years it must take spherical trig to find out who has the drop on whom, but those gals do it — discreetly, it is needless to add.

When a lieutenant's wife becomes acquainted with a lieutenant's wife, they don't step over dead bodies in their frantic haste to get home for a look at That Book, but the effect is the same. You can tell who won the next time they meet. The senior is the one with the slightly upraised profile.

Perhaps you can see where that leaves wives without a number to their name. Now I shouldn't put it so baldly. Our husbands have numbers all right, but their names have been inserted into the lists. It doesn't seem to me those numbers are in neon, but then I'm crass.

However, our guys aren't always "anchor men." We mustangs' wives (that's the Navy's inelegant description of us who have married men from the ranks) can score on the occasions when we have rank. It's Cinderella's night out then.



How I Acquired My Lack of Poise

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH



UP TO my fifth year, I was sublimely unself-conscious, completely and magnificently at home in any surroundings, and comfortably friendly with any creature, on two legs or four. There was only one trouble. I was — no matter how they tried to disguise it with dresses that were striped vertically or otherwise cunningly devised — shaped exactly like a butterball. I even moved like a butterball — frontwards, backwards, or sideways, depending on the position I happened to be in when I started.

This condition did not bother *me* in the least. I was quite capable of rolling down a flight of stairs, picking myself up unconcernedly, and continuing whatever conversation had been momentarily interrupted. My social poise was not in the least disturbed by my lack of physical poise. Apparently it did bother grownups, however, and eventually it was decided, over my head, that I was to study ballet. Ballet dancing, my parents were convinced, would enable me to go forth in life serene and graceful.

My older sister, who was eight then, was much too tall and thin, and they decided to fix both of us up at once. We took lessons in a class of about thirty little girls, and our teacher's name was something Russian that ended with the syllable *-ova*. For years after, I had the delusion that I had studied with Pavlova. At that age a few consonants one way or the other don't bother you much.

We were all togged out with little dancing dresses, and ballet slippers, and wads of lamb's wool for the toes. And since all the dancing dresses were alike, the net result was that right at the very beginning my sister looked even taller and thinner than she had before, with a great deal of long leg sticking out below the hem of her dress like a stork, and I looked more than ever like a butterball — especially since my dress happened to be yellow.

The classroom was a nightmare of long mirrors, and for the first time in my life I saw myself objectively in a group of other children. Since we were all dressed exactly alike, the hideous difference between the way I looked and the way they looked was

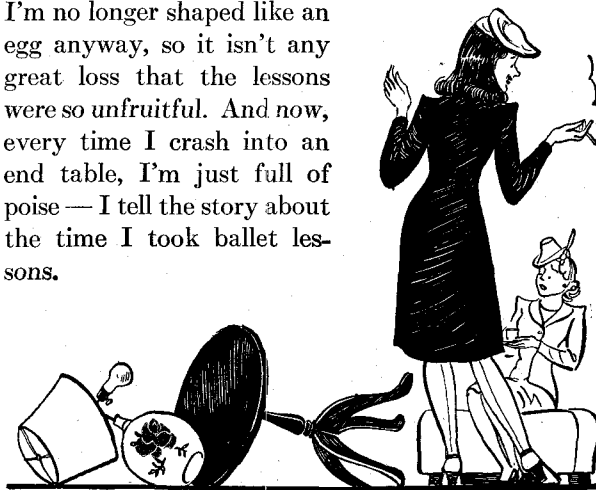
at once clear to me. The word "butterball" took on a new and terrible meaning.

The dancing didn't go too well, either. I was (and still am, since I avoid exercise in any form) remarkably limber. So limber, in fact, that we might as well admit that I am double-jointed almost all over. Everything wobbles. When all the other children took a position, I tried to do it too, only some joint always gave way and started bending in the other direction. I never did succeed in standing on my toes, but I was quite successful in concealing this fact by standing behind other children who could and often did stand on their toes. If Madame Pastrova (or Varnova) knew it, she never said anything.

At the end of the year there was the recital. Since it was my first public appearance, I did not yet have the sense to be afraid. It was not until the audience was all assembled and the dancing had started that the full horror of it struck me. I was the smallest of the children, in height if in nothing else, and I had to dance in the very front. I suddenly realized that there I was in front of all those people, and there was *nobody to hide behind*. I stood stock-still, while I took the situation in; then I burst into tears and was led quietly away.

There were no more dancing lessons — especially after it was discovered that persistent effort to achieve position number five had definitely flattened my sister's feet and mine. The dancing lessons were replaced for a while with foot exercises designed to repair the damage, and it was a good many years before my feet once more regained a somewhat normal shape. We were further supplied with heavy metal arch supports which caused our shoes to bulge and crack, and which caused us to walk with a peculiar thumping gait.

Now that these torments are past, I'm not too unhappy. There doesn't seem to be much opportunity, in my part of society, for breaking into dances, and I'm no longer shaped like an egg anyway, so it isn't any great loss that the lessons were so unfruitful. And now, every time I crash into an end table, I'm just full of poise — I tell the story about the time I took ballet lessons.



ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several recent issues of the *Atlantic*.

**"One of the most compelling
tales in all of
American
history"**

—ALLAN NEVINS,
N. Y. Times Book Review

"Sure-fire reading . . . The novel reads like a play—it is so packed with dramatic moments."

—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram*.

"A full and well rounded portrait of two remarkable persons and of a remarkable marriage, set against a broad panorama of much of our nation's most colorful history."

—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

"A most amazing woman . . . It is not possible to leave this book without the sense of having been closely acquainted with her."—JOHN P. MARQUAND, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

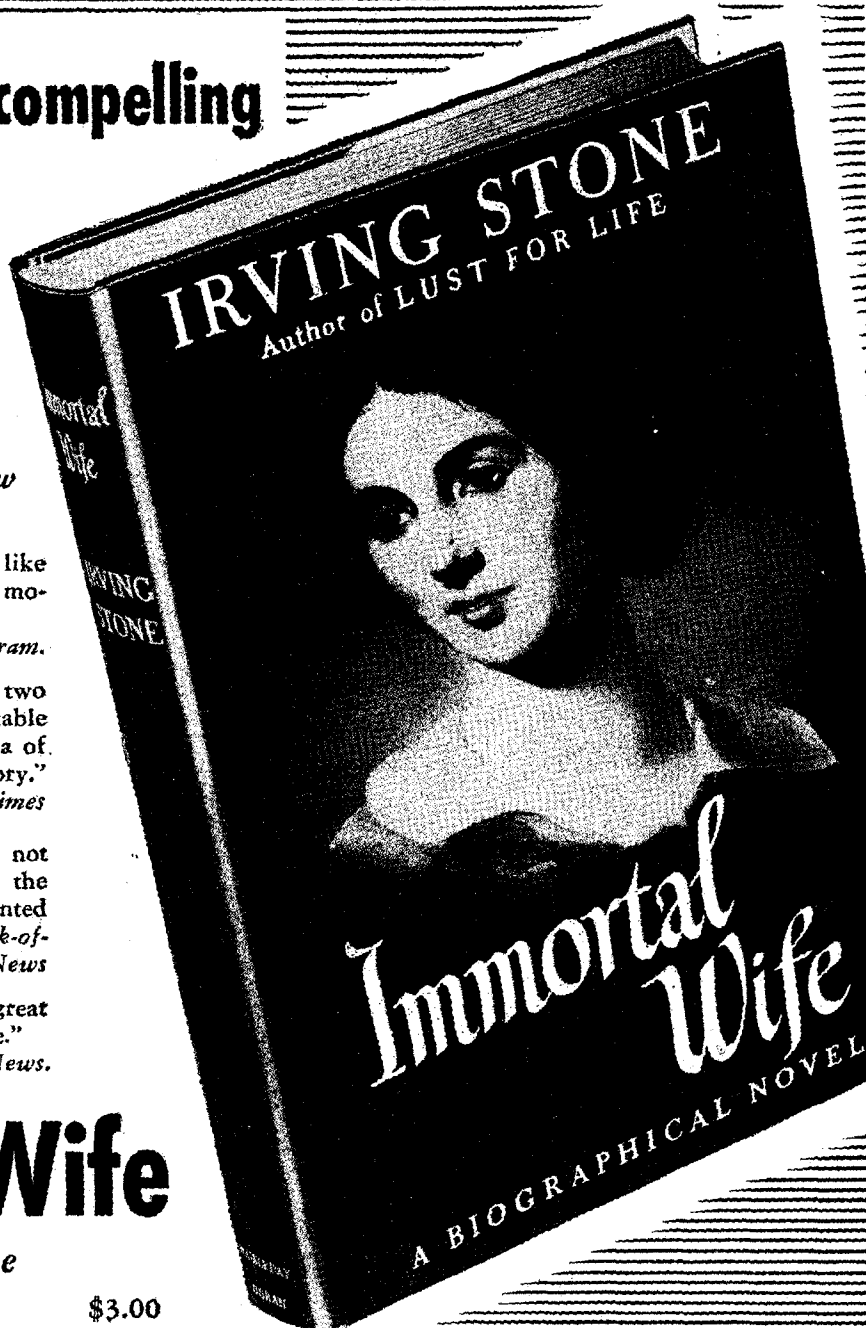
"A superb cameo of a woman of great works, whose greatest was her marriage."

—DAVID APPEL, *Chicago Daily News*.

Immortal Wife

by Irving Stone

\$3.00



Continuing Fiction Best-Sellers:

The Razor's Edge

by W. Somerset Maugham. "Will rank among the very best of Maugham's novels. Told with all his consummate artfulness, and with an intensity he has hardly touched in any of his novels since *Of Human Bondage*."—LEWIS GANNETT. \$2.75

Land I Have Chosen



by Ellin Berlin. "By any standard, a remarkable first novel."—*Time Magazine*. "Mrs. Berlin has something to say, and that she does, most effectively."—DAVID APPEL, *Chicago News*. \$2.50

Ride With Me

by Thomas B. Costain. "A grand piece of story-telling, crackling with suspense from first page to last."—*Chicago Tribune*. \$3.00

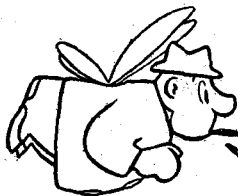
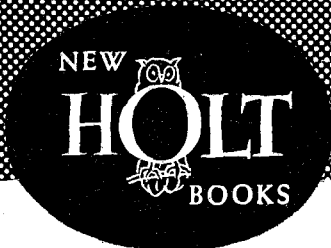


Lebanon

by Caroline Miller. "I doubt you will find a story as lovely in this summer of 1944, but if you read this author's *Lamb In His Bosom* you'll need no praise of mine to convince you."—*Los Angeles Times*. \$2.50

At your bookseller's

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN



Cushlamochree!
Back again—and
not a day too soon.

Here they are again in a brand new book: Barnaby and that irrepressible windbag of a Fairy Godfather O'Malley, as well as Gus the frightened Ghost, Gorgon the talking dog, and the long-suffering members of the Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society.

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "We might just as well try to fasten the Nobel Prize on a rainbow." \$2.00

Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley

BY CROCKETT JOHNSON

COMING NOVEMBER 20

Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN



The new book by America's best-loved and most widely read war correspondent. The story of his life with our soldiers abroad, from the invasion of Sicily to the liberation of Paris. With a final chapter cabled from inside France, and an 8 page index of persons and places. *December Book-of-the-Month Club Selection.* \$3.00

➡ To be sure of getting a copy, place an order with your bookseller now. Only a limited supply is available. When that is sold, no more can be printed until next year.



"The best American naval stories of the war."—*Lincoln Colcord*



Sea Duty

and 12 Other Stories of Naval Action

by *Jacland Marmur*

VIRGINIA KIRKUS: "A really memorable collection with scarcely a let-down. He writes from intimate knowledge of the mood and tempo of the sea, of ships, of warfare, of the men, particularly of the little, unsung heroes." \$2.00



New Hampshire

STORIES & PICTURES ARRANGED BY

Keith Jennison

author of *THE MAINE IDEA, etc.*

Not a picture book—a fused record in words and photographs of people, speech, and place that is completely new in technique.

THE NEW YORKER: "Ought to persuade all that New Hampshire is just about the pleasantest state in the nation." *Second printing, \$2.50*

For young readers and
their elders too

American Tanks

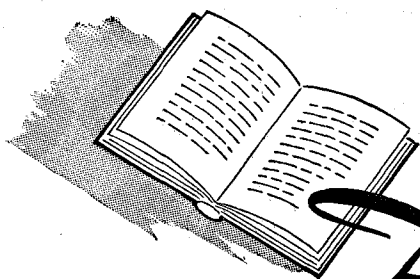
AND TANK DESTROYERS

by *Elizabeth Mallett Conger*

author of *AMERICAN WARPLANES*

The story of the vehicles, weapons and personnel in our Armored forces. "An excellent factual book with fine photographs and a lucid text."

—*Virginia Kirkus.* \$2.00



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

"WHAT do you do," asked a friend of mine, "with a boy who won't read?" I ought to have been ready with an answer, for I have just such a youngster of my own. But my nine-year-old, while he has made some progress lately, has not advanced to the Q.E.D. At the outset his resistance to print was painful in its stubbornness. Neither rewards nor punishments were effective; nor could I find among my old favorites books to lead him on. His mind was not sluggish: he would listen avidly to the evening stories I told, and repeat them with embellishments to his gang on camping trips. He could dope out comics almost as fast as a boy in uniform, but the unilluminated page of print held no invitation for him whatever. And what his teachers and I had patiently to discover was whether it was laziness or lack of adaptation which slowed his reading down. While we were searching for the answer, I traveled back in my mind to the days when books were an obligation rather than a pleasure to me.

Most of us parents make the mistake of believing that books which enthralled us at an uncertain age will be equally delightful to children. *Alice in Wonderland*, for instance, is a feast for parents. They love to read it

aloud, but it doesn't take a lie-detector to show that a boy finds it neither funny nor comprehensible. Dickens is almost always prescribed too early. I know that in my case those double columns of fine print and those bleak, unlovely illustrations were a bitter pill. Not until I was in the A.E.F. did I go back to Dickens with honest enjoyment. Books were pretty much a closed door to me from 1905 to 1910. The love stories in wolf's clothing by Ernest Thompson Seton seemed to me sad and I tried to avoid them. *Bob, Son of Battle* was read aloud to me and we skipped the parts that made me cry. I heard — but did not read — *Black Beauty*, *Uncle Remus*, *Tom Sawyer*, Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood*, and, best of all, *A Connecticut Yankee*. I read the Old Testament straight through with my godmother (skipping the "begats"). But that was duty, not pleasure. I visited the public library alone, asked for a good book, and was given a two-volume *Life of George Washington*. Which closed that avenue.

It was hero-worship which first made me explore books by myself. I was visiting my Navy cousins in Annapolis, and on one of the dog days in July they took me into the cool, impressive tomb of our first great sailor, John Paul Jones. From there, we went to one of the other Naval Academy buildings, to gaze long at the beautiful models of the *Ranger* and the *Bonhomme Richard*, the two ships in which Captain Jones had electrified Europe. At that point the magnetism began to flow, and before

my visit was over, I plugged my way through the more understandable chapters of three books on John Paul Jones.

IN THIS ISSUE

- THE GRAVEDIGGERS OF FRANCE • BY PERTINAX
Reviewed by William Henry Chamberlin
- CLUNY BROWN • BY MARGERY SHARP
Reviewed by Frances Woodward
- LABOR LAWYER • BY LOUIS WALDMAN
Reviewed by T. R. Powell
- THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING • BY VAN WYCK
BROOKS Reviewed by Claude M. Fuess
- THE DEVIOUS WAY • BY THEODORE MORRISON
Reviewed by Ellery Sedgwick
- THE ORACLE OF BROADWAY • BY HELEN M. MOROSCO AND
LEONARD PAUL DUGGER Reviewed by Leo Lerman

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE 127
BEREA, OHIO

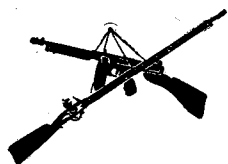
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN



COMPANY

Books

that take you inside current history



When

Johnny Comes Marching Home

BY DIXON WECTER. "Timely history . . . A fascinating study of the profound tension and misunderstanding between civilians and veterans." — *Time Magazine*. "Absorbing writing . . . Speaks directly to all of us, and this is the best moment to speak." — *Benard De Voto, N. Y. Herald Tribune*. A Life-in-America prize book. \$3.00



State of the Nation

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS. "This friendly book, refreshing as a visit home . . . is the best report on the wartime U. S. that any writer has given." — *Time Magazine*. \$3.00



Valley of the Sky

BY HOBERT DOUGLAS SKIDMORE. "One of the few great novels to come out of the war." — *Washington Star*. \$2.00



Little Coquette

BY RENÉE DE FONTARCE McCORMICK. "A lively, startling picture of France . . . acidly amusing, disarmingly frank and very entertaining." — *N. Y. Times*. \$2.75



The Best American Short Stories

Edited by MARTHA FOLEY. "For the 'shock of recognition,' there is nothing like a short story. It can flash on you like a face, and it must be a close-up. The whole figure may be omitted, but the eloquent passport has to be there . . . Miss Foley has scoured all the weeklies and monthlies and quarterlies for a fresh and unmitigated individuality . . . Her selection may be taken as the cream of our individual expression." — *Francis Hackett, N. Y. Times*. \$2.75

Reading came easier after that eye-opener, though I still followed my preference for stories with lots of conversation. *St. Nick* was a great appetizer. Ralph Henry Barbour gave me what neither *Tom Brown* nor Horatio Alger could ever give — a feeling that these were real boys, a little older and a little more heroic than I was myself. From Barbour it was an easy jump to the Lawrenceville of Owen Johnson. His Dink Stover, his Tennessee Shad, and his Humming Bird were boys I'd love to have known, and they gave me the pass key to *Stalky & Co.* Once I began reading Kipling, I never stopped. Those brown volumes with the elephant came and the beautifully spaced print I took in slowly and with complete absorption. I read them one after the other — the entire set — through a spellbound autumn. And when I had finished, my blinders had disappeared.

Heroes and handicaps

In these days Robin Hood and Robinson Crusoe are outmatched by Superman, and he in turn is overshadowed by Admiral Halsey, General Patton, and Monty. It is quite natural that the exploits and hero-worship of this war should rouse many a boy from the lethargy of non-reading.

But there remains the boy who makes hard going of the printed page, the boy who works twice as hard, oftentimes for only half the result. His case we are just beginning to comprehend. My boy is left-handed, he is a southpaw, he kicks with his left foot — and with this left dominance, as they call it, it was natural for him to read from right to left. Reading that way doesn't make sense, and in his bewilderment he stopped.

About one boy in seven has this left control, and what such youngsters suffer, in adapting themselves to a right-handed world, we right-handed parents and teachers seldom realize. For them the first and second grades are a desert of misunderstanding. When they look at a page, the letters are automatically reversed. At an early age you may get a hint of this in their mirror writing. I remember the Hallowe'en (he was six) when he carved his name "CET" on the pumpkin. If you stick with him in his reading, you will see how his eye reverses our right-hand pattern. You will see how "was" becomes "saw"; you will see how "to," if read hurriedly, becomes "of" (he sees "o" first and guesses at the consonant); you will see how, in his hurry to keep up, his eye will skip to the right-hand end of the sentence, in his search for the first key-word. These left readers, as I call them, work so hard for so little return.

I remember putting an extra blanket on him

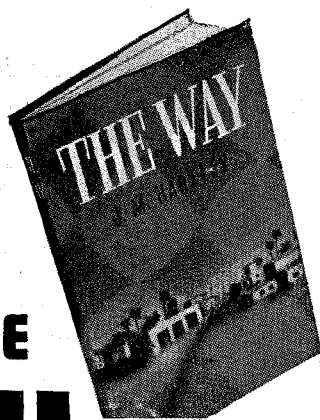
one winter's night and hearing him murmur in his sleep, "I don't get it! I just don't get it!" He doesn't get it because usually there isn't time for readjustment. In Europe, where traditionally they have no patience with left-handedness, the slow readers are shoved into trade. Here, until recently, we classified them as scientists (he's no good at books; therefore, he must be good at figures), or we classified them as stupid or careless. Now we are learning better. We are learning that these left readers can adapt themselves to a right-handed page, and in the remedial reading courses in our preparatory schools and colleges we are coming late to the rescue of those bright enough to carry on despite their handicap. A friend of mine, expert in his detection of this left dominance, read the 850 blue-books of a freshman class at Harvard and foretold in advance the 130 men who would have difficulty with their reading — and writing — in the year ahead. He expected that they would be reported to him for remedial work, and they were, every man of them, before the year was over.

The question is, and it is a question we might be thinking about in Children's Book Week, what practical aids can we give these left readers in the formative years when their handicap hurts most? To begin with, we have to establish a new habit, and that takes more time and more patience than most parents or teachers are habituated to give. So I prescribe patience as the first and indispensable tonic. Next, an old typewriter, or one of those rubber-ringed models for children, will strengthen the habit of forming words from left to right. Next, have the boy read aloud to you while you look over his shoulder. This way you will see his hurdles and can encourage him not to jump from the wrong side. A left reader has to make twice the normal effort, so expect him to tire fairly soon; when he tires, the mirror reading, the reversal of letters, and the other errors will become more apparent. Finally, rouse his interest.

One left reader I knew made virtually no progress up to his twelfth year. Then he became interested in following the *Graf Zeppelin* around the world. First he got the family to read to him. Then, as this became a bore, he began to figure out the headlines and as much as he could grasp of the news stories. In these days when American heroes have caught the imagination of every town, it seems to me inexcusable to let a boy's mind go to seed.

10,000 times 10,000

Many a good book has been called to Hollywood, but only a few, a very few, have emerged with their



THE Way

a novel by J. M. HARTLEY

● The story of Severus, Caesar's spy, and the beautiful girl who braved her people's vengeance to win his love.

The story of the Three Wise Men and their search for Jesus.

The story of people searching 2000 years ago for what we are seeking today. \$2.50

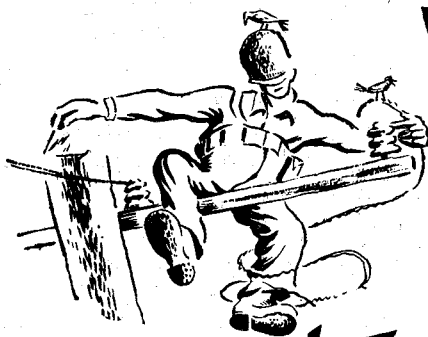
Crowell

What Our People Are Thinking

● This is the year's most important book on public opinion. In it, the opinion expressed by three million voters interviewed by the Gallup Poll throughout the last nine years reveals the startling evidence of what's going on in the minds of the American people *today* — which governs what they are likely to do *tomorrow*. Originally published with the title, *What America Thinks*. \$2.50

By WILLIAM A. LYDGATE
Editor of The Gallup Poll

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY 432 Fourth Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.



Assistant Hero

By
GENE
COUGHLIN

● Gene Coughlin was the middle-aged residue that the Draft Board came up with when they scraped the bottom of the barrel and found a forty-year-old lurking in its depths. From draft day to D-Day (which found him brushing his teeth in a washroom in Nebraska) his hilarious experiences one rung above the home front make a story continuously and uproariously funny.

\$2.00

Our Sons Will Triumph

● Here is President Roosevelt's historic D-Day prayer interpreted in stirring invasion photographs as eloquent as the prayer itself. This is a big book handsomely lettered by Oscar Ogg, and with photographs handpicked and arranged by Lt. Commander John Dixon of the U. S. Coast Guard. A beautiful and memorable book. \$2.50



Pilots Also Play

By LT. TOM HARMON

● Tom Harmon's own story of his life at home, on the gridiron, and in the Air Force is a book to make you tingle with the same kind of faith that makes "pilots also pray." Illustrated, \$2.50

integrity intact in a film. For this debasement bad producing rather than bad acting is generally to blame. Hollywood puts box office ahead of aesthetics; and in their quest for the Greatest Common Denominator, producers oversimplify and vulgarize books which they are afraid will otherwise be too "brow" for the public.

The competition for "photogenetic" literature grows keener as the war drags on and as the number of accessible and popular novels shrinks. In times past most novels have been sold to the studios *after* publication (*Gone with the Wind*, a blazing exception, was sold for \$50,000 before the public had ever seen it. Had Miss Mitchell waited . . .), and in most cases there is a direct ratio between the book sales and the purchase price: the larger the sale, the higher the price. But in the face of the shortage this spring, MGM decided not to wait for the printed book: they set up a prize of \$125,000 for the best novel submitted to them in manuscript form by July 1. When the prize was awarded to *Green Dolphin Street* by Elizabeth Goudge of England, we had the chance to see what Hollywood demands of an expensive novel.

Since *Green Dolphin Street* is being celebrated as source material for a film, it seems only fair to preview it as a picture. It is a romantic, Old World picture begun in the little city of St. Pierre in the Channel Islands in the mid-nineteenth century and traveling on to New Zealand for its heartache. The costumes of the island and the graces of the period will lend themselves to technicolor. The narrow, crooked streets leading down to the tumultuous sea, the clipper ship as she wings her way out of the harbor, the perilous stairway which the Norman monks carved out of the rock face leading straight to the height of Notre Dame du Castel, the exquisite walled gardens of Le Paradis, and the jolly revels of Midsummer Day — here are scenes which can be acted with such perfection of detail that one will hardly pause to question the central improbability on which the entire plot depends.

That a British naval officer, however reckless and lackadaisical, should forget the name of the girl he has loved ever since he was fourteen, and in his forgetfulness marry her sister, strikes me as not only something which is not cricket, but something which is not done. It is true that the sisters' names both begin with *M*, but there the likeness ceases — as William well knew. It is inconceivable that some term of endearment, some pet name coined by the lovers, might not have saved the young exile from his marital mistake. But if there is one workshop in the world with enough guile and skill to cover up this fallacy, Hollywood is the place.

This story will show to better advantage in film than in print. *Green Dolphin Street* is utterly lacking in suspense, the characters are foreordained, and every effect down to the smallest happenstance is telegraphed ahead to even the mildly observant reader. There is no possibility of surprise, no spontaneity of growth. Instead one has the gratification of looking at a world whose contours have been softened by pink veils. Miss Goudge is a spinner of words, and in thousands upon thousands of them she writes of the sea, the birds, the sky, the picture ships, of untamed New Zealand smothered in honeysuckle, in a style which only time can pall. Personally I got tired a long way from the end.

Blood and ivory

In her Foreword to a recent reprint of her first book, *Flowering Judas and Other Stories*, Katherine Anne Porter has this to say: "It is just ten years since this collection of short stories first appeared. . . . Looking at them again, it is possible still to say that I do not repent of them; if they were not yet written, I should have to write them still. . . . To any speculation from interested sources as to why there were not more of them, I can answer simply and truthfully that I was not one of those who could flourish in the conditions of the past two decades. They are fragments of a much larger plan which I am still engaged in carrying out, and they are what I was then able to achieve in the way of order and form and statement in a period of grotesque dislocations in a whole society when the world was heaving in the sickness of a millennial change."

In this lofty, ivory-tower voice speaks the perfectionist, intent on filigree, disdainful and baffled by the turns of a rude world. In her first book Miss Porter made her bid as a stylist and was much praised for her slender, carefully wrought narratives; and with this praise the legend grew that in her next book — or the one after the next — Miss Porter would assert herself as a full-fledged novelist. As one friend put it, if Miss Porter wrote novels, they would be better novels than Hemingway's. But that condition is unfulfilled and we must continue to judge her on the merits of her short stories.

The Leaning Tower and Other Stories, Miss Porter's third book in fourteen years, is fastidious in phrase, feminine and knowledgeable in observation, and very frail in vitality. In each of these nine stories, the author establishes a mood, and then probes, rather like a dentist, for the momentary reactions of her patient. A child goes to a circus, is frightened by a clown, and is taken home by a rebel-

By the author of
God Is My Co-Pilot

Damned to Glory

By COL. R. L. SCOTT Jr.

The story of the P-40 and the heroic pilots who flew this plane in the first desperate year of the War. *Illustrated.*
\$2.50

Art in the Armed Forces

Edited by AIMEE CRANE

More than 300 pictures, 16 in full color, by men and women in action on every fighting front. *Published by The Hyperion Press, distributed by Charles Scribner's Sons.*
\$5.00

It Can Be Done This Time

By FREDERICK PALMER

How air-power can be successfully used to win the peace. "A brilliant exposition of problems we face now!"

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat* \$2.75

On My Own

By WALTER B. PITKIN

"The liveliest, most readable autobiography to appear in many a moon."

—*Chicago Tribune* \$3.50

Outstanding New Poetry

The Summer Landscape

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Author of "Out of the Jewel"

\$1.75

at all bookstores

Now With the Morning Star

By THOMAS KERNAN

How Brother Nicholas, his monastery dissolved by the Nazis, re-made his life in a war-mad world. An inspiring story, and a first-hand picture of German life today.
\$2.50

Jumper

By NICHOLAS KALASHNIKOFF

This "Life of a Siberian Horse" is one of the finest stories of its kind in modern literature—exciting, amusing and believable. *Drawings by Edward Shenton.*
\$2.50

So Thick the Fog

By CATHERINE POMEROY STEWART

A "powerful, moving and eloquent" (*Chicago Sun*) novel of French family life just before D-day. *Third Printing.*
\$2.50

Watch Out For Willie Carter

By THEODORE NAIDISH

A realistic novel of the prize ring which introduces an impressive new talent. "Watch out for Theodore Naidish!"

—*N. Y. Times* \$2.50

The book of the year for all readers who want the best in history and biography..

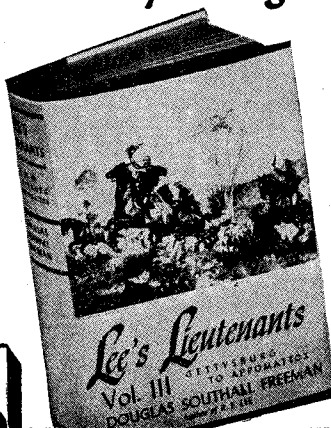
Gettysburg to Appomattox

THE TREMENDOUS FINAL VOLUME OF

Lee's Lieutenants

A STUDY IN COMMAND

By Douglas Southall Freeman



The final, vivid, definitive word on the closing battles and campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia and the men who fought in them. *With Portrait Photographs and Specially Drawn Maps*, 862 pages \$5.00

"Lee's Lieutenants" is now complete in three fully illustrated volumes. Per Volume—\$5.00; the Set, attractively boxed, \$15.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"Powerful, intense and tremendous. The pictures of the Civil War are, with no exception, the most vivid I have ever read anywhere."

—A. C. Sectorsky, *Chicago Sun*

THE
HISTORY
OF

ROME HANKS

AND
KINDRED
MATTERS

By

Joseph Stanley Pennell

"An experience not soon to be forgotten. Nothing like 'Rome Hanks' is going to come along for a good while."

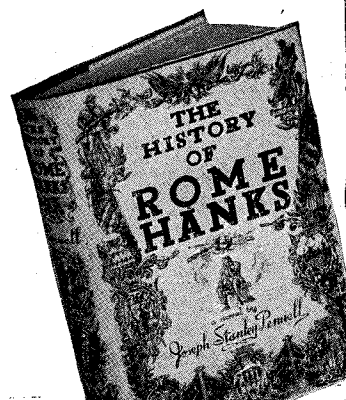
—*Phila. Inquirer*

"A novel about the Civil War, about courage and death and life and love, and about the American dream and the American spirit. For its battle pictures alone, 'Rome Hanks' is an extraordinary book."

—*New York Times*

\$2.75

A NATION-WIDE BEST SELLER



lions Negro nurse who would like to see more; an American art student (of whose talent we have no inkling) tries to find his feet in Berlin and is depressed by the Germans in his boardinghouse; a little boy whose parents squabble goes to visit his grandmother, in whose household he is also chivied, and when his mother drives him home, he sings to himself a comfortable, sleepy song: "I hate Papa, I hate Mama, I hate Grandma, I hate Uncle David, I hate Old Janet, I hate Marjory, I hate Papa, I hate Mama . . ."

Nothing much happens in these stories. The people do too little to excite your curiosity or deepen your sympathy. One must respect the sheer virtuosity of Miss Porter's prose, which is supple and ever so carefully selected. But style without warmth, like character without emotion, can be a tedious affair. These stories miss the intensity of Katherine Mansfield's best; they miss the savor and hidden irony of Max Beerbohm, or the warm, spirited flow and movement of Anne Lindbergh; they miss the searching originality of Eudora Welty. There is a static quality here, and I say so with the genuine disappointment of one who enjoyed *Flowering Judas*.

The fiction of Katherine Anne Porter seems finicky when compared with a novelette like *Valley of the Sky*. Here is a case of too much, not too little, vitality. Within the compass of this short and attractively designed war book, *S/Sgt. Hobert Douglas Skidmore* tells of the private lives and present adventures of a bomber crew flying out on a mission in the Pacific. Beginning with Walt the belly gunner and newest replacement from the States, the narrative traces its course up and down the ship, dwelling on man after man — now on Sgt. Poniatowski the waist gunner and superb mechanic, now on Chief Washington, a full-blooded Indian and the nose gunner, and now on Jerry the pilot and the most experienced of the ten. These men are bound together by intimacy and dependence and we watch them under the strain and impact of emergency and we hear as from a distance their past to which their minds revert in the lulls. Mr. Skidmore has his favorites in the crew — Pon, Mike, and Chief are three of them — and I fancy that he is a little closer in spirit to the noncoms than to the officers. Certainly he draws them better. The feel, the power, and the vulnerability of the "Heartless Harpie" are well conveyed. The action is breathtaking and perhaps a shade exaggerated — I mean for a single mission; and when in reverie the author pulls out the stops and lets his aspirations soar, the writing is at once immature and touching. A first book, and a good one.

The Gravediggers of France

By PERTINAX

* * *



PERTINAX

THIS is far and away the most authoritative and informative account of the French military and political collapse and of the establishment of the feeble Vichy dictatorship. Immediately after the tragic weeks of May and June, 1940, the American market was flooded with books purporting to explain why

France fell. At their best these were impressionistic reports; at their worst they were exaggerated and misleading propaganda. The time had not come when all the threads of the national catastrophe could be woven into a coherent pattern.

Now France's most distinguished international journalist, André Géraud, so widely known under his pseudonym of Pertinax, has prepared a solid, massive work of six hundred pages which possesses the qualities of permanent history. Every incident in the collapse of France, the personalities of its leaders, the negligent preparation for the war, the stunning defeats, the frantic days of chaos and disintegration at Tours and Bordeaux, is closely and critically examined.

Here one has not the hasty improvised impressions of a foreign observer, or of a Frenchman inexperienced in political life, but the ripe, considered judgment of a man who had lived and breathed politics for decades, who knew personally most of the major and minor actors in the tragic drama which he describes.

As the title indicates, attention is focused on the personalities of the leaders who failed France in her supreme crisis: on Daladier and Reynaud, the last two premiers; on Gamelin and Weygand, the unsuccessful generals; on Pétain and Laval, who exploited the defeat in order to set up a counter-revolutionary regime. With a vast background of historical and classical knowledge the author combines a sharp Gallic wit. Some of the phrases in which he hits off the men of defeat make a deep and lasting impression.

Gamelin was "a military Buddha. The list of surprises sprung upon him by the blitzkrieg was a long one. His inertia was a match for it." There is a striking account of how, on May 15, less than a week after the beginning of the German offensive, Gamelin fatalistically informed the horrified War Minister, Daladier, that the French Army was doomed.

Daladier, the baker's son from a little town in Southern France, did not deserve his reputation for stubborn energy. He is depicted as "weak and irresolute," "a dictator in spite of himself." Paul Reynaud, who succeeded Daladier in the last months of the war, despite his keen intelligence, his recognition of what a Nazi conquest would mean, "in the end had no fortitude to show except

None But A Mule

Is hers the maddest or the luckiest girlhood you ever read about—or both? Down in Maryland lived Alec Woollcott's four obstreperous nieces, with their lovable Pop and their Mom who had "social sense." With mischief in her pen, the third niece Barbara describes the follies and foibles of her happy-go-lucky family life, and names her recollections from a Moroccan proverb, "None but a mule denies his family."

Decorations by Julian Brazelton.

\$2.50

BY *Barbara Woollcott*

SO SORRY NO PEACE

Can we ever make peace with Japan? What future should we plan for her? *Know Your Enemy* is a prime concept of war, but what do we really know of the Japanese—their attitudes, their behavior, the possibilities of change? After reading this sensational book by a seasoned correspondent who endured the horrors of Japanese prisons for 22 months, we will begin to understand our Asiatic enemy. In addition, this reporter provides us with some of the warmest, most human writing of the war.

\$3.00

BY *Royal Arch Gunnison*

I went to the Soviet Arctic

She visited the heart of the new global world. Tomorrow the Arctic will be at our doorstep—a stop-over spot for world travel, a new industrial area, a gateway to the untouched market of the East. Ruth Gruber's fascinating report of this new frontier opens our eyes to its exciting potentialities and focuses our attention on a rapidly expanding North. *Preface by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New, enlarged edition.*

\$3.50

BY *Ruth Gruber*

A turning point in civilization, in terms of its personalities. Who *did* invent the steamboat? Answering this question, Mr. Flexner shows us the true nature of American inventive genius. "Few novels are as exciting and as full of real people."—ESTHER FORBES.

Illus. \$3.50

By James Thomas Flexner

*Steamboats
Come True*

The unintentional autobiography of a literary legend. "Such piquantly pungent personalities as Alexander Woollcott are not to be met with even once a generation... The letters reflect a good deal of Woollcott himself, his tastes, his opinions, his ideas and his habits."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*.

\$3.50

The **LETTERS** of
Alexander Woollcott

in speechmaking." His life was "all fits and starts." He was the victim of the intrigues of his mistress, the Countess de Portes, and of an intriguing cabal that surrounded him as a kind of inner council.

Weygand, the famous associate of Foch, had turned fanatically reactionary and succumbed to the temptation to make England the scapegoat for his failure to save the military situation. Pertinax has no sentimental feeling for Pétain. "He lacked breadth of outlook and what may be termed imagination of the heart. On the level of intelligence and feeling, he was dull and commonplace." And Laval, of course, is the most sinister figure of all.

With all its conspicuous merits, the book suffers from some defects, especially in the matter of organization. To know too little is fatal; but there is also sometimes a danger when an author knows too much. The grand march of Pertinax's narrative is sometimes impeded by the undue intrusion of unimportant individuals and minor details. He flits from war scenes to pre-war political developments and back again in a fashion that may be confusing to some American readers. The method of the daily commentator for a newspaper is carried over a little too faithfully into a book where selection and discrimination are essential. The book might have left a stronger and clearer impression, especially on the non-French reader, if it had been somewhat cut down.

As for interpretation, the author does not always bear in mind that few Frenchmen were so unconditionally committed to the idea of war to the bitter end and close alliance with England in 1939 as he was. Lukewarmness about the war was so widespread that even greater men than Daladier and Reynaud would have found it difficult to arouse national enthusiasm, although the author is correct in noting that treachery, in the strict meaning of the word, did not play an important part in the defeat.

With all these reservations, it will be a long time before American readers will possess a source book of equal authority and value on the men, events, and ideas of the French collapse. This is a sad chapter in French history, to which, as everyone hopes, a brighter sequel is now being written. *Doubleday, Doran, \$6.00.*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Cluny Brown

By MARGERY SHARP

+ + +



M. SHARP

CLUNY BROWN twinkles happily into being as a sort of Mary Poppins for adults, though I doubt that her qualities are of quite such enduring charm as the redoubtable Mary's, or that the covers of the book are likely to crack with years of rereading. She and her adventures do, however, achieve the same illusion of workable magic in familiar domestic circumstance. ("And, my dear, it really *was* the Queen of

Roumania!") So buoyant is the human mind that even now we are wistfully eager to be persuaded that the combination of innocent sagacity and unflagging thirst for adventure inevitably gets the brass ring in the end.

Miss Sharp does the trick beautifully. She concedes a slight bow — the merest gay nod — to the war by a few gentle hints of the dangers of being a member of the RAF and by making her hero a refugee. But we know him, behind that very thin disguise. He is Romance, with just the right dash of naughty danger. And Cluny is the girl all of us women were really intended to be, had circumstances been a touch kinder to us.

Cluny Brown provides all the ingredients for a happy evening by the fire, except the fire itself. London sparkles, despite the blackout. The English countryside, green and serene, is peopled by just the right dogs and dowagers and bluff, bucolic peers. There are just the right number of quaint lower-class British types, and a good deal of expert, amusing dialogue. The whole thing adds up to a lot of genuine pleasure. That commodity being as scarce as nylons, we should be grateful to Margery Sharp, and not too fussy in deciding that she does not, as a social satirist, threaten Jane Austen's crown.

Dorothy Parker, in quite a different connection, said some words which aptly sum up books like *Cluny Brown*: "I never said they feed the heart, But still they pass the time." *Little, Brown, \$2.50.*

FRANCES WOODWARD

Labor Lawyer

By LOUIS WALDMAN

+ + +

THE literary lawyers, including Mr. Tutt, have of late been running the doctors a close second in biography, autobiography, and pseudo-biography. Now comes Mr. Waldman with some interesting reminiscences and polemics, largely of Socialist Party politics, with the addition of a few exciting situations in which he served as Sherlock Holmes or Ellery Queen. There is relatively little of the courtroom, of labor law, or of labor litigation. The most dramatic legal battle is the one before a court-martial in Panama, and here the story is more of detection than of forensics.

Thus the book is quite different from what its title would lead one to assume. Appraisal of its accuracy must be left to those intimate with the inside of Socialist cleavages, though the general outlines are familiar. Those who became party Socialists largely from humanitarian impulses found themselves in bed with others who took their Marxian gospel seriously, particularly after the Russian Revolution.

The battle between these two wings of the party is reported in vivid detail, with much of personalities. Mr. Waldman demonstrates that Communists do not always act openly and aboveboard. In his opinion, it is largely due to the efforts of appeasement by the gentler,

THE BUILDING OF JALNA



By Mazo de la Roche

For all those who value Jalna here is the cornerstone book of the entire Jalna series, the story of the building of Jalna itself and the founding of the Whiteoak dynasty—the most quarrelsome, loyal, stubborn and irresistible clan any modern novelist has created. \$2.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

STEFAN

Heym

OF SMILING PEACE

A dramatic novel of the hazards of victory, by the author of *HOSTAGES*. This time Stefan Heym's hero is an American intelligence officer, whose duel of wits with a member of the German General Staff is also a duel between two conflicting views of the world. Caught up in this duel is the beautiful and, shrewd Marguerite Fresneau. \$2.50

ALBERT

Maltz

THE CROSS AND THE ARROW

"THE CROSS AND THE ARROW is a powerful book... a deep-sounding challenge that touches every human being who remains sleeping and unstirred... Maltz sounds this challenge with the force of a man who possesses rare and subtle gifts of dramatic story-telling."—Rose Feld, N. Y. *Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$2.75

PREJUDICE:

Japanese-Americans

Symbol of Racial Intolerance

By Carey McWilliams

A highly controversial book that brings up the crucial point that peoples of the whole Pacific area will judge Americans by the manner in which we solve the problem of citizens and residents of Japanese ancestry in this country. By the author of *BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN*.

"... informing, timely and challenging."—Charles A. Beard. \$3.00

A Reminder:

CLUNY BROWN by Margery Sharp. \$2.50. ★ YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS by Catherine Drinker Bowen. \$3.00. ★ FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE by H. E. Bates. \$2.50. ★ THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS: HENRY CABOT LODGE by Karl Schriftgiesser. \$3.00

★ Atlantic Monthly Press Books

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more democratic wing that the Socialist Party as a party has been reduced to negligible proportions today.

There is another factor in the decline, which Mr. Waldman also recognizes. Following the English statesman who caught the Whigs in bathing and ran off with their clothes, the Democratic Party under its present leadership has put into effect much of the social legislation that the Socialists have long favored. Thus the moderate Socialists become a voice no longer crying in the wilderness but mumbling in fields cultivated by their partial converts.

This does not make Mr. Waldman happy with the methods of the converts. He finds them too tolerant toward the principle of leadership, and points to the dangers of a Hitler or a Stalin. He joins in the protests against administrative supersession of judicial powers, and executive supersession of legislative powers. He obviously would not now be expelled as a member of the Assembly at Albany as once he was with his fellow Socialist members in one of the most disgraceful episodes of American political history. The story of this shame is one of the most telling chapters in the book.

In many quarters Mr. Waldman will be most relished for his exposition of and his intense hostility to the psychology and methods of Communists. He would have a bloodless purge of them from any participation in the procedure of other parties. His varied aversions keep him somewhat lonely, though not silent, as on a peak in Darien. He seems too idealistic even to court votes from those with ulterior aims. Nevertheless in practical, everyday political life we are likely to see a continuation of such courting on both sides. Perhaps both sides need the warning Mr. Waldman gives to one side when he says:—

"The New Deal, as we now know it, is not in danger of itself becoming fascist. But unless the New Deal casts out the seeds of left-wing totalitarianism, which it fosters today, it may lead to an American variety of Communism, or, what is more likely, provoke an American expression of unadorned fascism. We cannot escape the end of totalitarianism if we accept any of its means, openly or covertly." *Dutton, \$3.50.*

T. R. POWELL

The World of Washington Irving

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

+ + +



V. W. BROOKS

THIS significant book demonstrates how far, in the field of literary history, America has come of age, for no volume could be less provincial or pedantic, or more civilized. In it, Mr. Brooks moves through a large area of knowledge with certainty, with irony and humor, and with a discriminating sense of proportion, never boasting or claiming too much. His methods are now well known: the preliminary thorough research,

the careful selection of relevant detail, the scrupulous objectivity, the ingenious use of footnotes, the employment of biography as a structural base, the lucid style flowing with effortless ease through successive pages of erudition. Seldom has learning been more artistically wedded to entertainment.

Opening with a sketch of Parson Weems, the vagabond author of the *Life of Washington*, the book covers the period from about 1800 up to the "Roaring Forties," closing with an account of the picturesque "travel-writer," John Lloyd Stevens. Chronologically, therefore, it precedes Mr. Brooks's *The Flowering of New England*. It includes that region, but deals chiefly with other sections: Philadelphia and New York, and also the South and what was then called the West. Its national scope is indicated by the chief figures discussed besides Irving—Jefferson, Audubon, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, and "Nat" Willis, whom Mr. Brooks characterizes as "the Scott Fitzgerald of the belles of Saratoga." Much of the literature discussed is trivial or ephemeral, but Mr. Brooks's paragraphs about it are never dull.

As in his previous volumes, Mr. Brooks is much more than a critic of the printed page. Actually he is more interested in people, in the life and varied facets of the times, than he is in specific odes or essays; but his gift for conclusive summary is always with him. In turning to Bryant, I looked first for "Thanatopsis," the melancholy poem which, as a schoolboy in the Mohawk Valley, I had learned by heart. Although Mr. Brooks devotes only part of one paragraph to this precocious production, he packs in that space all a modern reader needs to know.

But this is primarily a book about men and women, their backgrounds, their ideas, their personalities and relationships; and it is very different in this respect, as in many others, from earlier so-called histories of American literature, like those by Barrett Wendell or Brander Matthews.

If this volume had appeared before *The Flowering of New England*, it would have been acclaimed, as that was, for its originality, its freshness of spirit, its sanity and wisdom. It is high praise to say that it is a worthy continuation of Mr. Brooks's former studies of our national literature; and his friends will receive gratefully his promise of still another in the series, to deal with the period of Walt Whitman and Herman Melville. Meanwhile we should be thankful for a book so urbane, so honest, so authoritative—and so diverting! *Dutton, \$3.75.*

CLAUDE M. FUESS

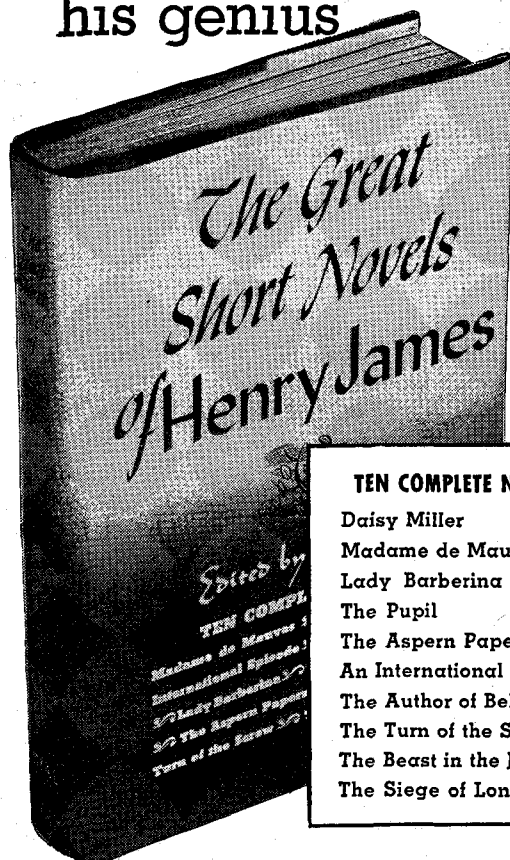
The Devious Way *A Novel in Verse*

By THEODORE MORRISON

+ + +

NOR more nimbly did Monsieur Jourdain spout prose than Mr. Morrison speaks poetry. Talk about the poet lisping

America's
greatest novelist
in a handsome
volume worthy of
his genius



Edited by PHILIP RAHV
One of the editors of the *PARTISAN REVIEW*

America is rediscovering Henry James, our finest master of modern prose. To celebrate this renewed interest in his work, we offer this unique collection of his best and most typical short novels.

The perfect gift volume. A deluxe edition, handsomely printed and bound, title pages in color. With an explanatory introduction to each novel and an illuminating biographical sketch of Henry James. 840 pages, \$4.00

DIAL PRESS

461 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



An unusual book
about the wonders
of science
**The ABC of
Physics**

By **JEROME MEYER**
author of *MIND YOUR P's AND Q's*

The witty, delightful, and thoroughly readable book that explains the breathtaking phenomena of nature in entertaining and wholly non-technical language.

An authoritative and definitive volume aimed at making a fascinating subject easily understandable. 320 pages, illustrated, \$3.50

The new smash hit by
the author of *Tap Roots*
and *Oh, Promised Land*



BY **Valour**
AND **Arms**

By **JAMES STREET**

Another wonderful story based on unorthodox history. The bloody, lusty saga of the siege of Vicksburg and the ghost ship, Arkansas, the crewless Confederate ironclad that spread terror along the Mississippi from Illinois to New Orleans.

CHICAGO NEWS — "A 16-inch salvo, a battle-wagon yarn rocking with action from stem to stern."

LOS ANGELES TIMES — "By all odds the best and liveliest novel of this autumn . . . And as I write those words, I'm sure that enough people will agree with me to make Street's one of the best sellers of the season." \$3.00

in numbers! Here is a teacher of English whose vernacular is verse and to whom rhyme, rhythm, assonance, and all the tricks of the poetic trade must have come with his mother's milk, he is so practiced in them. Whether he lectures in iambs or alexandrines I cannot say, but certain sure he thinks in meter, and verse is his native tongue.

The fluency and naturalness of his "Novel in Verse" whisk away all sense of affectation. Mr. Morrison sets out not to write a poem but to tell a story — and an excellent story, too. For an hour and thirty-five minutes — I have timed it — it drives the war clear out of mind. The plot is modern, quite on the edge of the future, but the problem beneath is old as woman. The author takes it back to Cressida, but I dare say Lilith pondered over the virtue of constancy.

Old as Lilith too is the brooding of Fate, in whose hands we are all so roughly molded. The reader is struck also by the vigor of the poet's, or shall we say the novelist's, characterization. The contrasted lovers, Christina their beloved, her intimates Renny and his wife, who in the spirit of true friendship interfere to cure, — or to kill, — even the vitriolic aunt, all are drawn neat as silhouettes in outline but with a sense of the realities and in three dimensions.

The story too is human, with the rush and hurry of drama about it, mounting to its climax in approved intensity, from the tossing of cocktails —

"Squared walls of bottles, rounded pinnacles,
The skyline of a culture" —

to the plumbing of desperate experience and the philosopher's ultimate query: —

"What is morality but nine parts nature,
And one part pain for all that goes amiss?"

Mr. Morrison's judgment has often been at odds with the social structure. Not for want of his endeavor does the incorrigible remain uncorrected. Now he takes it for what it is. For his art, acceptance of the universe is a great gain. A broad highway lies ahead and his feet are on it. *Viking, \$2.00.*

ELLERY SEDGWICK

The Oracle of Broadway

By HELEN M. MOROSCO
AND LEONARD PAUL DUGGER

+ + +

Just off Manhattan's Great White Way, on Forty-fifth street west of Broadway, crowds nightly assemble to cheer Margaret Sullivan in John Van Druten's three-character success, *The Voice of the Turtle*. They pack a theater

which has known many stars and many successes in the quarter of a century since that forgotten bit of musical lavender and old lace, *Canary Cottage*, opened its doors.

That first-night audience came to sit in judgment on "a young man from Frisco" who was opening his own theater with a musical play which he had written and directed. They went away marveling at the audacity and persistence which had brought this evening to a triumphant conclusion, and the young man who was responsible for it all became one of Broadway's great ones, a theatrical mogul, a god who could make dreams come true, who could make or break stars, and whose word was law to the thousands of artistes and technicians who worked in his ever growing theatrical enterprises.

Ironically, few of the people applauding *The Voice of the Turtle* today realize that behind the bright lights which spell out "Morosco" on the theater's façade is a million-dollar legend. In *The Oracle of Broadway: The Life of Oliver Morosco*, Helen M. Morosco, Oliver's third wife, and Leonard Paul Dugger tell this typically American success story and the fascinating fragment of American theatrical history which evolved from it.

Oliver Morosco started his career penniless. As a child he sold matches in San Francisco's streets and he performed acrobatics for pennies. This was in the 1880's. By the turn of the century he owned and managed theaters, wrote and directed plays, and was a person of national theatrical consequence. In a constant effort to free the American theater of the usual "flutter your wings, m'proud beauty" melodrama which was then theatrical fare, he gave his patrons Ibsen — *Hedda Gabler* in 1899 in Los Angeles and later Cyril Maude in *Peer Gynt*. He plied them with Strindberg, Shakespeare, Sheridan. He launched Laurette Taylor in *Peg o' My Heart*, Charlotte Greenwood in *So Long Letty*, and Emily Stevens in Galsworthy's *The Fugitive*. He made fortunes, and through two unsuccessful marriages lost them. His personal life was a series of depressions until he met his third wife. His theatrical life was meteoric, brilliant.

Theatrical memoirs have a fascination peculiar to themselves. Even the most poorly organized and written raise the curtain on backstage life and make some revelation of the eternal mystery of what really goes on beyond the footlights in the world of make-believe. Usually there is more heartache than glitter, but even the gloomiest of the theater's aspects make interesting reading and rarely seem real to an audience which has never experienced them.

The Oracle of Broadway shows both sides of the picture. Mrs. Morosco and Mr. Dugger tell Oliver Morosco's story autobiographically, from notes he wrote. They tell it tenderly, intimately, in great detail, and with a complete lack of literary pretension. If it lags at times, it is only because of the infinite love with which this record has been written. *Caxton Printers, \$4.25.*

LEO LERMAN

INGLIS FLETCHER

raises the curtain on a
new and thrilling scene in the pageant
of American history

LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA

From Hanoverian England to the shores of the Carolina colonies sweeps this drama of the fight for freedom on the high seas and the coasts of the New World. Against this brilliant backdrop of history the fascinating characters spring to tumultuous life—Gabrielle Fountaine, proud aristocrat, in love with her father's bondsman; bold Captain Woodes Rogers, determined to rid the coastal waterways of their pirate scourge; and Anne Bonney, the seductively beautiful pirate queen. Once again Inglis Fletcher has fashioned a rich, full-bodied story that moves with the rush of a ship, its sails filled with a fresh, free wind. Full color, wrap-around jacket by Paul Laune. \$3.00

The Dream of Philip II

By EDGAR MAASS

author of *Don Pedro and the Devil*

Each chapter of this magnificent biography takes one characteristic moment in the world conflict of the time, one leader, ally or opponent—such as Bloody Mary, Elizabeth, William the Silent and Henry II of France, El Greco and Cervantes, linking them together in their relation to Philip to form a rich, revealing portrait of a man and of an age.

16 illustrations • \$3.50

Joseph Lister

**FATHER OF
MODERN SURGERY**

**By Rhoda
Truax**

The exciting biography of the diffident, lovable Edinburgh doctor who made possible modern scientific surgery. In a day—considerably less than seventy-five years ago—when doctors watched helplessly the ravages of blood poisoning, puerperal fever and "hospital fever," he experimented with methods of antiseptis, and opened the door of life to millions who would have been otherwise doomed.

Illustrated. \$3.50

John C. Calhoun

**NATIONALIST
1782-1828**

**By Charles M.
Wiltse**

A vivid picture of Calhoun during the first half of his career by a brilliant young political thinker. This study of the major political figure of his times is at the same time a penetrating analysis of the contest of minorities against the dominant majority in a democracy. The masterly presentation of Calhoun has in it many deadly parallels to the current scene.

Illustrated. \$3.75

Indianapolis

• **BOBBS-MERRILL**

• New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gabriel Galloway

CHAPTERS FROM AN IRISH NOVEL



BY MARY LAVIN



Since before the war, the *Atlantic* has been steadily encouraging a young Irish storyteller, Mary Lavin by name. Her short stories and the opening chapters of her first novel as they came to us were endowed with a warmth and beauty in the best tradition of the Dublin school. The stories, we published first in the magazine, then in book form, and when *Tales from Bective Bridge* appeared in England it received — and richly deserved — the James Tait Black Memorial Prize.

Meanwhile the novel was growing, year after year, until in its final draft it comprised over 900 typed pages. To the *Atlantic* editors and to Lord and Lady Dunsany, who also saw it, it was a keenly perceptive divination of the Irish character. It records the leisurely development of human relations through three generations of an Irish family. Beginning with Theodore Coniffe, the penny-squeezing landlord of a tiny Irish village, passing on to his three daughters, — Lily, the Cinderella; Sara and Theresa, the spinsters, — and ending with the grandson, Gabriel Galloway, who longs to escape to Dublin, this is a timeless story whose truth and beauty are unmarred by the war.

It is, we feel, the most distinctive first novel to come our way in years, and while its prodigious length — and the paper shortage — precluded our serializing it in full, we were tempted to take the unprecedented step of selecting six related episodes from the big book, which can be enjoyed for themselves.

A word about the author. Mary Lavin's mother comes from County Galway, and her father, Thomas J. Lavin (who has a special fondness for fast horses), from County Roscommon. As a youngster, he migrated to Walpole, Massachusetts. There he worked for many years, there he became a benedict and was naturalized, and there his daughter, Mary, was born. But in Mary's tenth year the household felt an irresistible tug to Ireland, and back they went. Today Mary makes her own home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

WHEN you are still several miles outside the town of Castlerampart you can see the spire of the church pricking the distant clouds. After that, with every step you take, the contours of the town rise higher, and if you keep your eyes upon it the whole town, with its steeple, chimneys, and irregular roofs, its ruined gables and jutting walls, will rise out of the flat fields in which it is set.

It is rarely, however, that the traveler can so keep his eyes upon the distant town, for along the way there are several distractions, which, in the monotony of the flat fields, attract attention irresistibly. Upon the left-hand side, just before coming to a crossroad, there is an iron gate leading into a plot in which all that is above the earth is bare and naked to view. This is the town cemetery; and although the ground slopes downwards ever so slightly at this point, causing people to hurry along involuntarily, the eye is nevertheless drawn to stare for a minute at the whitening headstones that lean to east and west, and at the damp mossy tombstones that solidly support their mountings of urns and angels. Even the simple grassy mounds of the poorer graves attract attention by their decaying heaps of laurel wreaths and their rusting tangles of glass-domed immortelles.

A small but energetic stream runs side by side with the road, and keeps it company with its noisy, rabbling waters. This energetic and rowdy stream, not content with attracting attention by its ceaseless chatter alone, gives a sudden twist every now and then and runs under the road, to come out again on the other side more noisy and boisterous than ever.

These sudden sallies on the part of the stream have resulted in the erection of brief, humped bridges that rise abruptly and descend even more abruptly still in the otherwise unbroken flatness of the road. These bridges have no geographical importance and appear in no known map. The traveler who goes over them in a wheeled vehicle, with any degree of speed, gets a jolt that is out of all proportion. The fact is that, being of such slight importance, they were built by the ordinary roadmaker, without any great experience; and the sensation of going over them is that of riding over the carcass of an animal.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a traveler, meeting innumerable of these small bridges and receiving each time the disturbing sensation of riding over the back of

a ram, spends more of his time looking backwards over his shoulder than he spends looking forward at the road ahead of him. The town, therefore, is upon him before he realizes it, and upon his left-hand side the high walls of its ancient ramparts rise up sheer from the ground.

Under this rampart he must pass for a considerable distance yet, before coming to the entrance to the town. And meanwhile all trace of the steeple, chimneys, and ruins, the roofs and irregular gables, that he had seen from a distance has been completely blotted from view. All that can be seen, up over those ancient walls, is the tops of great and ancient trees that stretch their branches far and wide and press their muscular trunks against the strained masonry in which great fissures have been rent.

Viewed from beneath like this, the rampart looks like a great stone urn in which an overpowerful plant has expanded so much that it has cracked the sides of its container. Through one of these great cracks in the rampart wall a view can be taken of King John's Castle, a ruin which stands in the center of a wild park, overgrown with trees. This park figures largely on the Ordnance Survey map of the district, and actually covers two fifths of the area occupied by the entire town; yet it is vacant and waste land that is seldom entered by the people of the town. It is a silent and lonely place, with its great tree-shaded stretches of damp grass, its still pools of green-grown water, its creeping shrubs, and its heavy leafy boughs that dredge the grasses. There is a smell of dampness under the trees, and a damp, unhealthy brilliance in the greenery. Insects, wild birds, and wild creeping things are seldom silent.

In winter when the trees are bare, or at night when the lights are lit in the town, you can see beyond this park to the back windows of the houses in Clewe Street, but these houses are separated from the eerie park and its ruin by the town river and by their own long gardens that run up from the riverbank.

Indeed, river and rampart, which once protected their ancestors from dangers without, are now regarded by the people of Castlerampart as protecting them from dangers within. This change of attitude is suggested even more forcibly a little farther up the road by a cluster of poverty-stricken huts that shelter under the rampart, to which, particularly on wet and windy days, they cling as close as sheep to a hedgerow.

After sheltering these few poor hovels, however, the ramparts are no longer so strong. From this point onwards the fissures become gaps, and some of the gaps so great that in places there are more stones lying in the nettles than are resting upright upon each other, and through these gaps the town is once more fully exposed to view. It is from the town bridge, which was once a toll bridge, the ruined arch of which still remains, that the most comprehensive view can be taken of the town.

From this point all its buildings are surprisingly clear, and each one by the simple nature of its architecture immediately recognizable for what it is — the ugly oblong schoolhouse with its high windows, the tall stone mill with its coating of slimy fungus and its carpet of bright wood-shavings, the red metal bridge and buildings of the railway in the distance, the friary ruin smothered in nettles, with its east gable blocked with cement to make a ball alley, and the spire of the church splattered white with bird droppings and ornamented by starlings as still as starlings carved out of stone. And between these prominent buildings are the ugly irregular blocks of shops and private houses, with their uneven levels of roof and chimney.

2

ONE afternoon in late summer Theodore Coniffe stood on the summit of the bridge leading into the town. He was standing with his hands shading his eyes in order to see against the slanted rays of the sun. But it was not over the town that he stared, but at the flat road that led into it.

Theodore Coniffe was a tall man. Although he was nearly seventy years of age, his figure was well preserved and straight. His face was thin, and he had the double advantage of good skin upon good bone. He had, moreover, the type of face, longer and wider at the temple than at the jaw, which presents a fine chiseled appearance without suggesting loss of character, as is the case with faces of similar shape where the effect is achieved by a medium-sized forehead with the chin falling away into a sharp and narrow point. His hair was of coarse gray, but in losing its color it had not lost its vitality, and it shot up from his forehead, brisk as a brush.

This afternoon he was dressed in a black-striped suit, and was without an overcoat although there was already a sharp edge to the afternoon air. The neatness and cleanliness of his suit, and his leisurely attitude at a time of day when his fellow townsmen were usually most busy, seemed to indicate that Theodore had a generous adequacy of money. A glance at his smooth white hands, however, made it clear that, whatever way his money was made, it had not been by manual labor. Perhaps it was by using his intensely brilliant blue eyes that he was spared the necessity of using his hands too harshly.

Theodore stood for a few minutes upon the bridge, rather as if he had forgotten what had brought him there in the first place, and then he began to walk back slowly towards the center of the town. Although he was somewhat distracted, nevertheless he kept turning his head

continually and looking from one side of the road to the other. At some houses he stared with particularly keen attention. Others he treated with equally great indifference. From this alone it might perhaps be possible to guess the source of his income, but when he turned into his own street — Clewe Street — it would be impossible to remain any longer unaware that Theodore derived his income from house property, for upon his appearance at the top of the street there was furious activity at the bottom.

From one window sill, upon which they had been sitting and swinging their legs, a group of children jumped to the ground. Some men who were talking idly outside a small cottage straightened themselves up from the wall on which they had been leaning. And from the gable of a house, near the end of the street, three boys who had been playing handball up against the gable end became so confused at the sight of him that they began to run in different directions like sheep, knocked into each other several times, and finally ran down an alleyway that led between two houses to the river, leaving their ball behind them in the gutter.

Clewe Street was a long, leisurely street, starting out, like all the streets in the town, from the market square, but blocked at the far end by a high wall, and shaded by it and by a pollarded oak tree, around the bowl of which a wooden seat had been built, but upon which, owing to the dampness from the tree above it, no one ever sat.

The fact that no one ever sat on this seat was a sore point with Theodore Coniffe, for the somewhat simple reason that it was he who had put it there, and for the further reason that, although he had put it there to break his tenants of the habit of sitting upon their window sills, they still continued to sit on them.

On this particular afternoon, as he turned into Clewe Street and saw the children jumping off the window ledges at sight of him, he gave an exclamation of irritation. Now, it happened that at that very moment Mrs. Finnerty, the wife of the new bank manager, was just stepping out of one of the shops at the top of the street; and hearing Theodore's exclamation, she jumped to the conclusion that she had been the cause of it by startling him with her abrupt appearance before him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coniffe. Did I startle you?" said Mrs. Finnerty, making an effort to step back into the doorway in order to let him pass upon the narrow footway, but Theodore had already sidestepped in order to give her precedence, and this time they banged into each other with considerable force.

In the explanations that followed, Theodore began to elucidate for Mrs. Finnerty the line of thought that had led to his exclamation.

Mrs. Finnerty was a bride — that is to say, it was exactly three months to the day since she had first arrived in the town upon the arm of Mr. Finnerty. However, since the time limit for calling a bride a bride usually corresponded with the length of time during which she could manage to triumph over the other women of the town by producing new costumes, hats, jackets, and blouses, Mrs. Finnerty would soon be

regarded as a mere wife, for not only had she begun to repeat her triumphs in such small matters as gloves and scarves, but, as she walked down Clewe Street with Theodore, she was wearing the very same costume she had worn upon her first appearance in the town, upon the arm of her new husband, and with it, moreover, she was wearing the identical hat that she had worn on that day, wreathed with rosebuds around the brim and speared with a steel hatpin in the shape of an arrow.

Indeed, even three months ago, when she first arrived in their midst, it had been difficult for the town to regard Mrs. Finnerty as a bride. There was something a little too thin, a little too dry, and even something a little too neat, about the new Mrs. Finnerty, which made it difficult to call her a bride, and even made it difficult for the people of the town to understand how the choice of the fat and red-faced manager had fallen upon her at all, unless it was assumed that his choice had been made at such an earlier date that the time that had subtracted from her charm had added to his sense of duty towards its memory.

3

UPON one thing, however, everyone was agreed: that Mrs. Finnerty was the most ladylike and best-mannered person that had ever come to the town. After the first few words he had exchanged with her, the morning after her arrival, Theodore had expressed himself as delighted with her. She had such a gift of dignifying the most trivial conversations with a polite precision of diction, that it passed without notice that she never engaged in any others; and she was so diligent in getting to the bottom of every topic that she discussed, it passed without notice that the topic itself was always shallow. When talking to Theodore her sentences were laden with references to lintel and jamb, weatherboard and coping stone, and he always came away from his conversations with her convinced that she was the most intelligent woman he had ever met. He was glad that she and her husband had rented one of his houses, and particularly one that adjoined his own house. As he often remarked, she was not a raw and inexperienced girl who would not understand the care that was due to a house.

He was always pleased to meet her and engage in an intelligent conversation. When he ran into her, this day as they were both going down Clewe Street, he was delighted at an opportunity for airing his grievances about his less intelligent tenants.

"Yes, yes indeed!" he said, as they began to walk down the street together, after he had pointed to the window sill from which the children had jumped down on sight of him. "I had that seat built around the tree at the bottom of the street. But did anyone sit on it? Not a soul. The other day I saw no less than five children sitting on the window sill of Colgan's cottage, drumming their heels against the plaster of the wall, and singing at the tops of their voices. What do you think of that, Mrs. Finnerty?"

Mrs. Finnerty took time to think before she replied.

"All I can say," she said at last, "is that if window sills were intended for people to sit on them, why in the world were chairs invented!"

"That's what I was just about to say," said Theodore delightedly, although his delight was due to the fact that it was not at all what he had been about to say, being much better and more effectively expressed than he would have expressed it himself. "Would you like to know the reply I received from Mrs. Colgan? She said that she couldn't stop the children — if they wanted to sit on the window sill, then they'd sit on the window sill."

"I would be interested to hear what reply you made to that, Mr. Coniffe," said Mrs. Finnerty, deferentially.

Theodore stopped on the pathway and looked at her.

"I need hardly tell you the reply I would like to have given!" he said, with dignity. "It was not the custom in my day for a mother to admit that she had no control over her children. But I restrained myself, and all I said was that she would have to find some way of keeping them off the window sills. That's what I said."

Theodore started onwards again. Mrs. Finnerty stepped alongside him, but she turned her head delicately towards him, with a politely interrogative air.

Theodore interpreted this slight gesture correctly and went ahead with his narrative. "Well," he said, "the very next day when I looked up the street, what did I see but a row of geranium pots ranged along the sill from one end of it to the other!"

From the tone of irritation in Theodore's voice, Mrs. Finnerty could see that for some reason or other he regarded the geranium pots with more disfavor again than he regarded the children, but her politeness was so great that she went one better than agreeing with him, and simulated instead a certain lack of understanding in order to give him an opportunity for explaining himself in full.

"I must be very stupid," she said, "but I don't see what harm the geranium plants could do. It seems to me quite a good idea for keeping the children off the window ledge. I'm afraid that I would have done the very same thing."

Theodore put his hand upon her sleeve.

"My dear lady, indeed you would not have done any such thing. You have far too much good sense. Why, flowerpots are the worst things in the world that could be put on a window sill. I would go so far as to say that it might be better to have people sitting on a sill than to have flowerpots ranged along it."

Mrs. Finnerty appeared unable to believe this.

"They look so pretty," she exclaimed.

"They do!" said Theodore. "But will they look pretty when the window ledge sags under them?"

"But surely, Mr. Coniffe," said Mrs. Finnerty, "a flowerpot is very light. How could it cause a window ledge to sag?"

Theodore was patient.

"Flowers don't grow without water, do they?"

"No," said Mrs. Finnerty.

"And I am given to understand that flowerpots will have to be watered from time to time?"

"Why, yes."

"I understand further that the water does not all remain in the pot, but that after a certain quantity of it has been absorbed by the soil, the rest will escape from the pot?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Finnerty, entering into this byway of the subject with fresh interest. "As a matter of fact there are holes in the bottom of the flowerpot for the purpose of letting the excess water run out."

"Ha!" said Theodore, and he pressed the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. "I thought so. Precisely. And now let me ask you a question, Mrs. Finnerty. Where does that water go? Doesn't it run down onto the window sill?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Finnerty brightly. "I see your point. The water is bad for the sill." She thought for a few minutes. "But surely the water from the plants cannot hurt the sill any more than rain?"

Theodore smiled tolerantly.

"You are forgetting," he said, "that the rain gets a chance to dry, but the water from a flowerpot is trapped under the pot and remains lodged there, corroding the mortar and doing untold damage. When mortar is corroded, the stones loosen. When the stones loosen, the sill slips out of place. When the sill slips out of place, the whole window frame is thrown out of balance. And when any portion of a building is thrown out of balance, the whole edifice is in danger! Ah, my dear lady, you have to be constantly on guard. A small thing can start a lot of trouble." Theodore sighed. Mrs. Finnerty sighed too.

"I often heard my father say the same thing," she said. "He was always using those very words, talking to my mother. My mother used to be very fond of ivy —"

Theodore recoiled slightly in disbelief.

"Yes, ivy," said Mrs. Finnerty, giving a slight shudder. "My mother, poor thing, loved ivy. It seems when she was a young girl, before she met my father, she had a dress that she was very proud of, and this dress had a pattern of ivy leaves on the bodice. She was always describing it to me as a child. She said that she was always very much attached to ivy because it reminded her of the happy times she had in that dress. And when she got married and got a house of her own, the first thing she did was plant a slip of ivy at the gable end and begin to train it up the wall of the house."

Theodore was much interested.

"Your father put his foot down, I hope?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Finnerty. "He flew into a temper, I'm told, and tore it up by the roots and trampled on it. He was a man with a very strong character."

Theodore was not thinking about Mrs. Finnerty's father. He was thinking of her mother.

"How in the world could anyone like ivy?" he said. "I cannot understand such a thing."

Mrs. Finnerty put her head to one side. "Well, you may think it strange," she said, "but though I would never want to have ivy on my own house, I think I can

understand how other people feel about it. There are some people, like my own mother, who think that ivy takes away the bare appearance from a house, and in the case of old houses I think people may be glad to have them covered with ivy to hide the cracks in the walls."

"Cracks! Hide the cracks in the walls!" Theodore became very excited. "If the ivy hides the cracks it's no more than might be expected from it, since those cracks would never have come if the ivy had not put them there. Ivy! Ivy! The enemy of civilization! It should be uprooted and destroyed every time it ventures to show its head. Have you ever considered the position of those foolish people who allow their houses to become covered with this poisonous plant? You haven't? Well, I have. I have thought for hours upon the subject. I never pass a house upon which ivy has taken its grip without shuddering to think of the way that it is pushing its way between mortar and brick, penetrating every crevice, dislodging the very cornerstones of the house. And this goes on night and day, day and night. Ivy never rests. Night and day, day and night, while the foolish people within the house are going about their business under the false impression that they are safe within four walls, the ivy they are so proud of is eating away their security, minute by minute, grain by grain! And all because the head of that house was ignorant of the attention that is due to a house."

"Ah, yes, a house is a delicate article. A house is ten times more delicate than the people that live in it. That is a strange thing, isn't it? But it's true. A person may suffer a bruise or a break, but the bone will knit and the skin will heal. That is not the way with a house. A house will not grow new mortar when the old wears out, nor grow new tiles if the old tiles are ripped off. When anything happens to a house, it is necessary to have workmen in to patch it up; and as all the world knows, when workmen are let into a house, they break as much as they mend. They do more damage with their feet than they are able to repair with their hands. I have seen a plumber bring down a whole plaster ceiling with a prod from his ladder. House repairing is a sad business. The only thing for a sensible man to do is to keep out of the way of needing such repairs by treating his house as gently as if it were a human being like himself — and a human being who is, moreover, more fragile and more delicate than himself."

4

THEY had come at last to the end of Clewe Street, and were confronted by the three tall houses of cut stone granite which Theodore owned and in the middle house of which he himself lived, having let the house upon the left to Mrs. Finnerty and the one upon its right to a certain Mrs. Molloy, to whose tenancy even after seven years Theodore had not yet accustomed himself.

Mrs. Molloy's house, although in size and shape it had every appearance of being an ordinary private dwelling,

yet had a lamp suspended over the doorway, and a fiber mat spread in front of the doorstep, both of which proclaimed in large block letters that the premises were to be known as the Central Hotel.

These three houses were without doubt the most prosperous houses in the town, and if any assurance were needed other than the fine cut granite of which they were built, it could be found in the lavish additions that had been made to the exteriors in the way of bells and brass fittings, footscrapers, and wire mats. Indeed, Mrs. Molloy, having added every exterior adornment that her mind had been able to conceive, had at last resorted to making the inside furniture play its part in the outside appearance. In the front windows of the downstairs parlor she had placed a brass urn upon a pedestal, and in the urn was a large glossy-leaved eucalyptus plant, as plain to be seen from the street as if it were painted upon the glass, and no doubt difficult enough to see from inside the room, since it obscured a great part of the window light by which it might have been seen.

Mrs. Molloy was a large woman with several children and a small, meek husband. Although she was large and matronly in appearance, there were no grounds for assuming that her family was yet complete. And to those who marveled that she should have taken upon herself the running of a hotel when she had already so many dependent upon her, she always replied that if a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well. In addition to the humankind that were dependent upon her for bite and sup, Mrs. Molloy was always attended in her journeys from room to room by a large number of cats and dogs, and wobbling pups, that rubbed themselves against her ample ankles and constantly clamored for attention.

It was quite understandable that the multiplicity of her duties had taken away any time she might otherwise have spent upon the niceties of the toilette, but unless we agree that human beings always find time for the cultivation of one vanity, it would be hard to understand how Mrs. Molloy had time to take care of her bright mass of yellow hair. This mass of hair was always washed, brushed, and brightly shining, no matter how much dirt was lodged under her fingernails and how dark the rim of her collar became. It was her sole pride and vanity.

So bright was this mass of Mrs. Molloy's hair that it would probably have attracted the attention of Theodore and Mrs. Finnerty had she but come to the window and stood there, but Mrs. Molloy took no such chance. Catching the brass finger-grips of the window sash, she threw the window upwards with a great force, and sticking out her head she called to them in excitement, "Are they coming? Are they coming?" And without waiting for an answer she leaned out farther, her great bosom pressing against the granite sill, to see as far as she could up the street.

For a moment Mrs. Finnerty had not understood to whom Mrs. Molloy referred, but then she blushed in confusion.

"Oh, Mr. Coniffe!" she said. "How rude you must

think me! I forgot to inquire about your daughter. I hear she's coming home today. What time do you expect her?"

But before Theodore had time to answer, Mrs. Molloy answered for him. "Don't expect that man to know!" she said. "That man never thinks of anything but his precious houses."

Mrs. Molloy winked once at each of them and then she leaned out farther over the sill and spoke more particularly to Mrs. Finnerty. "It's my belief they'll be here any minute. As a matter of fact, when I heard your voices in the street a minute ago, I was sure it was them. I nearly broke my neck getting to the window. I fell over half a dozen things. Isn't it awful the way everything gets in your way when you're in a hurry? Did you ever notice it? As I was saying, I thought that I heard them arriving and I ran here to the window as fast as I could run. I wouldn't want to miss seeing them for anything. I always love to see a bride coming home. I like to see if there's any change in her. There usually is some change. Sometimes it's for the better; sometimes it's for the worse. Isn't that so?"

Mrs. Molloy paused for a minute to look up the street again. "They should be here any time now." She seemed to have a new idea. "Wait a minute! I'll come out into the street. Wait a minute!" And withdrawing her head again suddenly, Mrs. Molloy banged down the window sash so that the frame shook, and the glass shivered, and Theodore trembled with such irritation beside her that Mrs. Finnerty felt her own knees beginning to tremble slightly.

"That woman!" said Theodore. "That woman!"

Poor Mrs. Finnerty looked from Theodore to the window and from the window to Theodore, and the only thing that was clear in her mind was that she should at any cost escape before Mrs. Molloy came out into the street.

"If you'll excuse me, Mr. Coniffe, I think I'll step over to the door and inquire from Miss Theresa what time the travelers are expected."

Theodore nodded and she supposed that he had heard her. Smiling nervously, she walked over to the door of the middle house, and lifting the brass knocker she gave a delicate and discreet knock. Behind her back she heard the sound of Mrs. Molloy's voice raised in good-humored quarrel with Theodore, and one or two phrases came to her ears.

"Who ever heard such a fuss about a bit of plaster! Two pennyworth of plaster!" she heard Mrs. Molloy exclaim, and another time she heard her roar, laughing, "Man dear, don't be talking nonsense. If ivy did harm, would the rampart walls be standing today? The rampart is hundreds of years old and yet it's so covered with ivy that you'd have to put your arm in, up to the elbow, before you could touch the stone. Ivy never did harm. Where did you get that idea?"

The timid knock that Mrs. Finnerty gave on the door was sharply contrasted with the determined sound of the footsteps inside the door as Mary Ellen, an elderly maid-

servant, came across the flagged hallway to answer the knock.

Mary Ellen was as tall as her master, and like him she was very stiff and straight. She wore at all times a blue-striped apron, starched until it creaked like a board, which emphasized by its vertical lines her unusual height and straightness. She had black hair, striped with gray, and her face was long and pale with a smooth yellowish color and texture that reminded one at once of those dolls whose faces are carved out of soap. And like the faces of those soap dolls, Mary Ellen had a bright medallion of red upon each cheek.

It was quite clear, however, that in Mary Ellen's case these red medallions had not been applied with paint, for the simple reason that the same bright red color was repeated again in a place where it is almost certain it would never have been artificially applied — the tip of her long nose. As she opened the door to Mrs. Finnerty on this particular afternoon, the red medallions in her cheeks blazed very brightly, and the tip of her nose was afire.

"Good afternoon, Mary Ellen," said Mrs. Finnerty, smiling and preparing to step into the hall. "I called to see Miss Coniffe and to ask her at what hour she is expecting the return of the Happy Pair."

Mrs. Finnerty lifted her skirt and put out her small, neatly shod foot to step into the hallway, but to her astonishment Mary Ellen, although she was holding open the door, was herself blocking the ingress thereof, and instead of standing aside to allow the visitor to enter, she herself, after a backward glance over her shoulder, stepped out into the street, in her stiff blue and white striped apron, and pulled the door out after her until only the merest split between jamb and lintel indicated that it was not closed entirely.

"You'll excuse me, I know, for taking a liberty, Mrs. Finnerty," said Mary Ellen, "but I think it might be as well if you didn't ask Miss Coniffe any questions. She's quite cheerful at the moment, decorating the table and doing odd little jobs. She seems to have forgotten her troubles, but the least remark might upset her, and act on her nerves, and put us all to shame by showing a bad spirit when the poor creatures arrive."

Now Mrs. Finnerty had the reputation of being a tactful woman, and wishing to retain it, she judged it tactful to withdraw without asking any further explanation. Tact, however, is a fickle commodity. It is hard to say that anyone possesses it permanently. Because you have displayed it yesterday is no guarantee that you will display it again today. In other words, it might have been more tactful for Mrs. Finnerty to have delayed Mary Ellen further, and asked her a few questions as to why Miss Coniffe should be upset at the thought of her young sister's return from her wedding tour. For, to have withdrawn so swiftly, and with such a ready understanding of the necessity for doing so, was an admission that, from one source or another, she knew only too well that the wedding of Lily Coniffe to Cornelius Galloway was a source of bitter mortification to her sisters, Theresa and Sara, but particularly to Theresa.

5

THE story behind Theresa's attitude was a long one, and to understand it fully the townspeople needed long memories, but those who did not have such memories were not without being able to profit from those who had.

As near as it is ever possible to say when a story has its beginning, this story began eighteen years earlier when Theodore Coniffe's wife, Katherine, was still alive.

Katherine Coniffe had borne two daughters to her husband, but had thereupon ceased to show any further sign of remedying this poor achievement by the addition of a son. Theodore, however, made the best of things as they were, and when the two little girls were old enough to follow him up and down the street, he was flattered and proud of them, and his resignation turned into satisfaction. Soon his satisfaction became so great that he forgot that he had ever been dissatisfied, and on one or two occasions he was heard to say in public that a son only increased a man's responsibilities but that a daughter increased his pleasures. Before long, such sayings became habitual to him, and after a while it was noticed that he made a point of inquiring the sex of all the newly born children in the parish. If the infant was a boy, he shook his head in sympathy for the unfortunate parents. Boys were difficult to rear. Boys were a source of worry and responsibility. The times were bad for bringing male children into the world.

The small Coniffe girls were always dressed in their best clothes and walked one on either side of their father when he went around the town to collect his rents. Now, a man will never allow himself the pleasure of telling a son how much money he has made for him, because it might, and indeed possibly would, give him an idea that, there being so much of it ready-made, there would be no need for him to make any more; but with a girl it was different: a girl would not be expected to work, and since all that she would have would come to her from two sources, — from her father and from a husband, — Theodore was determined that his daughters would never owe all their gratitude to the latter.

In short, there was no need to conceal from Sara and Theresa that they would some day be rich young women; and as he collected the rents from his cottages, he took them with him, giving them a coin apiece before he tossed the rest of the coins into his canvas bag secured at the top by two strings. And whenever he acquired a new property, he took the little girls with him on the day that he took over formal possession of the house. As they stood beside him meekly and watched the signing of bonds and documents, he used to wink at old Jasper Kane, the solicitor, and pinch their ears and question them.

This was the state of affairs when Theresa was just about fifteen years old, and Sara thirteen, and Theodore was as satisfied with his lot as any man could be. The girls would soon be sent to boarding school and after that there would be a grand time altogether hunting down suitable husbands for them. Even Katherine, although she would prefer that they could remain children forever, was begin-

ning to glow with the prospect of this sporting event that promised in the near future.

But the near future held a surprise for Theodore and his wife, and when Katherine began to experience symptoms of ill health, some of which she had already experienced twice before in her lifetime, it was without recognizing their cause. After trying to remedy certain distresses with various brews and tisanes, she began with alarm to notice that her ankles were swelling — and worse still, that she was gaining weight with a dangerous rapidity.

Katherine Coniffe had always boasted a neat figure and had spoken with some contempt of those unfortunate matrons who lost control of their figures at forty.

"I'm only thirty-eight," she said with dismay to Mary Ellen on one particular afternoon when she felt less well than usual. And taking Mary Ellen's yellow canvas measuring tape, she ran it round the formerly neat waist.

"Twenty-nine inches! Oh, Mary Ellen!" Katherine threw down the tape in horror and, running over to the mantelpiece, stared at her face in the looking glass. "I'm getting old!" she said with tears in her voice. For a few seconds there was silence as Katherine ran her hand over her hair in search of a gray hair, and closely examined her cheekbones to see if there were scratches of red. But although her eye flew to all the danger spots known so well to women, where age will first show itself, Katherine found nothing to worry her. The hair was black, the skin was light, the cheeks were soft and richly rounded. There was no sign of age. The face was beautiful, but better still, it had still the beauty of youth.

"What good is a pretty face if my figure begins to thicken?" She bit her lip and then held out her hand imperiously. "Give me the tape again," she said, and when Mary Ellen handed it to her she passed it around her waist once more, drawing it tighter and tighter, and holding in her breath. "I may have made a mistake," she said, and she held it up again to correct the error. "Twenty-nine inches!" There was no mistake. "Twenty-nine inches! Oh, Mary Ellen. What will I do? Once a woman begins to put on weight, she gets heavier every day."

Mary Ellen had spent the last five minutes trying to convince her mistress that it was only her imagination that made her think she was getting stout. Now, in face of the evidence supplied by her own tape measure, Mary Ellen felt the necessity of taking a new attitude.

"It is not everyone that likes a thin woman," she said. "There are some people who wouldn't say thank you for a thin woman. I know a dressmaker and she wouldn't make a dress for any woman that wasn't a full thirty-six inches in the bust. She says that you might as well be making dresses for the palings and posts as dressing a woman that was under ten stone weight."

Katherine stuck her fingers in her ears. "Stop it, Mary Ellen," she said. "You're only saying that to console me. I feel worse now because I see that you think I'm a sight and you're trying to cheer me up. But nothing can cheer me."

"I never saw you look prettier," said Mary Ellen.

Katherine's spirits rose for an instant, but then her eyes rested on the measuring tape at her feet.

"Nothing will ever be the same again. I used to have the people turning their heads to look at me as I went up the aisle of the church on Sunday, but all that is over." The tears came into her eyes. "It's so unfair! It isn't as if I didn't take exercise. It isn't as if I overeat. I never eat much." She looked up at Mary Ellen, her lower lip caught between her teeth. "Lately I haven't eaten as much as a bird. I have such a distaste for food that I can hardly sit at the table."

Up to now Mary Ellen had only paid heed out of courtesy to the complaints of Katherine, but suddenly, when Katherine spoke of her distaste of food, Mary Ellen gave a start and for the first time during the whole conversation, she gave a sharp glance at the waistline of her mistress.

"Perhaps it might be just as well to have a talk with the doctor," she said.

"Oh, not at all!" said Katherine scoffingly. "He'd laugh at me. If I was losing weight, it would be different."

Mary Ellen said nothing for a few moments. Then she glanced once more at Katherine's waist. "There are times when putting on weight is just as bad as losing weight," she said, but further than this she dared not go.

Katherine, however, was without suspicions. "I wonder," she said. "I don't feel well; that's a certainty. Perhaps I might have a talk with old Dr. Simons."

"I think you should have a talk with him, anyway, ma'am," said Mary Ellen, and to her relief Katherine agreed.

6

KATHERINE CONIFFE was one in whom vanity is so great that it cannot be altogether condemned, since it was the pivot upon which her whole life turned. Through the vanity with which she had decked herself in her girlhood, she had caught the eye of Theodore. Through vanity in his compliments she had gone to the altar with him. His delight in her body had more than paid for the pains of childbirth that had followed. And when her children were born her vanity was increased twofold, for while people began to compliment her upon new scores, they had no cause to cease their compliments upon the old. After the birth of her children she was more graceful and firm than before. Even when the little girls began to grow up, the glances of admiration that were cast on Katherine were more numerous when it appeared that she was their mother.

Perhaps if she had gradually lost some of her youthful attributes she might not have felt the loss of them so keenly, but with this sudden change in her weight she visioned herself as traveling rapidly down the road to wrinkles and old age.

Katherine sent for Dr. Simons, and while she was expecting him she paced back and forth in the front parlour.

"I know that it's nonsense to see the doctor," she said

to herself. "When age begins to set in, there is no stopping it. There is nothing Dr. Simons can do for me. I may as well give in to being an old woman."

And so well did she resign herself, in the half an hour before his arrival, that when Dr. Simons was announced she was listless and hardly inclined to answer his questions. She was convinced that he and his remedies were powerless.

While he took her hand and felt her pulse, she was looking over his shoulder at the pier glass on the wall, in which there was reflected from the wall on the opposite side of the room a picture of herself and Theodore taken on their wedding day. Her mind was filled with distractions, and when the doctor asked her questions she replied with an easy effortlessness that showed her lack of confidence in the estimates he might make from them. When she tired of looking at the picture reflected in the pier glass, she looked out of the window at the familiar street outside. But all at once, some question startled her into glancing sharply at the doctor.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor!" she said, because having sent for him through an impulse of purely secular vanity, he affronted her by asking a question of an intimate medical nature. There was a touch of hauteur in her voice. "Surely there isn't any need for a medical examination. All I need is a tonic. I just want something to brace me up."

She looked at the doctor with suspicion, but the old doctor looked back at her with equally great suspicion. Was she making a fool of him?

"Surely, Mrs. Coniffe, it cannot be possible that, having already experienced these same symptoms on two previous occasions, you are unaware of their significance now?" Katherine stared at him. There was a certain censoriousness in the old man's tone, upon which she spent her astonishment before she concentrated upon what he had said. She stared at him haughtily for a moment and then, starting forward, her hands rushing to her cheeks, she comprehended in a moment both his words and the implications of those symptoms she tried to diagnose without his help. Her youth, far from having begun to decay, had risen within her veins with new richness and fertility. She was with child.

"There is no doubt whatsoever, my dear lady," said Dr. Simons. "You need not fear any disappointment. Your case is rare, admittedly, but not altogether unusual. Your vitality and your youthful heart. I am glad to say you need not fear any disappointment. There is no doubt whatever." And then, looking around for his hat and gloves, he dismissed Katherine from his attention, and thinking of Theodore's pleasure, he was already molding his face into congratulatory smiles, and rubbing his hands together with an unmistakable show of satisfaction. He was not looking at Katherine at all, and had just lifted his gloves from the side table when his attention was drawn back to his patient by a most astonishing outburst of sobbing, which made him turn in fright and drop the gloves upon the floor.

He was astonished. "My dear lady! My dear lady! What is this? What is this?" And he began to agitate

his hands over the bent and sobbing figure with gestures as ineffectual as those he might make if trying to catch a moth in a circle of lamplight. "This is very bad for you. What on earth is the matter? Why are you crying? Calm yourself. Calm yourself." As he spoke, he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and then, seeing the bell cord hanging on the wall, he ran to it and, gripping it, gave it a violent tugging while he kept on exclaiming, "This is very bad for you. I can't understand this at all."

A moment later Mary Ellen ran into the room. Having heard the sound of sobbing and having been so impatient to reach her mistress, she would not have waited much longer for permission to rush into the room.

"Don't upset yourself, ma'am," she cried. "This is something to be glad about. You ought to be throwing up your hands for joy, and not crying. It's a great blessing. I often heard my mother say that a late child was God's way of blessing a house tenfold. There, now. Don't cry. Wait till you see, you'll feel better when you have a cup of tea. The blackest things are often the brightest when you've had a cup of tea. There, now. There, now."

Dr. Simons stood still during this excited gabble, and his hand still remained upon the bell cord, from which indeed he drew support. When he rang the bell, he had expected Mary Ellen, but he had hardly expected that she would arrive fully equipped and prepared to cope with the situation, and apparently endowed, moreover, with a full understanding of the situation with which it would be necessary to cope. And in his mind he wronged her, and decided that, although she was with the family fourteen years, she was no better than others of her class and that she had prepared herself for this emergency by the simple expedient of listening at the keyhole. Whatever he may have thought of her honesty, however, Dr. Simons was glad to rely upon her efficiency, and as she comforted Mrs. Coniffe and coaxed her, and tumbled over her tongue with words of encouragement, he slipped out of the room and made his way down the hall to find Theodore and tell him the news.

7

THEODORE was easily found. He was superintending the thatching of a house at the top of Clewe Street, and was himself holding the foot of the ladder upon which the thatcher stood, in case it might slip. "I saw a ladder slip one time during roof repairs," he said, talking up to Murty Rod, the thatcher upon the roof, "and it slashed down the front of the house and tore a gash in the mortar from the top of the wall to the bottom."

"What happened to the thatcher?" said Murty from overhead.

"Oh, it was a slated house," said Theodore impatiently. "It wasn't a thatcher that was working on it at all; it was a slater. And of course that was worse, as you can see. It was a two-story slated house, and there it was with a gash down the face of the mortar — that showed up even

after it was patched. It looked bad. There was no real damage done, but it looked bad." He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "That is a thing that some people neglect to look into — the appearance of a house. But appearances count. Give me a good-looking exterior and I'll show you a well-kept interior." Theodore looked down the street, in order to pick out a house which he did not own himself, to illustrate the converse of this maxim, but when he looked he saw the doctor leaving his own hall door.

"My wife wasn't well these last few days," he said, talking upwards to Murty, but keeping his eyes on the doctor. "So I asked old Simons to step in and give her a tonic." Murty stopped his work and looked down the street at the advancing doctor.

"He's looking pleased with himself, anyway. It's fellows like that have the easy time. I suppose he got more for walking down the street than I'll get for doing the whole of this roof, and it will take me three days."

Normally Theodore would have suggested to Murty that he expected the job to be finished in less than three days, but his mind was occupied with Katherine at the moment.

"He must have found her well, when he's looking so pleased with himself," he said, watching the doctor advancing with a springing step and every appearance of eagerness upon his face as he drew nearer. Theodore wanted to advance to meet him, but he did not dare to leave the foot of the ladder.

"I hope he didn't find her too well," said Murty, and he selected another scollop of sally rod for the thatch.

Theodore looked up at him. He was friendly with the men that worked for him, but he felt that Murty had overstepped himself; but as the doctor was upon them he could not say anything to Murty, and instead he pretended not to have heard him at all, and waving his left hand to greet the doctor, he raised his voice so that he might overcome the distance that still divided them.

"Well, Doctor! I see you found the patient in better health than you expected."

Dr. Simons looked at Theodore and then he looked up at Murty, who was thatching away with great industry, having realized even quicker and clearer than Theodore that his last remark had been better unmade.

"If you could step a few paces down the road with me," said Dr. Simons, "I would like to have a few words with you, Theodore."

"I'd like to oblige you, Doctor," said Theodore, "but I'm afraid this ladder will slip. When someone comes along to hold it, I'll step over to your place and have a chat with you. I can see by your face that you're pleased

with your patient. She was worried herself, but I knew it was nothing. Mary Ellen had me persecuted to send for you, but you know what women are. I knew there was nothing serious."

Dr. Simons wasn't satisfied. "Couldn't you put a stone to the foot of that ladder?" he said. "There's something particular I'd like to say to you."

He lowered his voice.

Theodore scented something unusual. He put his foot firmly to the base of the ladder and leaned his long, thin body forward towards the doctor, indicating that the latter might care to lower his voice and impart the message there and then. But the doctor looked uneasily at Murty. Murty was twisting the sally rods with unusual concentration. Dr. Simons leaned very close and whispered to Theodore.

"What?" Theodore drew back. Murty stopped twisting the sallys.

"You don't mean it? Katherine? Is it true? Why on earth didn't she tell me? It can't be true. Are you sure?" And not waiting for an answer to any of these questions, all at once he let go the ladder and began to run down Clewe Street with no more apology to the man on the top of the ladder than to the man at the foot of it.

Now, a ladder will usually remain upright without being held, but like many a thing that received support when support was unnecessary, no sooner was Theodore's support withdrawn than the ladder began to slip.

"Watch out, Murty!" shouted the doctor, and he grabbed the ladder by one leg as it tottered, but it was too late; and although the ladder remained upright, Murty came slipping down the slanted pathway of the bright glossy straw of the thatch he had just laid, and in another moment was sitting, legs outspread, in the mass of rough black straw on the pavement.

"Are you hurt, Murty?" said the doctor, rushing forward. Coming so soon after the spiritual collapse of Mrs. Coniffe, the collapse of Murty, and the ladder upon which he stood, unnerved the old doctor completely. "Are you hurt, man?" he said. "If you are, you can take an action against Theodore Coniffe. He might have been the cause of your death."

"If I was killed, it would be yourself that would have been the cause of my death, Doctor," said Murty, picking himself up and rubbing himself reflectively. "If that ladder was nailed to the road, I'd have fallen off it all the same, when I heard the news you gave him. Do you think, will it be a son this time? Sure, the Almighty would never have let so many years go by if he was only going to send the man another daughter at the end of them!"

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR